THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 150 NUMBER 3

SEPTEMBER 1932

THE MOUNTAIN DOCTOR

BY ALFREDA WITHINGTON

[AFTER many years of private practice, Dr. Withington enlisted as a surgeon in the Red Cross. When, after the Armistice, the completion of her work in France brought her home, she sought in the remote undoctored wilds of the Kentucky mountains an opportunity for service not dissimilar, in spirit at least, to her work at the front.

— THE EDITOR]

I

August, 1924

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I suppose you wonder what has become of me. Those war and post-war years in France did not conduce to a resumption of conventional practice, so when 'Wanted, a woman physician for settlement work in the remote Kentucky mountains, all calls to be made on horseback, no other licensed physician within twenty-five miles,' caught L. R.'s eye, she said, 'Just what you would like' — and so thought I.

The ball was started rolling, and last spring it took me, with a Kentucky license in my bag, out of Louisville on a night train for the mountains. We got out for breakfast at a little mining town, and there I met the community worker who was bound for the same settlement. Everyone was agog over the recent trial of a man indicted for the assault and murder of a school-teacher on a mountain over which we were first to cross. The deed was supposed to have been done by an outsider, traversing the trail from the railroad. The native men were justly outraged over the crime, for mountaineers, though they show no chivalry toward their women and are their lords and masters, have great respect for womanhood, and, as far as they are concerned, a woman may go alone anywhere in all these mountains.

The train ran down between Pine Mountain and Big Black for several hours before the conductor pulled the cord to stop at our desired trail. We jumped off in a torrential rain, in the wake of a fierce gale. Ourselves and bags packed on the mules that were awaiting us, we struck immediately into the forest and began the tortuous

Copyright 1932, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

ascent of a 3000-foot mountain which runs like a Chinese Wall for one hundred and fifty miles, shutting off the country beyond from the world at large. At the summit we halted for lunch, taking it standing and trying to protect our sandwiches to leeward of our bodies. Just as we started our descent, the clouds lifted, and below we saw the labyrinth of tossed-up peaks that stretched away endlessly. In there somewhere was our cabin! Thoroughly soaked, we preferred to walk rather than remount our drenched saddles. The downward trail was strewn with storm-washed stones, slippery as grass. Suddenly my companion sprained her ankle. There was nothing for her to do but remount her mule, whose own footing seemed in no way certain. From behind I admired her skill in keeping her seat as the animal lurched over the rolling rocks.

Away down in the valley was the boarding school where we were to spend the night, and learn of the opportunity offered by such a school and its far-reaching help. My own stay there was cut short by a call for the doctor to attend a confinement some miles away. Everything progressed rapidly and well, and in a few hours we were able to continue our journey, arriving about ten o'clock at our own charming cabin on the mountain side, where a cheerful fire greeted us.

In the morning I found that the stepping-stone walk at the side of the house was protected by a retaining wall of rocks seven feet high, in all the crannies of which had been planted wild flowers. Just then the blues predominated, including wild iris of heaven's own hue; and as I was poking among them a snake stuck his head out of a crevice. Below us in the bend, where our creek flows into Greasy, is the only level piece of land in the neighborhood, and it is used for our vegetable garden, community playground, and paddock for our horses. We have a near-by community house where the district schoolteacher generally lives. There are three or four cabins within a mile on each creek. Then they are scattered at intervals two or three miles apart, sometimes only one on a side creek. It may interest you to know that we are thirteen miles from the railroad, between Kingdom-Come and Hell-for-Sartin.

II

I have no regular office hours; patients come when they can. To those who can pay, we charge a small fee to save their self-respect. As far as I can see, ailments are much the same here as in the outside world, except that there is perhaps more rheumatism. I draw the line at pulling teeth, but lend the tooth pullers to those who will.

I had been here but a few days when a call came one night from below the cabin:—

'Hey, Doc, will you fellars come see Hitty? She can't open her jaws.'

It was a case of tetanus. I had them take her before daylight to meet the morning train for the very good hospital in the mining town of one of our big corporations. There she received serum and care, but died after a week. By arrangement, the doctor gives his services, but we have to pay for the bed. However, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad gives me passes to Louisville for indigent cases, where Dr. A., the ablest of surgeons, donates his services, and there is no hospital bill.

So I can take care of all serious hospital cases, having only to provide sleeper fare for a night's journey and meals and lodging for the kin who go with the patient, many

of whom have never seen a train before.

'But,' exclaimed a visitor, 'you can't get anyone out of these mountains on a stretcher!' But we do. It is a picturesque sight to see, going along the trails, six men bearing a stretcher, sometimes covered with a rare old woven bright-colored 'kiver,' followed by the patient's 'ole woman' or 'ole man' on a nag, and six men on mules for relays, taking turn about every half hour. 'Have you any milk for the patient?' I would ask. 'Oh no; we'll kotch a cow and milk her'; and, if there was no woman in the retinue, 'The brute won't like a man a-milkin'; hit's a woman's job.' Milking is always done by the women, who stand and milk with one hand. The cows always forage for a living, coming in night and morning for the small amount of fodder which is given to attract them for the milking. In the early dawn one can hear the call of the owner: 'Aw, coo coo coo, aw coo.'

My predecessor warned me to care for my own horse (feed, curry, and bridle him) if I did n't want him made 'mean.' At any rate I discovered that I had to, because there was no available person to do it for me. Handsome five-year-old Billy, of aristocratic lineage, is inclined to be 'notional,' as the people say. Many warned me, 'Billy's so "anticky" he'll kill you yet. Better git a mule.' But he is really only gay and full of mischief. The other day as I reached the top of an incline, I saw a runaway horse mounted by a boy, another boy on a mule, and a loose mule behind, all tearing toward me. I was filled with panic at the thought of what would happen on that road, which was only wide enough for two going with care, with a steep hill on one side and a declivity on the other. Before I could think, Billy's racing instincts settled it. In a twinkling he whirled round and headed the procession.

We go five miles for our mail, sometimes not for several days. We unpack our parcel-post boxes and store their contents in our saddlebags, or put them entire in burlap bags. When unmanageable amounts accumulate, we hire the school wagon that brings in our hay and oats. There is a barely possible road as far as our cabin; beyond us are only wilderness trails, just wide enough for beast and man. The trails lead through wonderful hard-wood forests, with massive overhanging cliffs called 'rock-houses.' The by-products of my work give me untold joy: the depth and silence of the forest, with its giant growth; the moss-covered fallen trees, shimmering bars of jade in the occasional beam of sunlight. Sometimes, in its remoteness, I feel as though I were a disembodied spirit. There is but little animal life in these mountains. Though there are foxes, coons, and some wildcats, I have seen, now and then, only a ground hog, a hare, or a cardinal flying among the lower branches, and have heard hardly a sound but the 'chip-chip, cluck' of a 'boomer' (red squirrel) or the lovely note of the hermit thrush. Sometimes there is no sight or sound of human life for hours; then, suddenly, a glimpse of a cabin tucked away in a 'holler,' with children frisking about.

It is still easy for me to get lost, and sometimes to be glad of it, for the sake of the unexpected. The other day I came out upon a small clearing entirely covered with full-blown ironweed; it grew so high that only Billy's head was visible above the level of purple blossoms. Great oaks and chestnuts and a sprinkling of hemlocks reflected varying shades of green on all sides of the patch — this for a colorful setting, with deep blue sky above! I always

carry a whistle to sound my call for help. I whistled long and loud that day, but no one answered. Only Billy's sagacity brought me out.

About five o'clock one afternoon I looked down the road, and there trudged along a boy of about fourteen and a girl of fifteen, he carrying a pitiful little dress-suit case and she a 'poke.' I ran down to say 'Howdy,' and learned that they were cousins on their way to the opening of the boarding school. They said they had started at daylight, and had crossed four mountains. The father of one had given them a start by carrying them on a mule over the first mountain before he began his day's work on the 'craps.' The girl was already in the throes of homesickness, but with quivering lips she courageously stated that she was going to 'git larnin'.' I asked them to 'stay the night,' but, though on their last legs, they were resolute and said they must 'git' to the school that night. It was five miles away, and a mile over rough mountain trails is equal to many on level ground.

Not long ago I was called to see a woman sick with the flu, and also sick at heart as she told me with pathos of the death of her only child, saying, 'I wanted hit so to love.' There was consolation in the thought that this poor, lonely soul, yearning for babies to love, would have many more, for families in these parts seldom number less than twelve to sixteen children. I make a practice of taking a 'soon start' for a long trip, because there is always a chance of another call on the way; and this time, as I threaded my path down through the rhododendron thickets by picturesque Penny Branch, I found a man on a mule waiting for me at the bottom. He knew I had been sent for (news travels in the mountains in some mysterious way), and wanted me to go and see his little boy, who he thought had scarlet fever — and he had!

Afterward I had a long pull home, returning by trails new to me, and I skipped along the ridges as fast as possible. Suddenly, when the trail widened a bit, a man called out 'Howdy' and rode past me, keeping just ahead, remarking, 'I like that horse of yourn.' He may have been all right, but he was a stranger to me, and not like our mountain men; and I remembered that the bootleggers were getting bold and coming in by day. So, as soon as another widening of the trail permitted, I kicked my heels into Billy's flanks and shot ahead, with complete confidence in my 'horse without peer'; for, though he is no Roland, there is n't a nag in the mountains that can overtake Billy.

Darkness came on quickly, as it does in the mountains, but Billy was game, stepping gingerly over dark objects in the trails, — cows reposing for the night (and bulls as well, I suppose!) — and once he was so startled at a wandering pig that he almost threw me. When two streams seemed to meet at the same angle, I had to get off and put my hand in the water to find the direction of the current and get my bearings.

That was a thirteen-hour trip, with eleven in the saddle.

III

One day in February, when the wind was howling and the rain pelting over previously formed ice, I was called to Chad Buck's, up Desolation Creek, five miles away. Chad had had a heart lesion and a chronic nephritis, and now word came that he had a high fever and a 'stitch' in his side (pneumonia, it proved to be). I walked, since it was too slippery for Billy to keep his footing. Chad was one of the most valued

men in the community, and save him we must, if possible. So the nurse from the school and I planned to spend much time there.

The rain kept up all night, but ceased in the morning, and, the ice being mostly melted, I decided to walk back and get my horse for other calls.

I arrived at our cabin safely enough, but soon after I started on the return trip the rain fell again in torrents. The fords had risen tremendously, and I found myself confronted with high water. A man I met said he thought he could find a place to get my horse across the double ford, so he mounted Billy and I clambered around on the ledge of the rock, holding on to the overhanging roots of trees and meeting horse and rider above. Two miles farther on I came to what by this time was a ford both deep and tumultuous, the waters having risen with staggering rapidity. Billy refused to take it, and after repeated urging I finally trusted to his horse sense. But what was I to do? Dusk was coming on and I could not go back any more than ahead, the waters being equally deep in both directions.

In the meantime there was a conference at the Bucks'. Chad said I would come because I said I would, while Mrs. Buck averred that I would have more sense. But Chad called his boy, Jonathan, saying, 'Now, son, you kotch the big mule and go hunt the doctor, for Billy is a fotched-on horse and I'm afeared she's in trouble; and don't you come back till you find her.'

Getting dismayed at my plight and wondering how best to spend the night, I saw motion behind the rhododendron growth and in the dusk the outline of Jonathan, sitting like a cavalier on his big animal. As he loomed fully into sight he called out, 'Don't try to cross thar! I know whar the bottom is, down by the big birch. I'll cross, and I think Billy will foller me back' — and Billy, with the water over his flanks, followed with perfect confidence.

I found Chad breathing more easily. His cabin had one window, recently put in, and the door stood open to give air; for, notwithstanding the storm, the kin had been arriving all day to offer sympathy, and at times they filled all the space between the beds and door.

Still it rained the next day, and in the midst of it Aunt Becky, aged seventy-eight, arrived. She had walked six miles. She took off her shoes, wrung out her stockings, putting both to dry by the fireside, and, barefoot, proceeded to find something to do. By midday the rain let up; she decided to render lard, and lighted a fire under the big iron cauldron. There she sat the whole afternoon, stirring, stirring! When darkness shut down she said she was too tired to go home till morning, so she pulled off her (dried) shoes and crept into the spare bed opposite the sick man's. The next night an itinerant preacher arrived. He too thought he'd spend the night, and pulled off his boots and jumped into the spare bed, leaving room for the nurse to lie down on the other side.

At night I would sometimes go to the neighboring school, the two younger boys escorting me. 'Now, sonny,' said the mother to the elder, 'don't you git scairt of hants and run and leave the doctor.' I was a bit scared myself, on reaching a fearfully lonely stretch, to hear Bobby say, 'Hark, the voices!' We clutched one another and hurried on. I feared real human beings — bootleggers, regarded as a 'bad lot.'

As the week went by, the pneumonia cleared, but the nephritis asserted itself, and hope for Chad's recovery vanished. Neighbor after neighbor

came in (neighbors being those within ten miles). Some sat up through the night. Chad could n't breathe easily, and had to be held up in a sitting position. Grim Hen Howard, supposed to be hard of heart, came in silently, saying only, 'Chad's been good to me,' and quietly got behind Chad's pillows. No one could dislodge him; without a word he sat and sat, holding the poor man forward. About two o'clock I went out and looked down into the deep narrow valley. The blackness of the night was relieved by the brilliant stars overhead. It seemed symbolic of the valley of the shadow of death, and when I went in again the shadow had descended.

Such was the passing of Chad Buck. They buried him the next day, as is the mountain custom, and I shall not soon forget the funeral line winding around the trail, men bearing the coffin fashioned by their own hands, followed by kin and friends on nag after nag, single file, to the desolate little burying ground up on the mountain side.

IV

When we go out at night, the man who comes for us rides ahead with his carbide light, then either the nurse or I, or both, single file, our faces swished by branches. When the moon is full I am always hoping to be called out, for there is nothing quite so marvelous as these mountains in the moonlight — and even in the dark nights there is a thrill, the stars are so wonderful.

And in the dead of night it is stirring to hear suddenly, out of the loneliness, the loud honk of the wild geese in their unseen flight to the North; and then the coming home at dawn, with the twitter of birds in the thickets and the mist rising from every cove, sometimes with the orange light of the sun shining through, is quite enchanting.

Rainy nights are another story. One night the nurse and I finished a confinement about one o'clock, and I did n't relish sitting through the cold hours till dawn, hugging a little fireplace. There was no one there but the husband, who could not go home with us as the man usually does, and he said he did not like our going alone. 'Why not?' I asked. 'Oh, there are prowlers round.' But it seemed safe in the pouring rain, and we arrived home in time to have several hours' sleep between our own warm blankets. The squire's wife told us her husband said we must n't do it again, as the bootleggers from outside are a bad lot and are abroad at night in all weathers.

V

Winter, 1925–26

I spent part of the summer in the North. On my return in late September, after crossing Pine Mountain, those who met me went on while I stopped to make a call, and later in the afternoon I continued on my way. Although the sky was cloudy, the heat was overpowering. There had been practically no rain since May. The earth of the road was ground to powder, and the creeks, as Aunt Beth said, were 'plumb dry.' The once turbulent Greasy was now a bed of rocks with a few hollows containing a little slimy water (I later heard that two mules had died from drinking it). The trees were dropping their curled dead leaves; the usually shining flat rhododendron leaves were rolled and drooping. All was so quiet that not even the grunt of the generally ubiquitous pig or the drowsy tinkle of the cowbell was heard. There was no sign of life anywhere except a few black snakes searching for water. The occasional

cabins seemed deserted; I saw no human being. It seemed as though I were going through a stricken land.

It gave me a thrill, therefore, as I emerged from the forest at Wildcat Creek, to hear the sound of voices from the tiny district schoolhouse. At the double ford which, when the waters are high, shuts us off from the rest of the world, I found a group of men cutting a road along the ridge above. It seemed very human to meet them; we all shook hands and I was well pleased with their 'We're right proud to see you again.' They told me that the crops were short on account of the drought, the bean crop was an entire failure, the 'taters' had hardly grown, and the corn in some places was only a half crop; the cows were giving but little milk, and in many places the water was drying up in the wells; typhoid had broken out in the logging camp, five miles away, and one man had died; but, with all this chapter from the Book of Job, they seemed cheerful and said the people would get along somehow.

That night there was a moon, so we went several miles to a 'stir-off.' As we drew near, horses and mules were hitched here and there to the trees. Guided by the glow of a fire, we climbed to a little patch of cleared land up in the woods where the cane grew; we found a crowd gathered, some stirring the cane juice in a big vat suspended over a huge fire built in a trench. The juice had reached the point of becoming thick (sorghum). Everyone broke off a piece of cane, dipped it in, and 'sucked the yaller fizz.' The sorghum was put in cans, the younger ones carrying it off to the cabin, where, beds removed, they remained to 'run the set,' and we older ones, singing out 'Good night,' rode away through the forest.

The district school opens about the middle of July and closes the first week in February. An enrollment of fifty pupils is required to start a school. Sometimes a hundred are registered, but at first many stay out to help hoe and fodder; then, when cold weather sets in, attendance again dwindles, since crossing fords thirty times in five miles, with high creeks and often no foot logs, makes going to school an impossibility. This is lucky for the one teacher, who has eight grades, but disastrous for the pupils, who, unless they are exceptional, naturally lose interest, so that but few of them reach the higher grades. A vocational school is badly needed to help the youngsters in their struggle against the odds of academic achievement. Most of them cease to struggle after a time, many of the girls following the line of least resistance and marrying very young — and the boys, too.

We have been having a moonlight school, and Uncle Si came to see if we could 'larn him' to write his name. My field was geography, and Uncle Si complained to me about the county 'payin' a high price' to the district school-teacher, 'who was larnin' the young-uns that the yearth was round, when he knowed it was flat.' So I availed myself of the opportunity to trace on a globe the course of a worker whom we both knew, who was taking a trip around the world, — how she left New York, and how, traveling always onward, she would come again to New York, — but Uncle Si sat incredulous; for does n't the Bible say that 'the corners' of the earth are the Lord's?

During Christmas week it was so icy that no horse could hold its footing, so we had to walk wherever we went. On Wednesday we were called to a confinement, and did not finish until early Thursday afternoon, New Year's Eve. It was a dark, dreary day. The

'sun-ball' had 'drapped' behind the mountain soon after one, and about three o'clock we set forth with our knapsacks on our backs and wearily trudged homeward. Some distance from our settlement we saw, from the top of a ridge, volumes of black smoke rising. 'What a bonfire that is!' we cried, and then, 'I believe Jack Craig's cabin is on fire! Let's hurry!' Craig's cabin was the only building between us and the settlement. At the top of the next ridge we saw Jack's cabin all serene. 'Well, it must be ours!' we exclaimed, and on we sped, forgetful of our weariness.

As we rounded a corner and looked down, we saw, standing out in the gathering dusk, the flaming outline of our community house and huge woodpile near by, a mass of fiery red. Since all water was frozen over, a scurrying fire brigade were carrying our slop pails full of water from the broken-in creek and throwing it on the dry grass between our cabin and the burning building. Seeing the horses' heads wildly tossing at the barn windows, I ran down and let them out. The community house had caught fire from a defective chimney, and the community worker, returning home, had noticed the flames licking at the rafters in the loft. She rang the bell, and teacher and children rushed from the schoolhouse on the other side of the creek; they got some things out of the big room (one little girl seized a baby carriage with a doll in it, and, soothing the doll and telling it not to be afraid, carried it to safety), but, alas, the teacher's effects in the room behind were destroyed, with them her radio, a Christmas gift.

VI

I have been off on a trip to North Carolina. The man who was to take out my bags and bring Billy back did n't appear at the appointed hour, although he had always before been dependable. Time went on, and when it was too late to make the morning train he came. 'Oh, why did n't you get here before?' I asked. 'I'm lucky to get here at all,' he said. The rain, then only a drizzle, had come down in torrents all night, causing a landslide, and there was no trail left; he had had to pick his way through the low growth over the mountains. There was nothing for me to do but take the night train.

We left early, so that the man could get back before too late. Meanwhile the rain turned to snow. Arrived at the place where the train was to be flagged, I got out some 'fatty pine' splinters I had brought, while my companion gathered fagots and a supply of bigger wood, and, after lighting a fire, he departed.

I kept the fire going during the three hours of waiting. The snow stopped. I read until dark, then ate my sandwiches, wishing for company, but since it was Sunday there were no other passengers and no one else to signal the train. So I placed my suitcase near the track, gathered my small things together, and, as soon as I heard the whistle, waved my flash light. The train stopped, and I stepped from the wilderness into a brightly lighted sleeper.

VII

March, 1926

The mountain people are descendants of the pioneers who migrated westward from the Eastern settlements one hundred and fifty or more years ago. They come of good stock. Isolated from the world, they have retained their eighteenth-century ideas and their quaint old-world speech. Ancient ballads, sprung from the hearts of the English people but lost to England, have been in the safe-keeping

of the Kentucky mountaineers, handed down orally from the first settlers. This is also true of the 'running-set' — the intricate old folk dance. Whatever education they brought with them was in due time lost, and now it is only the younger generation, which has had the opportunity to attend school, that can read or write; but, though without education, they are, with some exceptions, most intelligent, and would come off with credit if they matched their wits with the people beyond the mountains. They have a wonderful poise, both men and women, gained from the perfect equality of all mountain people. Since there is no social caste, there is no feeling of inferiority. Here is one place where a man stands for exactly what he is. Independence and border hospitality are the marked characteristics.

If the highest art of living is to have leisure, then the mountaineers have attained it. Like all people who live close to nature, they have no respect for haste. There is no blazing hurry, no wrist watch to be glanced at every other minute. They have time to be friendly.

As I ride past a field, the man leans on the fence and discusses the affairs of the day; and as I near a cabin the women and children come to the trail, and I lean forward in the saddle to take the proffered dipper of cool spring water. Then follows a chat about the baby or the garden. And when I pass again on my way back they sing out, 'Light and stay the night.'

As a rule the mountaineers are tall, thin, and sinewy, many with very good features, and some singularly handsome, with penetrating eyes which sometimes have a hard glint. A goodly number of the young girls possess rare beauty. But to be born a mountain woman is a hard fate. She marries young, often at fourteen, and is always referred to thereafter by her husband as 'my ole woman.' She is up at three-thirty in the morning, does all the chores, cooking, washing, milking the cows, getting small wood, sometimes coal; she has the garden to care for, hoes the corn, and, incidentally, has a child every year or two. No wonder these women look old even while they are young; and when they take snuff or chew tobacco, blackened teeth and yellow gums add to their worn look. But they are not unhappy, for they know nothing different. The faces of some of the older women, the grannies, are beautiful in their serenity — faces of gentlewomen who have arrived at peace without any bitterness from the hard burden life has imposed upon them. Children in the mountains do about as they please, with little discipline.

Human nature here is much the same as elsewhere, — good and bad, — but I really think these people are better exponents of the golden rule than many outside the mountains, and they certainly are happier. They are thoroughly kind, both to 'furriners,' as anyone from afar is called, and among themselves, and share what they have. Who could do more than S. M. when a walking typhoid, succumbing to hemorrhages, stopped for the night and never moved on? The dying man was made to feel welcome, though S. was fully aware of the danger. All the children were put in one of the two rooms, while S. and his wife, together with her father and mother, took the beds in the room with the patient. Everything they could do for the man was done in the few days until his death; and, as testimony to their carrying out the hygienic measures we prescribed, not a one of them contracted typhoid. The Kentucky mountaineer lives on an

unbalanced diet. He almost never eats meat, except 'hog meat.' He goes about lightly clad, but, in spite of the odds he labors under, it would be hard to find his equal in endurance.

The mountain point of view is modified by necessity. For instance, when a young girl has an illegitimate child, the child is adopted into the household without any stigma, and seems to be no barrier to a legitimate marriage of the mother.

Where no lumber company has yet invaded a region to provide work and ready money, the people live by barter, though some cash is obtained from the rider who comes in occasionally to buy up all available calves, ginseng, and wool that can be spared, as well as some hogs.

Soft coal is near the surface, and every few miles there is a small community coal mine from which those living on adjoining creeks get their supply. The older women card and spin their wool, using some for knitting stockings and the rest for 'kivers,' dyeing it with colors made from madder, indigo, and from willow and black walnut bark.

VIII

Billy and I have found the going bad this winter. Responding to a call, 'Mary Beck's heart is a-kickin' up against her and she's a-smotherin',' we found the creek covered here and there with a coating of ice, so that Billy had a difficult time of it. Slippity-slip he'd go, over the big stones.

Whenever Billy looks back at me reproachfully, I dismount. He did it now, so I got down and we walked side by side. Every once in a while he would nudge me with his nose, as much as to say, 'Let's turn back,' and when I'd say, 'No, no, Billy, be a sport,' he'd press forward with an air of 'I'm game.' Then, when the going became better, he would hurry ahead and actually stop by a good stone, inviting me to remount.

Arriving half frozen, I found the bright crackling open fire a heartening welcome, and after the professional visit was over the daughter raked out of the ashes a hot baked sweet potato. My, oh my, how good it did taste! Truly the simple things of life have not lost their savor in the Kentucky mountains.

In January I had a great trip. I was at dinner when the call came for me to see a worker at String Fork Settlement, twelve miles away over by Pine Mountain. She had been out in the afternoon on a call, and on her return was obliged to dismount on account of some obstacle; in dismounting she slipped from a wet log and broke her leg. Alone, she must either lie there until found (no one might pass for days) or get on her horse. Her mount, usually restive, seemed to sense trouble and stood quietly, but it took several attempts before she could scramble on. The next morning she sent for me.

A blizzard was raging, and, although Billy balls up badly with snow, I had to go; so, armed with a pocketful of sharp stones to knock out the balls from his hoofs, he and I departed. We had gone about six miles when the snow obscured everything, and, being unfamiliar with the route, we got on to the wrong trail, into the 'lostest' cove in the mountains. After a time we came 'plumb up' against the steep cliffs of Pine Mountain. 'Billy,' I said, 'we've gone wrong. Now I'll leave it to you.' He scurried back and brought me out to a cabin, where I inquired the way. 'You'll never find it,' said the man of the house, so he saddled his mule and guided me

about two miles until he brought me out on the ridge, the snow still falling.

It was after dark when I arrived, and found not only a broken leg but a badly injured knee, which would need an X-ray and hospital care. We decided to get the patient the next day to Prosperity Fork, which is quite a town, and from there to the Corporation Hospital at Fraser. The trail to Prosperity Fork was so steep that the men said they could n't possibly 'pack' the stretcher in such slick going, so there was nothing to do but carry her several miles to a so-called road, where she was transferred to a wagon and bumped about, poor thing, over the rocks of Hurricane Gap.

With a woman, Mrs. Brown, on her mule to serve as a guide, I rode ahead to make arrangements at the other end. When we arrived on the far side of the mountain we were afraid to venture farther with our nags, because they had never seen an automobile; so we left them at a cabin and took a short cut on foot over a precarious two-mile stretch into Prosperity Fork. There I telephoned for the ambulance to come from Fraser to meet our patient. We discovered, however, that there were two roads into Prosperity Fork, so Mrs. Brown took a post on one and I on the other to direct the wagon where to go.

By the time the patient was settled in the hospital at Fraser, darkness had fallen. Nevertheless, we set out on the return trip, for I had promised Mrs. Brown that she should get back that night.

We had to pick our way through awesome Hurricane Gap without a flash light, for it had been lost, and Mrs. Brown reached her sleeping children at two o'clock in the morning.

(Further episodes of 'The Mountain Doctor' will be published next month)

WHY CORPORATIONS LEAVE HOME

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

I

A STRANGER, dropping into the large and impressive dining room of the Du Pont Hotel in Wilmington, Delaware, might find cause for surprise in the numerous company around the tables and the metropolitan air pervading the place. These diners are manifestly not traveling salesmen. There is something about them which recalls the types to be seen lunching in Savarins near Wall Street — prosperous men, with the self-possessed bearing of those who are accustomed to deal in large affairs. The simple truth is that from forty or fifty to a hundred or more corporations, good and bad, are holding their annual stockholders' meetings, and these gentlemen, their pockets stuffed with proxies, are on the scene to vote the proxies and reëlect themselves to office in their respective corporations.

What is more, there is nothing particularly unusual about all this. It is an everyday occurrence. And if the visitor will step across the street to the Industrial Trust Building he will begin to perceive the significance of it.

This building, like all others devoted to business offices, has in its lobby, near the elevators, the inevitable black frame enclosing the names of its tenants in small white block letters. It is not a very large building, and one would expect to find a modest frame containing fifty or sixty names. Hence it is difficult to suppress surprise when one sees that the directory frame fills all the walls, on all sides, right up to the ceiling. One notices that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a tenant, and that this is its principal office. That ought to take up the building all by itself, to say nothing of such huge concerns as the National Dairy Products Corporation, the Pennroad Corporation, the Pullman Company, Remington Rand, Transamerica, William Wrigley, Warner Brothers, which are also nestling somewhere under this same roof. And if one cares to do a bit of counting he will be amazed to discover that more than 12,000 corporations have their home offices here — all of them on one floor!

For this is the corporation homeland of America. This is Delaware — 'The Little Home of Big Business,' as its newspapers like to speak of it. That is why the Du Pont Hotel is full of men who have forgathered from all over the country to attend stockholders' meetings. In Wilmington alone there is an average of a hundred of these meetings a day; and, since each of them involves the attendance of from two to half a dozen men, it will be seen that the city has daily as many visitors as an ordinary convention would bring. Every day is convention day in Wilmington.

The business of issuing corporation charters to companies to ply their trade in any part of the country

has attained mammoth proportions in Delaware, and it is a business that is impressive and peculiar in at least one particular: it is perhaps the only one in which a whole state, in its sovereign capacity, engages, with great profit to itself and to certain classes of its citizens, and with immense mortification and embarrassment, financial and spiritual, to its sister states. Delaware, however, did not invent it, nor does she have a complete monopoly of the business. New Jersey, Maine, West Virginia, Maryland, and Arizona also have their shingles out. But Delaware is now the leader, even though it was New Jersey that began it.

II

Away back in the early days of the Republic, Alexander Hamilton learned how to use the 'liberal' public morals of the free-and-easy State of New Jersey to organize several corporate enterprises which could never have found root in the sterile soil of New York. And, with the advent of the era of big business, the state began, about 1875, to do a good deal of trafficking in charters. By the late eighties, when the trusts were being mercilessly badgered by most of the states and were hunting for a hospitable harbor, New Jersey had already established herself as a pioneer in the benevolent work of adjusting her laws to make things comfortable for them. By this time, however, Maine and West Virginia were also in the market place. Indeed, in 1890 the Secretary of State of West Virginia arrived in New York with the great seal of the state, opened headquarters in a downtown hotel, and announced that he was ready, upon the shortest notice and at the lowest prices, to issue charters to all and sundry who wished them.

At about this same time Mr. John B. Dill, then a rising corporation lawyer, had a bright idea, and went to the Governor of New Jersey with it. He proposed that the state authorize the creation of a corporation which could act for all outside corporations in securing charters for them at the lowest rates, and which could also act for them as resident agent after incorporation. In other words, he proposed to reduce the whole matter to the basis of a highly organized business. The new corporation would be able to advertise in other states, solicit business, and bring the trade to New Jersey.

The state legislature, ever on the alert for 'liberal' laws, promptly adopted the idea. Immediately several such corporations were formed. The advantages of New Jersey as a habitat for the trusts that were being persecuted by other states were widely trumpeted. The new corporations born of Mr. Dill's idea set up for business in Exchange Place in Jersey City, and very soon that small dingy street became known as West Wall Street, and some 1500 outside corporations were being regularly represented there.

It was half a dozen years later that New Jersey passed her famous holding-company law, which permitted any New Jersey corporation to buy and hold the stocks of any other corporation of that or any other state. Singularly enough, it was passed at the very moment when the Standard Oil Company was being pressed by Attorney-General Frank Monnett of Ohio to carry out the decree of the Ohio courts dissolving the original trust. John D. Rockefeller was able to find sanctuary within the broad shelter of this new statute, which became law, it is curious to note, over the signature of John W. Griggs, then Governor of New Jersey. Griggs was immediately thereafter called by Rockefeller's old schoolmate and friend, Mark Hanna, McKinley's

alter ego, to be Attorney-General of the United States, and in this office was charged with the enforcement of the anti-trust laws. Thus did the curtain go up upon the first scene of the great comedy of American corporation law.

It was at this point that little Delaware looked with a jealous eye upon the new business which New Jersey had developed. In 1890, New Jersey derived an income of $292,000 from her corporation business. By 1896, this had risen to $707,000 — and these were 1896 dollars. So the following year Delaware amended her constitution to permit incorporation under general statutes, and the legislature passed a general incorporation law in 1899. This ushered Delaware into the charter-mongering business along with Maine, West Virginia, and New Jersey.

From the first, the state did well enough for a young charter breeder, but it was not until Woodrow Wilson became Governor of New Jersey that Delaware's real opportunity arrived. Wilson put through the New Jersey legislature a series of reform measures intended to check various abuses in politics and business. Among them were his famous Seven Sisters Acts, which seriously impaired the 'liberality' of New Jersey's corporation laws. This was Delaware's chance, and she rose to it. She 'liberalized' *her* laws a little more, and the corporation traders and mongers at once

> Through the fields of clover
> Rode right on to Dover,

and set up in business there and in Wilmington.

This, in brief, is how it has come about that in all the seas of our home trade, wherever there is a dollar for a share of stock or a banker to recommend it, corporations by the thousand can be found cruising under the black flag of Delaware's corporation laws in search of easy money.

III

As a business proposition, it has been an unqualified success for Delaware. The state has chartered more than 100,000 corporations. About 60,000 of them have vanished like the weird sisters into the air from whence they came, or have been conducted to their sepulchres through receiverships in the courts, to the happy chants of lawyers, appraisers, trustees, accountants, clerks, and attendants. About 42,000 of them still remain, some great and powerful, many of them all but dead, awaiting burial.

During the jolly days of the Coolidge administration, prosperity smiled upon the business. In 1927, some 5424 charters were granted, with fees to the state of $824,483. By 1929, the charters issued had risen to 7537, with fees of $3,309,698. The charter mill kept up its feverish pace to the very end of the great bull era. In September 1929, when the depression was just around the corner, nearly 600 new corporations set sail from Dover, most of them to founder before they had well begun their journey. And in spite of the depression, which, of course, has seriously interfered with the launching of new enterprises, Delaware is handing out charters even this year at the rate of about fifteen a day.

The fees for initial incorporation go into the general fund of the state, and at present this source of revenue is considerably curtailed; but there is also an annual franchise tax which each corporation must pay. The Radio Corporation pays about $4400 a year. Mr. Insull's Middle West Utilities paid about $3888 a year. Mr. Ivar Kreuger's International Match Company had to

pay a tax of approximately $8000. A huge concern like General Motors pays about $39,000 a year. In 1932, the total of all these corporation franchise taxes will be about $3,500,000. The money is devoted to the support of the public schools. It has become such a lucrative business for the state that there are some who think that all real-estate taxes might be safely done away with, and that the whole machinery of the state could be supported by the taxes paid by the corporations of other states which have a mythical domicile in Delaware.

It is not the state's profits alone, however, that make the business attractive. Since there is an average of one hundred corporation meetings a day in Wilmington, as we have already observed, the hotels and merchants are greatly interested. Most of these meetings are perfunctory. The stockholders are in Wilmington to-day and gone to-morrow; but they are always succeeded by a new throng. Occasionally, however, there is a grand stockholders' fracas for control. When the Transamerica Corporation staged its big battle for control last spring, there were one hundred and fifty stockholders on the scene, and they remained for many days. One set of combatants occupied two floors in the Du Pont Hotel, and some two hundred clerks and tellers were required to count and look after the details of the fight.

Then there is the business done by the lawyers, and by more than thirty of those special corporations which handle the details of organization and represent absent corporations in the state the year round. Finally, and richest of all, are the receiverships. One may well guess that receiverships of corporations such as Delaware permits must be numerous — and they are. At the moment some of our greatest enterprises are being operated by Delaware lawyers under the guidance of Delaware courts. It is no wonder that the bar of the state plumes itself upon the almost unbelievable liberalism of Delaware's 'progressive corporation laws.'

There is, however, another side to it. 'The suspicious,' says a pamphlet advertising the state's liberalism,'harking back to the muckraking days when every corporation was guilty — of something — until proved innocent, might say that the Delaware laws must be "wide-open" laws, attractive to "blue sky" operators.' The pamphlet assures us that 'a study of corporations with Delaware charters promptly squelches any such hypothesis.' It then goes on to point to some of the types of corporations which boast of Delaware's great seal. There is the Goldman-Sachs Trading Corporation, the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, the Blue Ridge Corporation, the Continental Chicago Corporation, and the Petroleum Corporation of America. There is the Lehman Corporation, the Prince and Whitely Trading Corporation, and the Winslow Lanier International Corporation.

This boast was made, of course, in 1929. Certainly no one can say that these were 'blue sky' concerns. But many intelligent students of finance are now willing to admit that the peculiar forms of capitalization employed by these concerns, and specially authorized by the Delaware law, were responsible for the loss of billions of dollars to investors — dollars which are gone as completely and effectually as if they had been invested in blue sky. The pamphleteer might have added the Insull Middle West Utilities and Kreuger's International Match Company, as well as a number of other corporations which have either failed

or been seriously crippled because they suffered from the organic weakness inherent in the forms of capitalization especially favored by Delaware laws.

In the various ways I have mentioned, Delaware manages to get for herself an income of four or five million dollars every year. This, of course, is the final reason and explanation of her legal laxity. It would really pay the other states of the Union, which suffer from Delaware's delinquency, to tax themselves enough to pay the cost of running the Delaware government, absolutely free to that state, if she would just agree to go out of the business of breeding corporations.

IV

Why do corporations leave home and go to Delaware? There need be no speculation about the phenomenon. The boosters for Delaware will tell you. Mr. Robert Pennington, who has written a book about the state's corporation laws, observes that 'the liberal provisions of the law are being more constantly taken advantage of by the legal profession and corporate interests generally.'

That is it — the 'liberal' provisions of the law; liberal, indeed, to the point of glaring laxity. Almost anything goes in Delaware, and here are some of the things that go: —

1. Directors need not be stockholders. A collection of office boys would do quite as well.

2. No officer or director need reside in the state. All that is required is a resident agent and an office with a sign out. We have already seen that some 12,000 corporations meet this simple requirement by having, all of them, the same resident agent and the same office on one floor of the Industrial Trust Building in Wilmington, with their signs displayed in its burlesque building directory. This is a part of the jolly system by which one of the most serious and important underlying facts of our business life — the management of all the vast tools of industry — is reduced to the level of *opéra bouffe*.

3. Directors' meetings may be held outside the state, but stockholders must meet there. This is an important advantage for promoters, for, as a prospectus from Wilmington puts it, 'if stockholders' meetings were held in a populous place like New York, where so many stockholders would chance to live, a good many might be led to attend the meetings, if only from curiosity.' They seldom show up in Wilmington. This explains the gentlemen with pockets stuffed with proxies whom one sees in the Du Pont Hotel.

4. The directors may issue new stock, and, indeed, affect the preferences on old stock, without the approval of the stockholders. They may make by-laws without the approval of stockholders. In fact, a careful study of Delaware's statutes indicates that directors can do almost anything with their corporation — which is a highly prized privilege.

5. Better than this, the right to elect all or a majority of the directors may be limited to one class of stockholders. I am quite ready to grant that there is something to be said in favor of this provision. Our economic structure is so complex that no man holding widely diversified securities can hope to keep adequately informed about every company in which he owns an interest. There may be good reason, therefore, for providing two distinct classifications of ownership: one which carries with it the right to participate in the direction of the enterprise, and another which relieves the holder of this responsibility. I repeat that there *may* be some justification for such an ar-

rangement, although there is always a danger in divorcing ownership from responsibility. Even at best, however, no one can doubt that this plan is subject to grave abuses.

In the old days, such amateur promoters as E. H. Harriman thought themselves quite clever when they discovered that 26 per cent of the stock of a company could control the whole, through the indifference and lack of unity of the remainder. But under Delaware law it is possible to arrive at the same result by actually investing little or nothing in the enterprise. Who is not familiar with the Class A and B stocks, Founders stock, and the like? In one of the largest holding companies, 10,000 shares of Founders stock, which cost almost nothing, controlled several million shares of cash-paid common. In another, the property was controlled with the Class B common stock, all of which was given as a bonus with the preferred shares. The promoters bought the preferred shares and got the controlling Class B stock. Then they sold the preferred shares at par and retained the common, so that they acquired the actual ownership of a $150,000,000 corporation without investing a cent.

Delaware law permits the issuance of these various classes of stock, and there is almost no limit to what can be done with this device.

6. Stock may be issued, not only for cash, but for property, services, rights, and 'the product of one's brain,' as an authority assures us. This may be called the waterworks department of the law. Since stocks may be issued for almost anything, the public investor is permitted to put up the cash while the promoters put in the product of their brains. If, subsequently, the investor discovers that the product of the promoters' brains is literally without value, he has no remedy, because 'the judgment of the directors as to the value of the property for which the stock was issued is conclusive.' Thus oceans of water may, by the magic process of 'labeling,' be changed into goodwill, and the goodwill may then become the basis for issuing millions of dollars' worth of stock.

7. Stock, of course, may be issued without par value. This provision becomes a deadly thing when it is further provided that the no-par stock may be issued from time to time at such terms and prices as the directors may fix. They may issue a new batch of stock to the public at one price, to the stockholders at another, and to themselves at still another. It is within the power of the directors at any time, under this provision, to dilute the property of the stockholders, or, acting within the law, to rob them of their profits. This has actually been done on a large scale in countless instances.

8. The baleful system of issuing rights and stock purchase warrants, so generally abused before 1930, is permitted under the Delaware law. This is another method by which directors and insiders are enabled to gamble with the corporation's money without taking any risk themselves. For instance, the directors of one large holding company were given rights to purchase, at any time within three years, 100,000 shares at $20 a share — the amount at which the common stock was issued. On its face this seems fair enough, but let us examine it more closely.

Within a year after these rights were issued the stock went to about 70. At this point all that the directors needed to do was to step in, exercise their rights, put up $20 a share, and get 100,000 shares which they could immediately have sold at a profit of $50 a share. If the stock had come down, of course, they need not have exercised

the rights. They gambled to win a lot without risking anything. As it happened, these chaps were reserved for a singular doom. They were too greedy. They thought the shares would go far above 70, so they waited. Then came October 29, and almost before they could say Jack Robinson those shares had tumbled to 7. But they lost nothing.

9. Less than a majority of the board may constitute a quorum; in fact, provision may be made for alternate directors. 'This,' one is assured in Wilmington, 'is a great convenience where some members of the board of directors have varied interests which from time to time prevent their attending meetings.' Thus a gentleman who sits on from forty to sixty directorates is excused from paying any but the most cursory attention to the business of the companies over whose fortunes he is supposed to watch. Instead, he may spend his time in Wall Street, speeding up one side of the business cycle on the bull's back with Coolidge and down the other side on the bear's back with Hoover.

10. In Delaware a corporation can be conjured into existence almost as fast as a magician can produce a bouquet of flowers from his hat. A fast motor car stands before the door of the leading incorporating company in Wilmington, almost like an engine in a fire house, ready for action. An idea is born in Wall Street in the morning. A telegraphic appeal goes out to Wilmington — Quick! Quick! A charter! — and the papers are drawn with lightning speed. The waiting automobile races with them to the capitol at Dover. Only a few minutes are required in the office of the Secretary of State, then the car dashes back to Wilmington. The 'incorporators' hold their first meeting and elect directors as the sun starts downward. An express train speeds the precious charter to New York, and before twilight the directors of the new Delaware corporation are holding their first meeting in their penthouse on Park Avenue.

But, you ask, how can the incorporators meet in Wilmington? Simplicity itself. The trust company which makes a business of getting out charters 'will furnish the necessary incorporators, when its services are being used by attorneys, enabling the election of directors and adoption of by-laws to be taken care of at Wilmington without necessity of forwarding waivers and proxies of the incorporators to us.' Thus reads the prospectus of one of the charter-mongering companies. A batch of office-boy incorporators can be delivered along with other accommodations in much the same way that an Irish undertaker supplies mourners at a funeral.

In view of these ten specific points which I have enumerated, one need not marvel that most of our great utility holding companies, our largest railroad holding companies, and most of our great investment trusts have obtained their 'letters' from the state of Delaware. It is but fair to add, however, that Maryland, Maine, Arizona, and West Virginia are also doing their share to make America safe for promoters and very insecure for investors.

V

There is a widely accepted notion that the corporation is just a business device — just an implement which enables business men to conduct their affairs with greater convenience. Along with this goes the notion that it is an invention of the lawyers, and that its development ought to be left to them. The truth is that the corporation is one of the most profoundly important facts in modern life. It has gone far to

transform our whole economic civilization.

When two or more men unite their resources and abilities, they have an advantage over those who act singly in any business. Until the corporation was devised, the law always held men thus acting together to strict personal accountability for the acts of the partnership or association. The new form of corporate organization is quite different from mere union. In fashioning it, the government has tried its hand at outright creation. A corporation is a legal person that enjoys certain civil functions just as if it were a human being. This fictitious legal entity, endowed with the resources of a large number of men and yet acting as an individual, has enabled men to unite without compelling them to assume full responsibility for the acts of the group.

These are simple facts which must be acknowledged. The result has been to transform us completely from an individualistic people into a highly organized and collective industrial society; to take the tools of industry out of the hands of the individual entrepreneur and put them into the hands of the corporate entrepreneur. In its final form the corporation makes it possible for the men who control it to exercise a vast power. It gives them the opportunity, if they are not properly restrained, to make competition by single individuals utterly impossible, and, in certain cases, to put themselves almost beyond the reach of the law itself.

These facts are put forward, not to condemn the corporation, but rather to effect a clear statement of the problem — to point out that the development of the corporation is primarily an economic and a social problem. Here I do not speak of monopolies and trusts. I speak of corporations large and small, whether monopolistic or not. They are all charged with serious social and economic responsibilities. If this is true, — and I do not see how anyone can doubt it, — is it not strange that the economist has had almost no share in guiding corporate development in America? The economist himself has revealed an amazing indifference to the matter. Along with the social reformer, he has occasionally lifted his voice in loud protest against monopoly, and against corporations as instruments of monopoly, but aside from that he has tended to remain painfully silent.

The development of the corporation has been left, therefore, to the lawyer, and he has been moved almost solely by considerations affecting his client — some specific corporation. The early New Jersey laws and the laws still in force in Delaware were passed almost without public attention. The lawyers in the legislatures rushed them through noiselessly. As I searched through old files of New Jersey and Delaware papers in an effort to trace the history of this legislation, which has had a more important bearing upon our economic life than any other legislation ever enacted, I had difficulty in finding the meagre accounts of the laws.

Then, from time to time, changes in the statutes were made as corporation lawyers demanded them. In 1888, in New Jersey, lawyers wanted the state to permit corporations to purchase the stocks of other corporations that were necessary to their business, and the law was passed. At nearly every session this power was altered or enlarged as the corporation lawyers required. In New Jersey, Delaware, and West Virginia, the lawyers appeared each year with new proposals: to permit different kinds of stock, to increase the powers of directors, to permit proxy

voting, to permit different classes of common stock, to permit multiple voting of stocks, to permit proxies for three years, to permit dividends out of capital surplus. Every suggestion was dictated by the convenience of promoters, who sought to make easier the flotation of corporate securities and the control of finances, but there was never a thought for the public interest, no consideration of the economic factors involved, no voice lifted on that phase of the question.

'Here in Delaware,' one of the leaders of the bar said to me, 'we have an ideal system. Our legislature would never think of passing an amendment to our corporation laws without submitting the matter to the state bar association. Proposals for change are always brought to us first. Our committee considers them, and if we approve them the legislature adopts them as a matter of course. That ensures sound laws. Don't you think it is an excellent system?'

'Well,' I suggested, 'has it ever occurred to anyone to call all the economists of the state into session and submit the matter to them for an opinion?'

The idea seemed to startle him because of its novelty, and, doubtless, its stupidity.

VI

Twenty-five years ago this whole subject was being gravely considered throughout the nation. At that time almost everybody — John D. Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, Joseph Choate, Samuel C. T. Dodd, Mark Hanna, on one side, and Theodore Roosevelt, James R. Garfield, William J. Bryan, and innumerable economists on the other side — favored national incorporation. If it was important then, it is imperative now; for then we did not have in their full flower the elaborate corporation systems of Delaware and her rival states.

Some people then thought that the states ought not to surrender their power over their own business affairs. That choice no longer confronts us. The several states of the Union must now choose between incorporation laws passed by Delaware, which affect all the states vitally although the others have no voice in their enactment, and laws passed by the national Congress, in which each state will have a voice. The only protection which remains for the people in the great majority of states which do not indulge in charter-mongering lies in a Federal incorporation law.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I. A Study in Genius

BY DAVID CECIL

I

'No,' said the lady in the bus, — she had to speak rather loud to make herself heard above the din of the traffic, — 'No, I used to like Scott as a child, but I never read him now.' 'I don't suppose one could,' replied her cultivated companion. But only a hundred and fifteen years ago schoolboys risked a birching, young ladies neglected their harps, old gentlemen left their glasses of Madeira half full, crabbed, bright-eyed William Hazlitt forgot his hatred of Toryism — to finish *Waverley*.

Truly, of all our novelists it is Scott whose reputation has undergone the greatest vicissitudes. Admired in his own day as no English novelist has ever been admired, his only regular readers nowadays are schoolboys who study his works under compulsion and without pleasure, as a holiday task. Now and again an old-fashioned supporter will praise him for his healthy tone — a moral rather than a literary virtue. But among serious critics his reputation has slipped silently away till even Mr. E. M. Forster — acute, sensitive Mr. E. M. Forster — can state that he was no more than a glorified writer of child's books, devoid of that quality of serious passion which is the mark of a great writer.

It is largely Scott's own fault. But it is his readers' misfortune. For his contemporaries were in the right. He is a very great novelist indeed; and, so far from not being serious, touches depths and heights often that most English novelists could never touch at all. But his merits do not lie open for every eye to see, especially the sort of eye with which people are taught to regard novels nowadays. One must learn how to appreciate him.

Of course to appreciate him properly one must realize his range. A novel is a work of art in so far as it has an independent, individual life of its own — in so far as it is a world. And this independent life is begotten by the writer's creative imagination on his experience. But in any one writer there is only a certain proportion of its value that can be so fertilized, only a certain proportion of what he sees and feels and knows that strikes deep enough into the fundamentals of his personality to fire his imagination to work. The proportion varies with the individual artist. With some it is small. Henry James rings the changes on one or two characters, one or two motives, one or two situations. On the other hand, there is hardly an aspect of his own life or of anyone else's that did not come as grist to Tolstoy's mill. But whether it be big or small, only that particular part of his experience that fires the writer's imagination will be of any use to him as

artist. His artistic achievement must lie within its four corners; it is his range.

To realize this range, therefore, is the first thing we must do when estimating a writer. If we do not know what he can do, how can we tell if he is doing it? This might seem obvious. But critics do not appear to think it so. They are always writing articles scolding Mr. Aldous Huxley because his books have not the exuberant spirits of Dickens, or taking Sir James Barrie to task because his picture of life lacks that fine, frank attack on sex problems which they find so admirable a characteristic of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. But themes entailing exuberant enjoyment do not set Mr. Huxley's imagination to work, nor sexual problems inspire Sir James Barrie's. If they did write about these topics, as likely as not they would fail; for they would be outside their range. And to blame a writer for failing to write outside his range is as beside the point as to blame a sculptor because his work is colorless.

II

What, then, is Scott's range? It is all that part of experience which concerns man as a product of his local environment and his historic past. Every great novelist is primarily a portrayer of human character; but whereas Fielding, say, paints man in his relation to his fellow men and Dostoevski in his relation to God, Scott paints him in relation to the circumstances and traditions — political, social, religious, natural — of the society in which he lives.

As Balzac points out, it is Scott's chief and splendid claim to originality that he was the first writer to bring these considerations into the novel at all. The novelists of the eighteenth century, the positive, unmystical eighteenth century, represent character as a detached phenomenon, owing nothing to its surroundings. Parson Adams, Dr. Primrose, Uncle Toby, are presented to us as cut flowers, their outlines sharp, their colors vivid against the white, brightly lit walls of the botanist's laboratory. We are told nothing of their natural background, the garden where they grew, the weather in which they blossomed; their historic or religious social environment, and how it made them what they were. Parson Adams is a clergyman and an Englishman; but these facts tell us nothing significant about him. For the aspects of his character with which Fielding is concerned are not those which he has acquired from the world he has lived in, but the individual idiosyncrasies which differentiate him from it. He could be turned into a Catholic Irish priest and we should still recognize him.

Now to Scott such a view of character was impossible. His distinguishing characteristic was a sense of the past. It determined his whole attitude toward life; no other novelist has ever had it to anything like the same degree. And thus, though he too had an acute appreciation of the individual, he always envisaged him in relation to his historic past: as a social animal shaped and colored by those vaster, more impersonal forces of historic condition and trend which had shaped and colored the community of which he was a member. Every man he met he saw as a focus of these forces — betraying willy-nilly by word and act and prejudice, by his every trick of speech and gesture, the nation and place and creed and tradition which had moulded him to what he was.

Compare Parson Adams with a typical Scott figure like Edie Ochiltree. They have a great deal in common; both are distinguished representatives

of the same tradition — that great English tradition of the semihumorous 'character part' that extends from Dame Quickly to Kipps, made living to us by its actions, its individual idiosyncrasies of speech and habit, rather than by direct diagnosis or analysis. But Edie Ochiltree has not been uprooted from the garden where he grew; he does not appear before us against the uncolored background of a laboratory wall. Round him swirl the mists of the Scotch lowlands which are his home; to his right rises the meetinghouse of that Presbyterian church where he learned his creed; to his left, the grim castle of Glenallan whose serfs were his forefathers; from his shoulders falls the blue gown of that ancient Scottish order of beggars of whom he is so majestic an example; while faintly from the hills behind him echoes a snatch of those ancient folk ballads which have given its peculiar twist and tint to his imagination. To alter his circumstances, to turn him into an Irish Catholic beggar, would be to make him an unrecognizably different person. Scott looked on a man as an antiquarian looks at a house — to whom here a square of gray stone, there a brick gable, here again a fragment of sumptuous carving, reveal Norman foundation rebuilding in Tudor times a room redecorated under Queen Anne.

As a matter of fact, Scott would have looked on an old house like this too. The elaborate landscapes and interiors that fill his books are described in terms of the past. A dimple in the down marks the track where the mosstroopers rode down from the hills, a broken stone half hidden by heather shows where stood a wrecked Cistercian abbey; how rusty that old sword glints against the paneling — it has not been taken down since it was hung there after the battle of Culloden sixty years since. Man and nature alike are to Scott first of all expressions of their history. This is his range.

III

Limited range of interest implies limited choice of subject. And Scott's range of interest confines his creative achievement to certain aspects of human life — those which peculiarly illustrate its connection with the past. All his great characters are the children of small communities, close corporations, remote localities, age-old traditions, the sharp angles cut by whose influence have been unmodified by contact with the great changing, impersonal, cosmopolitan world: Evan Dhu, the Highlander; Dandie Dinmont, the Cumberland farmer; Davie Deans, the old Covenanter; Wandering Willie, the beggar minstrel. Many of the most memorable are beggars and poor people; for spending their life, as they do, in a small area, unable to learn much about other people and ideas from books, they are especially the creatures of their historic environment; it saturates every fibre of their natures. 'I have chosen my personages,' says Scott, in his introduction to *The Antiquary*, 'from the class of society which are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations.'

In the same way his range of interest determines his themes. The conflicts on which his plots turn are not, as with most novelists, between two individual temperaments; but between an individual temperament and a tradition, or sometimes between the representatives of one tradition and of another. Jeanie Deans is torn between love of her sister and the strict commands of the Covenanting faith in which she has been educated; Elspeth of the Craig-

burnfoot between loyalty to the Glenallan family and her desire to make reparation for a crime committed in their service; Ravenswood between his love for Lucy and his inherited feud with her family. Meg Merrilies is compelled by her conscience to restore the wrongfully deposed heir of Ellangowan to his inheritance. Harry Wake and Robin Oig are forced into mortal and unwilling combat by the conflicting conceptions of honor instilled into them by national tradition. And the emotions which fire the books are the emotions single, epic, common to mankind, which such conflicts engender: love of home and country, pride in ancient institutions, regret for their passing, awe and superstitious terror stirred by the sense of the past still at work in our own lives, hatred kindled by an ancient wrong, loyalty to creed or kindred or the fortunes of a fallen king.

Finally Scott's choice of subject is limited by a third and different consideration. No serious novelist writes well about worlds he has not lived in. He gets distracted by the superficial aspects of its inhabitants, he cannot get sufficiently under their skins to light the spark of life there. Fearful and wonderful are the results when Dickens leaves the lower and middle classes he knew so well to share in the gilded revels of Sir Mulberry Hawk; or when George Eliot turns her conscientious Victorian British hand to the sins and splendors of fifteenth-century Florence. But what is true of George Eliot and Dickens is far truer of Scott. For his chief interest in character lies precisely in those fine distinctions of social and national character which an outsider can never understand. All Scott's best books, *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Redgauntlet*, *Old Mortality*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, have for their setting Scotland and its borders; and in all of them the action takes place within that hundred or so years of his birth covered by the memory of someone he might have known.

IV

Such is Scott's range. And there is no denying that it has striking limitations. Apart from anything else, it leaves out all that vast, varied area of human activity and interest we call private life; all man's preoccupations as an individual, pursuing his individual happiness, his personal hopes, fears and problems, pleasures and weaknesses and aspirations. And with these, except in so far as they come into contact with the claims of the wider forces of history and environment, go his relations to other people, to parents, children, friends — above all, to the other sex.

This last is possibly the chief cause why people do not think Scott is a serious novelist. Sex is the most personal thing in the world; exclusively a private affair between two people; stirring the same reactions, undergoing the same vicissitudes in all countries, in all centuries, when Rome is falling or Chicago rising. It is obviously no subject for Scott. But it is, after all, the primary passion of human nature; and any picture of life which gives little account of it will seem to the average man, and still more to the average woman, rather unreal. So that the average man, still more the average woman, tends to start with the idea that Scott is no more than a superior writer of fanciful adventure stories.

His range of characters is limited, too. A great many people's lives are purely private lives, revolving round their own jobs, their own families, their own love affairs. A writer who does not describe private life will not be

able to describe them. The average well-to-do young man or woman who is the hero or heroine of nine novels out of ten is like this; Scott's range does not include the hero and heroine of the average novel.

Again, only a limited proportion of types vividly illustrate the historic past. Some of the most interesting do nothing of the kind. Philosophers do not, for instance, nor artists; their significant characteristic is to be found in the line they strike out for themselves, their independence of environment, not their connection with it. Scott's great figures include no Levines and Bazarofs and Roderick Hudsons. Nor, for that matter, any Becky Sharps or Milly Theales or Major Pendennises; any cosmopolitans or adventurers or men of the world. There is no doubt, if you come to Scott expecting the sort of thing you find in Thackeray or Proust or Henry James, you will be disappointed.

V

But you will find a great deal else. With all his limitations Scott's range is not a narrow one. And it takes in some ground that Thackeray and Proust and the rest of them never approach. That of the adventure story, for instance. Scott is not primarily a writer of adventure stories. But his themes, involving as they do conflicts between primitive characters in remote surroundings, entail that violent action, conspiracy, fight, escape, of which the adventure story is made. And with the adventurous incidents go the adventurous emotions: suspense, the heart high in the face of danger; the thrill felt when the knee is tense against the saddle girth, the sword hilt rough in the hand; the gambler's exhilaration when all is staked on a chance and man's wits are at their sharpest.

On another side Scott's range extends to include ground usually thought peculiar to poetry. Man's relation to historic environment is a dry-sounding phrase, but it means romance — all that vast area of romance that is associated with time and place, the romance of ancient tales, of picturesque distant places, of buildings heavy with the weight of man's history, of those wild places of the earth on which man, for all his history, has left no mark at all. It means all the emotions stirred in us by association, personal or historic, by a relic hallowed by connection with home or hero, by a stave of old song, a place loved in childhood, by any of the thousand frail, unbreakable ties of sentiment that bind us to the past.

These emotions it is that, at their most intense, give us a sense of the supernatural. We feel there must be some living power, working from the dead past or resident in inanimate matter, for such things to affect us so strongly. And Scott's range includes the supernatural. His books are full of spectres and second sight and tutelary spirits: the omens that gather like monstrous birds of prey round the dying fortunes of the Ravenswood family; the bizarre, fateful dreams that mingle with fitful firelight and wind-stirred tapestry to torment the sleep of Lovell on his first night at Monkbarns; the unholy mirror of Damiotti the sorcerer; the Bodach Ghas foe of his house, even beyond death, that confronts Fergus MacIvor, shadowy and relentless, on the evening before his last battle.

Finally Scott's range extends to a higher sphere of poetry — to the tragic. This is rare in fiction. For tragedy, the most tremendous expression of literary art, aiming as it does at penetrating to the fundamental strata of man's nature, exhibiting his ultimate capacities for good or evil, joy or

sorrow, is only possible under two conditions. The characters with which it deals must be of a stature to exhibit these extreme capacities, and the situation in which they are involved must be big enough to call them forth. *Othello* is the pattern tragedy, because its hero and heroine are people of the highest virtue and emotional capacity, involved by a character of sublime wickedness in a situation so catastrophic that the issue can only be death.

Now most novelists have been concerned to portray the world they saw around them. And this world, Europe of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, has, with the exception of the semibarbarous country of Russia, achieved a degree of civilization in which spectacular crimes and catastrophes are confined to the criminal, degraded section of the community. You do not find figures of tragic stature there. It would be incredible nowadays that a heroic soldier like Othello and a flower of innocent sweetness like Desdemona should be the protagonists in a story of bloodthirsty jealousy culminating in murder. Nor, fortunately, is the average criminal a prince of the powers of darkness like Iago. So that modern novelists have had very little tragic material at their disposal. Of course there are exceptions. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is a true tragedy, for its heroine is a noble character involved, partly by her very nobility, in a terrible ruin. But Tesses are few and far between. Most modern tragedies are not true tragedies, for they are not about truly tragic characters. Mr. Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, for example, is not a true tragedy, for the motives of his actors are so trivial, their natures so ignoble, that the emotion stirred in the reader is not tragic awe at man's powers, but pitying disgust at his futility.

But Scott is in a very different position; his themes impose on him no such handicap. The struggle between rival loyalties, between loyalty and personal feeling, implacable revenge for an ancient wrong pursued through life, unavailing remorse for an ancient crime — these subjects involve both violent and catastrophic action and also some of man's highest motives and intensest passions. They are the essential stuff of which tragedy is made — not so much the complex tragedy of Shakespeare and the great dramatists, but the simpler, heroic tragedy of epic and saga and ballad.

As a matter of fact Scott's subject matter altogether is very much that of epic, saga, and ballad — far more than it is that of the ordinary novel. The authors of the *Song of Roland*, the *Tale of the Volsungs*, *Chevy Chase*, do not concern themselves with private life. They write of loyalty and patriotism and the obligations of honor, of legends and heroes, of ghostly premonitions and the romance of the sword. This is their range — as it is Scott's; it is this we must expect to find when we open his books. It is surely enough to find in any single novelist.

VI

And he was peculiarly equipped to do justice to it. Like his range, his genius has its limitations. The fabric of its expression is very loosely woven, its detail perfunctory and conventional, while his carelessness and inequality are remarkable even among the careless, unequal writers of England. But he is built on the grand scale. His powerful, negligent grasp can control huge masses of heterogeneous material. If he sometimes does easy things badly, he often does difficult things well; and what he does well he does with ease. He has incomparable force and breadth

and flexibility and resource. Nor do his carelessness, his conventionality, spoil his effects. His personality assimilates them, his vitality surmounts them. With his broad brush he paints on, never stopping to correct a mistake, smudging in any stock formula of stormy sky or fluttering curtain for background; but the result has certainty and individuality and vitality which make the work of more careful craftsmen look as lifeless as a waxwork.

He had his special gifts, too. For one thing, he can tell a story. This is an advantage to any novelist; but to Henry James, let us say, not a preeminent advantage. For not more than a third of a Henry James novel is story; the rest is analysis and description. At least three fifths of a Scott novel, on the other hand, is story. If that is dull and confused, three fifths of the book is dull and confused.

It cannot be said that Scott is never dull. His story-telling is as unequal as everything else about him. The action is often very long getting under way; for whole pages the unfortunate reader of *The Monastery* lies becalmed on an ocean of topographical description and historical reminiscence, with not the skimpiest sail of a plot in sight. But no one can begin a book better, if he tries, than Scott: the first chapter of *Guy Mannering*, with its lonely rider lost on the unfriendly moor at nightfall; or the panorama of eighteenth-century Edinburgh, tavern and dark alley murmurous with discontent and threat of bloodshed, which introduces us to *The Heart of Midlothian;* or the quieter but not less effective opening of *Rob Roy*, bitter decorous dispute over the fireside, and Mr. Osbaldistone, that magnificent Raeburn figure, with his energetic countenance and his contemptuous manner — how these stimulate the curiosity and compel the attention and set the imagination aflame. And it is rare if it is not still burning on the last page.

It hardly matters if the effect is produced with intractable, wooden characters, improbable incidents, and lengthy periods of inaction. Scott can get more tension out of a face at the window than most novelists out of twenty hairbreadth escapes, more of the thrill of combat out of a pistol in the saddlebag than most modern writers out of all the high explosives that kept the world quiet on the Western Front. Rob Roy's interview with Baillie Nicol Jarvie in the Tolbooth consists of nothing but fourteen pages of semi-humorous conversation, yet *Monte Cristo* itself contains no scene more exciting; until the final moment when Rob has disappeared into the shadows of the Edinburgh street, we are on tenterhooks. Nor is this effect produced by any Kiplingesque sleight of hand in the telling — cunningly worked-out climax, artfully omitted inessentials. Scott proceeds as straightforward and leisurely, with as little fear of digression and expansion, as Shahrazad herself. Indeed, his art is the art of Shahrazad. He is not so much one of the first of novelists as the last representative of the old lost art of story-telling.

VII

Closely associated with his narrative gift is his pictorial power. This too is particularly useful for his purpose. The novel of action, unlike the novel of analysis, is made up of pictures; its crises are always visible events. Scott is better able to make us see them than any other English novelist except Hardy. His method is not at all like Hardy's. Not more than Kipling's narrative dexterity has he Hardy's power to make a scene vivid by an arresting, unusual image — the road

across Egdon Heath 'like the parting in a head of black hair,' the ceiling stained with Alec D'Urberville's blood, 'like a great ace of hearts.' Scott's similes are conventional, his epithets vague and commonplace; he would most likely have said that 'the road showed white against the sombre verdure of the moor,' described the ceiling as 'stained with a ghastly and sanguinary red.' Yet he makes us see his scenes as clearly as Hardy does.

> The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse fitted for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstances of his situation, and the deep gloom of his mind, assorted well with the rugged and broken vault, which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke and darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female flitted around, appearing and disappearing like a spectre.

'Dark cloud,' 'rugged and broken vault,' a figure 'like a spectre' — are not these the clichés of description worn threadbare in a thousand novels? Yet what words could be more visualizing? Scott himself has seen the scene he is describing; and as we listen to him we see it. By the sheer strength and certainty of his imaginative vision he has galvanized the well-worn phrases into fresh and vivid life. The cliché has become the *mot juste*.

To recall his books is to recall a gallery of such pictures. Waverley crouching in the dark on the edge of the English camp, the firelight on the sentries' regimentals glinting through the furze; Sir Arthur Wardour and Douster-swivel shrinking panic-stricken on the moon-checkered pavement of the ruined abbey; Wandering Willie with his dog and his doxy found making music that sunny, windy day in a sheltered nook of the links of Solway.

Scott's set descriptions of landscape and interior are less effective. Apart from anything else, they are much too long. And here we do feel the need of more precise phrase, more arresting detail. It needs the movement of human beings to bring the stock formulas to life. Immobile and uninhabited, these 'pleasant slopes' and 'awful prospects' and 'richly-decorated apartments' are altogether too vague to call up any clear picture before the mind's eye. Even here, though, Scott will now and again startle the reader by a splendid success. How magnificently vivid is the description of the sunset before the great storm in *The Antiquary!*

> The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial

gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

Here the formal, generalized diction is a positive gain; it invests the whole scene with a sort of ominous majesty exquisitely in tone with the situation. Nor is our attention diverted from the object described, as it sometimes is in the descriptions of more brilliant writers like Stevenson, by admiration for the apt epithets and original similes used to describe it.

VIII

But the novelist stands or falls, not by description and narrative (alone, these two powers can do no more than mildly entertain us), but always and only by his power to create character. Now Scott's talent for character drawing is of a piece with the rest of his talents — simple and straightforward, without strangeness or subtlety. He does not explore the obscurities of human motive, like George Eliot, or of human consciousness, like Proust. We look in vain in his great figures for those minute, revealing strokes of nature that vitalize the characters of Tolstoy or Jane Austen. But, though simple, he is not superficial. He draws the broad essential outlines of character with unsurpassed clearness and force, and he has the novelist's first virtue — the mysterious, irreplaceable power of making his creatures live.

And they comprise all sorts of characters. His range had its limitations, as we have seen; but within those limitations it is inexhaustible. Scott's living people come from the North Country; they do not come from the highest society. But these are their only common attributes. They cannot be grouped into categories. We do not find them reappearing in different books under different names, as we do Thackeray's or Hardy's. Sturdy Dandie Dinmont; respectable, adventurous Baillie Jarvie; Andrew Fairservice, with his eye to the main chance and his strict religious views; long-winded, short-tempered, kindly Jonathan Oldbuck; Glossin with his sly eyes; Dumbiedikes, that silent lover; good-natured, hot-tempered Bucklaw; that ghastly figure of Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot; the two Headriggs; Dalgetty; Meg Merrilies — these are only a few of the hundred that crowd upon the memory, face upon face, in endless vista, all different and all living.

In his actual method of presenting them he is not an innovator. His great figures are in that tradition of character that dominates English letters from Fielding to Dickens. Scott had learned his trade in their school; and, though he revealed human nature against a new background, he saw no reason to depart from their instruction in his actual method of depicting it. Like his masters, he drew man clear as print, solid as a brick, with every individual characteristic emphasized to the point of caricature. The mists may swirl round their heads, castle and crag rise sublime at their backs, the characters themselves are the matter-of-fact, beef-fed descendants of Roderick Random and Tom Jones.

Like those of Fielding and Dickens and Smollett, all his great characters have their grotesque and some their comic side. His comedy is less edged and terse and sparkling than theirs, more like that of Hardy or of the Shakespeare that was their common

master, the Shakespeare who created Shallow and Silence and Juliet's nurse; a massive, leisurely, genial, shrewd humor, the humor of the countryman close-woven with traditional tale and homely racy saw and rural illustration. Frank Osbaldistone interrupts Fairservice, the Presbyterian gardener, struck with fear by the dark figures of the Jacobite agents seen lurking at night in the Hall garden: —

As I approached the mansion of the sapient Andrew, I heard a noise, which being of a nature peculiarly solemn, nasal, and prolonged, led me to think that Andrew, according to the decent and meritorious custom of his countrymen, had assembled some of his neighbours to join in family exercise, as he called evening devotion. . . . The noise, however, when I listened to it more accurately, seemed to proceed entirely from the lungs of the said Andrew; and when I interrupted it by entering the house, I found Fairservice alone, combating as he best could with long words and hard names, and reading aloud, for the purpose of his own edification, a volume of controversial divinity. 'I was just taking a spell,' said he, laying aside the huge folio volume as I entered, 'of the worthy Doctor Lightfoot.'

'Lightfoot!' I replied, looking at the ponderous volume with some surprise; 'surely your author was unhappily named.'

'Lightfoot was his name, sir; a divine he was and another kind of a divine than they hae now-a-days. Always, I crave your pardon for keeping ye standing at the door, but having been mistrysting (gude preserve us!) with ae bogle the night already, I was dubious o' opening the yett till I had gaen through the e'ening worship; and I had just finished the fifth chapter of Nehemiah — if that winna gar keep their distance, I wotna what will.'

'Trysted with a bogle,' said I; 'what do you mean by that, Andrew?'

'I said mistrysted,' replied Andrew; 'that is as muckle as to say, fley'd wi' a ghaist — gude preserve us say I again.'

'Flay'd by a ghost, Andrew! how am I to understand that?'

'I did not say flay'd,' replied Andrew, 'but *fley'd*, that is, I got a gleg, and was ready to jump out o' my skin, though naebody offered to whirl it aff my body as a man wad bark a tree.'

But his humorous characters are very seldom exclusively humorous, and here he divides sharply from Dickens and Fielding and the rest of them. Parson Adams, Mrs. Gamp, Commodore Trunnion, are always presented on one plane, the plane of comedy. They may achieve a moment of pathos, but it is impossible to think of them in a poetical or tragic mood. They would be as out of place as harlequin in *Hamlet*, and must either subdue their personality altogether or strike a painfully false note. They are not constructed to breathe except in their own comedy air. Scott's similar characters are not so limited. Edie Ochiltree enters the scene as much a comic character as any of them, the sly beggar mocking the antiquary; but within a few chapters we have seen him confronting violent death, meditating fancifully on the scent of the wallflower sweet on the warm night air, rebuking two duelists in the high strain of a Hebrew prophet. Nor does his personality alter with his situation. Scott's grasp on the essentials of character has a Shakespearean firmness that allows him to shift a figure through every vicissitude of circumstance without letting fall a particle of its individuality.

IX

Now such power over character is rare enough in any novelist, but it is especially rare in one who writes about the sort of subjects that Scott dealt with. If authors are interested in man's relation to environment, they tend to subordinate the individual to the environment. Peasant life in Ireland, let us say, interests them; they wish to

give a picture of it; and they use the individual characters as mere pegs on which to hang the picture. In the same way novelists who choose romantic themes are frequently more interested in the romance than in the characters. Their imagination has been caught by the romantic atmosphere of Nordic saga, for example; they wish to paint a picture that shall recapture it. And they, also, tend to treat the individual characters as pegs on which to hang their picture. The consequence for both sorts of author is that their figures are not individuals at all, but just stock types — the Irish peasant all brogue and blarney, the saga hero all war cry and winged helmet. So that as novels, as creations of new worlds of living people, their books are failures.

Not so Scott. He had an acute appreciation of individuality; as a distinguishing characteristic it comes only second to his sense of the past. In a measure it is prior to it. For the past is interesting to him primarily in so far as it elucidates the individual. He begins with the character, not with the environment or the atmosphere. He is interested in meetinghouse and castle and ballad for the light they shed on Edie Ochiltree, not in Edie Ochiltree for the light he shed on castle, ballad, and meetinghouse. In consequence we too think of Edie Ochiltree first of all as an individual. And the fact that he is drawn in the English tradition, the clear, solid, individualistic English tradition, makes us believe it all the more.

It is here that we come to the secret of Scott's unique, peculiar greatness, the key to his puzzle, the figure in his carpet. That he can create living characters is enough to make him a great novelist. It is the apparently incongruous combination of his type of character and his type of theme that makes him different from other great novelists. He combines the substance of the realist with the fantasy of the romantic. He had a foot in two worlds and made the best of both of them.

(This study of Sir Walter Scott will be completed in the next issue with a second article, 'The Riddle of His Lost Reputation')

A SICK CALL

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

I

SOMETIMES Father Macdowell mumbled out loud and took a deep wheezy breath as he walked up and down the room and read his office. He was a huge old priest, white-headed except for a shiny baby-pink bald spot on the top of his head, and he was a bit deaf in one ear. His florid face had many fine red interlacing vein lines. For hours he had been hearing confessions and he was tired, for he always had to hear more confessions than any other priest at the cathedral; young girls who were in trouble, and wild but at times repentant young men, always wanted to tell their confessions to Father Macdowell, because nothing seemed to shock or excite him, or make him really angry, and he was even tender with those who thought they were most guilty.

While he was mumbling and reading and trying to keep his glasses on his nose, the house girl knocked on the door and said, 'There's a young lady here to see you, Father. I think it's about a sick call.'

'Did she ask for me especially?' he said in a deep but slightly cracked voice.

'Indeed she did, Father. She wanted Father Macdowell and nobody else.'

So he went out to the waiting room, where a girl about thirty years of age, with fine brown eyes, fine cheek bones, and rather square shoulders, was sitting daubing her eyes with a handkerchief. She was wearing a dark coat with a gray wolf collar. 'Good evening, Father,' she said. 'My sister is sick. I wanted you to come and see her. We think she's dying.'

'Be easy, child; what's the matter with her? Speak louder. I can hardly hear you.'

'My sister's had pneumonia. The doctor's coming back to see her in an hour. I wanted you to anoint her, Father.'

'I see, I see. But she's not lost yet. I'll not give her extreme unction now. That may not be necessary. I'll go with you and hear her confession.'

'Father, I ought to let you know, maybe. Her husband won't want to let you see her. He's not a Catholic, and my sister has n't been to church in a long time.'

'Oh, don't mind that. He'll let me see her,' Father Macdowell said, and he left the room to put on his hat and coat.

II

When he returned, the girl explained that her name was Jane Stanhope, and her sister lived only a few blocks away. 'We'll walk and you tell me about your sister,' he said. He put his black hat square on the top of his head, and pieces of white hair stuck out awkwardly at the sides. They went to the avenue together.

The night was mild and clear. Miss Stanhope began to walk slowly, be-

cause Father Macdowell's rolling gait did n't get him along the street very quickly. He walked as if his feet hurt him, though he wore a pair of large, soft, specially constructed shapeless shoes. 'Now, my child, you go ahead and tell me about your sister,' he said, breathing with difficulty, yet giving the impression that nothing could have happened to the sister which would make him feel indignant.

There was n't much to say, Miss Stanhope replied. Her sister had married John Williams two years ago, and he was a good, hard-working fellow, only he was very bigoted and hated all church people. 'My family would n't have anything to do with Elsa after she married him, though I kept going to see her,' she said. She was talking in a loud voice to Father Macdowell so he could hear her.

'Is she happy with her husband?'

'She's been very happy, Father. I must say that.'

'Where is he now?'

'He was sitting beside her bed. I ran out because I thought he was going to cry. He said if I brought a priest near the place he'd break the priest's head.'

'My goodness. Never mind, though. Does your sister want to see me?'

'She asked me to go and get a priest, but she does n't want John to know she did it.'

III

Turning into a side street, they stopped at the first apartment house, and the old priest followed Miss Stanhope up the stairs. His breath came with great difficulty. 'Oh dear, I'm not getting any younger, not one day younger. It's a caution how a man's legs go back on him,' he said. As Miss Stanhope rapped on the door, she looked pleadingly at the old priest, trying to ask him not to be offended at anything that might happen, but he was smiling and looking huge in the narrow hallway. He wiped his head with his handkerchief.

The door was opened by a young man in a white shirt with no collar, with a head of thick black wavy hair. At first he looked dazed, then his eyes got bright with excitement when he saw the priest, as though he were glad to see someone he could destroy with pent-up energy. 'What do you mean, Jane?' he said. 'I told you not to bring a priest around here. My wife does n't want to see a priest.'

'What's that you're saying, young man?'

'No one wants you here.'

'Speak up. Don't be afraid. I'm a bit hard of hearing.' Father Macdowell smiled rosily. John Williams was confused by the unexpected deafness in the priest, but he stood there, blocking the door with sullen resolution as if waiting for the priest to try to launch a curse at him.

'Speak to him, Father,' Miss Stanhope said, but the priest did n't seem to hear her; he was still smiling as he pushed past the young man, saying, 'I'll go in and sit down, if you don't mind, son. I'm here on God's errand, but I don't mind saying I'm all out of breath from climbing those stairs.'

John was dreadfully uneasy to see he had been brushed aside, and he followed the priest into the apartment and said loudly, 'I don't want you here.'

Father Macdowell said, 'Eh, eh?' Then he smiled sadly. 'Don't be angry with me, son,' he said. 'I'm too old to try and be fierce and threatening.' Looking around, he said, 'Where's your wife?' and he started to walk along the hall, looking for the bedroom.

John followed him and took hold of his arm. 'There's no sense in your wasting your time talking to my wife, do you hear?' he said angrily.

Miss Stanhope called out suddenly, 'Don't be rude, John.'

'It's he that's being rude. You mind your business,' John said.

'For the love of God let me sit down a moment with her, anyway. I'm tired,' the priest said.

'What do you want to say to her? Say it to me, why don't you?'

IV

Then they both heard someone moan softly in the adjoining room, as if the sick woman had heard them. Father Macdowell, forgetting that the young man had hold of his arm, said, 'I'll go in and see her for a moment, if you don't mind,' and he began to open the door.

'You're not going to be alone with her, that's all,' John said, following him into the bedroom.

Lying on the bed was a white-faced, fair girl, whose skin was so delicate that her cheek bones stood out sharply. She was feverish, but her eyes rolled toward the door, and she watched them coming in. Father Macdowell took off his coat, and as he mumbled to himself he looked around the room at the mauve-silk bed light and the light wall-paper with the tiny birds in flight. It looked like a little girl's room. 'Good evening, Father,' Mrs. Williams whispered. She looked scared. She did n't glance at her husband. The notion of dying had made her afraid. She loved her husband and wanted to die loving him, but she was afraid, and she looked up at the priest.

'You're going to get well, child,' Father Macdowell said, smiling and patting her hand gently.

John, who was standing stiffly by the door, suddenly moved around the big priest, and he bent down over the bed and took his wife's hand and began to caress her forehead.

'Now, if you don't mind, my son, I'll hear your wife's confession,' the priest said.

'No, you won't,' John said abruptly. 'Her people did n't want her, and they left us together, and they're not going to separate us now. She's satisfied with me.' He kept looking down at her face as if he could not bear to turn away.

Father Macdowell nodded his head up and down and sighed. 'Poor boy,' he said. 'God bless you.' Then he looked at Mrs. Williams, who had closed her eyes, and he saw a faint tear on her cheek. 'Be sensible, my boy,' he said. 'You'll have to let me hear your wife's confession. Leave us alone awhile.'

'I'm going to stay right here,' John said, and he sat down on the end of the bed. He was working himself up and staring savagely at the priest. All of a sudden he noticed the tears on his wife's cheeks, and he muttered as though bewildered, 'What's the matter, Elsa? What's the matter, darling? Are we bothering you? Just open your eyes and we'll go out of the room and leave you alone till the doctor comes.' Then he turned and said to the priest, 'I'm not going to leave you here with her, can't you see that? Why don't you go?'

'I could revile you, my son. I could threaten you; but I ask you, for the peace of your wife's soul, leave us alone.' Father Macdowell spoke with patient tenderness. He looked very big and solid and immovable as he stood by the bed. 'I liked your face as soon as I saw you,' he said to John. 'You're a good fellow.'

John still held his wife's wrist, but he rubbed one hand through his thick hair and said angrily, 'You don't get the point, sir. My wife and I were always left alone, and we merely want to be left alone now. Nothing is going to

separate us. She's been content with me. I'm sorry, sir; you'll have to speak to her with me here, or you'll have to go.'

'No; you'll have to go for a while,' the priest said patiently.

V

Then Mrs. Williams moved her head on the pillow and said jerkily, 'Pray for me, Father.'

So the old priest knelt down by the bed, and with a sweet unruffled expression on his florid face he began to pray. At times his breath came with a whistling noise as though a rumbling were inside him, and at other times he sighed and was full of sorrow. He was praying that young Mrs. Williams might get better, and while he prayed he knew that her husband was more afraid of losing her to the Church than losing her to death.

All the time Father Macdowell was on his knees, with his heavy prayer book in his two hands, John kept staring at him. John could n't understand the old priest's patience and tolerance. He wanted to quarrel with him, but he kept on watching the light from overhead shining on the one baby-pink bald spot on the smooth white head, and at last he burst out, 'You don't understand, sir! We've been very happy together. Neither you nor her people came near her when she was in good health, so why should you bother her now? I don't want anything to separate us now; neither does she. She came with me. You see you'd be separating us, don't you?' He was trying to talk like a reasonable man who had no prejudices.

Father Macdowell got up clumsily. His knees hurt him, for the floor was hard. He said to Mrs. Williams in quite a loud voice, 'Did you really intend to give up everything for this young fellow?' and he bent down close to her so he could hear.

'Yes, Father,' she whispered.

'In Heaven's name, child, you could n't have known what you were doing.'

'We loved each other, Father. We've been very happy.'

'All right. Supposing you were. What now? What about all eternity, child?'

'Oh, Father, I'm very sick and I'm afraid.' She looked up to try to show him how scared she was, and how much she wanted him to give her peace.

He sighed and seemed distressed, and at last he said to John, 'Were you married in the church?'

'No, we were n't. Look here, we're talking pretty loud and it upsets her.'

'Ah, it's a crime that I'm hard of hearing, I know. Never mind, I'll go.' Picking up his coat, he put it over his arm; then he sighed as if he were very tired, and he said, 'I wonder if you'd just fetch me a glass of water. I'd thank you for it.'

John hesitated, glancing at the tired old priest, who looked so pink and white and almost cherubic in his utter lack of guile.

'What's the matter?' Father Macdowell said.

John was ashamed of himself for appearing so sullen, so he said hastily, 'Nothing's the matter. Just a moment. I won't be a moment.' He hurried out of the room.

VI

The old priest looked down at the floor and shook his head; and then, sighing and feeling uneasy, he bent over Mrs. Williams, with his good ear down to her, and he said, 'I'll just ask you a few questions in a hurry, my child. You answer them quickly and I'll give you absolution.' He made the

sign of the cross over her and asked if she repented for having strayed from the Church, and if she had often been angry, and whether she had always been faithful, and if she had ever lied or stolen — all so casually and quickly as if it had n't occurred to him that such a young woman could have serious sins. In the same breath he muttered, 'Say a good act of contrition to yourself and that will be all, my dear.' He had hardly taken a minute.

When John returned to the room with the glass of water in his hand, he saw the old priest making the sign of the cross. Father Macdowell went on praying without even looking up at John. When he had finished, he turned and said, 'Oh, there you are. Thanks for the water. I needed it. Well, my boy, I'm sorry if I worried you.'

John hardly said anything. He looked at his wife, who had closed her eyes, and he sat down on the end of the bed. He was too disappointed to speak.

Father Macdowell, who was expecting trouble, said, 'Don't be harsh, lad.'

'I'm not harsh,' he said mildly, looking up at the priest. 'But you were n't quite fair. And it's as though she turned away from me at the last moment. I did n't think she needed you.'

'God bless you, bless the both of you. She'll get better,' Father Macdowell said. But he felt ill at ease as he put on his coat, and he could n't look directly at John.

VII

Going along the hall, he spoke to Miss Stanhope, who wanted to apologize for her brother-in-law's attitude. 'I'm sorry if it was unpleasant for you, Father,' she said.

'It was n't unpleasant,' he said. 'I was glad to meet John. He's a fine fellow. It's a great pity he is n't a Catholic. I don't know as I played fair with him.'

As he went down the stairs, puffing and sighing, he pondered the question of whether he had played fair with the young man. But by the time he reached the street he was rejoicing amiably to think he had so successfully ministered to one who had strayed from the faith and had called out to him at the last moment. Walking along with the rolling motion as if his feet hurt him, he muttered, 'Of course they were happy as they were . . . in a worldly way. I wonder if I did come between them?'

He shuffled along, feeling very tired, but he could n't help thinking, 'What beauty there was to his staunch love for her!' Then he added quickly, 'But it was just a pagan beauty, of course.'

As he began to wonder about the nature of this beauty, for some reason he felt inexpressibly sad.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

SANTA FE. The end of a long, long trail and the beginning of another. I am bound to confess that my first sight of the historic city of Santa Fe did not give me the thrill which may have been the experience of those who, eighty years ago, came upon it at the end of a journey which was packed with almost unbelievable hardships. In the early days there were two historic westward trails, both starting at Kansas City, one ending, for a time at least, at Santa Fe, the other with a sight of the Pacific Ocean — which, according to one observer, disappointed, because it did not look larger than any other ocean. There is, no doubt, a certain amount of romance attending the settlement of any new country, but our Mid-Western states were largely political creations, and while of squabbles there were plenty, of romance there was little. But as the early settlers trekked westward, pushing Indian tribes before them, a bivouac became a trading camp, and a trading camp grew into a village, and a village into a city, frequently on the banks of a river, — and some authority has remarked how curious it is that rivers flow, almost invariably, alongside great cities, — until finally the West was won and we settled down to digest our winnings.

To push from Virginia into Kentucky and Tennessee was doubtless difficult enough, but it was a very different matter to push from St. Louis to Kansas City and thence into New Mexico and Utah and finally into California. The pioneers confronted their journey of more than two thousand miles full of hope, and continued it — those who survived — in despair, keeping on, perhaps, because it seemed no more difficult to go on than to turn back. Only in the summer months were the plains of the great West passable, the mountains scalable, and the rivers fordable. The average distance covered each day by the caravans seems to have been from fifteen to twenty miles, deadly difficult miles for the most part, the journey punctuated only too frequently by encounters with Indians, Mexicans, half-breeds, and Mormons. There is record of the slaughter of one hundred and twenty men, women, and children, members of an emigrant party, ordered by a Bishop of the Mormon Church who was subsequently convicted of the crime.

Annoyed by flies, devoured by mosquitoes, their progress was further interrupted by encounters with reptiles and wolves, bears and buffaloes; and, above all, they had to fight disease. But all their troubles could have been borne, perhaps, but for the burning sun of the day and the bitter cold of the night, together with the sufferings from hunger and from thirst. The hardships increased as resistance to them lowered, and were almost unbearable upon the desert. Think of the miles of alkali

desert with dust as fine as flour, dust which blistered the lips, burned the eyes, and destroyed the clothes and what remained of the shoes of the weary and exhausted pilgrims. Water! Water! There was water to be had occasionally in plenty, but it was 'poison water' or 'bitter water,' about as refreshing to man and beast as the water of the Dead Sea.

Of the two historic trails across the continent, the Santa Fe is the older and more dangerous, because nearer to the corrupting influence of Mexico. Known from the earliest times, even before the days of Columbus, it formed a natural highway — if the word may be permitted — between the valley of the Mississippi and the far West. But it must not be supposed that this highway was always well defined and always in the very same place. It was a 'trail' merely, in some places very narrow, in others wide enough to be lost in the trackless, treeless prairie which it traversed. It changed from season to season and from year to year as short cuts were taken and abandoned; it was blazed, so far as it was indicated at all, by natural markers: mountains and hills, rivers and springs, and the graves of those who had fallen in their tracks, the bleaching skeletons of animals, and the wreckage of traveling and household gear which, for one reason or another, had been abandoned.

What caused these men, women, and children to set out upon this hazardous adventure? In brief, the desire to improve their condition; to seek better conditions for themselves and their families — to find GOLD. And in these groups of men and women brought together from all lands the passions which arise wherever human beings are assembled found full play, so that there were murders and marriages, births, deaths, and robberies — all the events which go to make up the 'news' of our daily grind. How many fell by the wayside? Nobody knew, or cared much, or for long. What proportion of the horses and mules and cows and sheep with which one set out reached their destination? Perhaps only a moiety; it was a matter of luck and skill. At Hangtown, which later changed its name to Placertown, near the end of the California Trail, an egg cost fifty cents, and a chicken, a pound of powder, or a bottle of champagne brought sixteen dollars. A man's life or a woman's virtue brought less.

Is it any wonder that, after months of such experiences, the sight of Santa Fe was a sight for sore eyes? And not for the eyes only: it brought relief to every bone and muscle in the body. It is only within comparatively recent years that the odysseys of these groups of adventurers have taken — if indeed they have yet taken — their picturesque and important place in our history.

II

We do things quickly in this country. Only forty years later, such a toilsome pilgrimage as I have described was no longer necessary. The journey was made by train, of which there were two kinds — emigrant and express. Horrible as was an emigrant train, it was luxurious compared with the covered wagon of a generation before. It is just about fifty years ago that Robert Louis Stevenson was ferried from New York to Jersey City, there to take an emigrant train to California. His short narrative, *Across the Plains*, is literature, and no writer, I think, of equal skill has attempted to depict the exquisite discomfort of such a train journey from New York to Chicago, Ogden, and San Francisco. A shrewd observer, he complains of the monotony, of the 'huge sameness' of the country, and the dullness and sullen

lack of manners of our people. 'At North Platte,' he says, 'where we supped that evening, one man asked another to pass the milk jug. . . .

'"There's a waiter here!" he [the latter] cried.

'"I only asked you to pass the milk," explained the first. . . .

'"Pass! Hell! I'm not paid for that business; the waiter's paid for it. You should use civility at table, and, by God, I'll show you how!"

'The other man very wisely made no answer, and the bully went on with his supper as though nothing had occurred.'

I am happy to record that such rudeness is now a thing of the past. In the matter of manners we are, I think, while distinctly inferior to the English, about on a par with other nations. People in the mass are neither interesting nor interested. How should they be, leading, for the most part, as Thoreau has it, 'lives of quiet desperation'?

There is, I suppose, in the express train of to-day as much superiority over the emigrant train of fifty years ago as there was in the emigrant train of that day over the covered wagon. And the expense is not proportioned to the luxury. In the early days it cost about sixty dollars to cross the continent in such a train; and Stevenson says — and I agree — of joining the two sides of the continent together by the railway, 'If it be romance, if it be contrast, if it be heroism that we require, what was Troy town to this? But, alas! it is not these things that are necessary — it is only Homer.' If the Song of the Iron Horse was thought worthy of Homer, who shall sing our recent conquest of the air?

III

Santa Fe is very old, probably the oldest continually inhabited spot in the United States. New Mexico had a prehistoric civilization of which *we* know little and *I* nothing. There were mound builders and cliff dwellers long before the Mexicans, working their way north from Old Mexico, found it a desirable spot in which to establish a mission and build up a trading settlement. As a city, it may be that St. Augustine is older, but Santa Fe has all the marks of age. Situated in a depression entirely surrounded by hills, it is protected from the sand storms which render life in some other parts of New Mexico disagreeable, if not impossible. Its climate is said to be pleasant all the year round, and it boasts a society of literary and artistic folk, with which largely — and naturally — I, a tourist, failed to connect. The city is built around a small plaza or square, and it has several good hotels and at least one that is luxurious, under the direction of the ubiquitous Harvey. Many of the buildings in Santa Fe are very old for a 'new' country, but adobe houses characteristic of an older generation are now giving way to American types of architecture, and this trend will, unless checked, soon spoil its original character. This would be a great pity, for there is so little that is individual and characteristic in this country that what there is should by all means be retained.

The most interesting building in the city is the old Governor's Palace, a low-spreading adobe structure, erected early in the seventeenth century, partly destroyed and reërected after the massacre of four or five hundred Mexicans by Pueblo Indians in 1680. Another 'massacre' occurred when the Indians were, in turn, expelled. Much fighting took place in and around Santa Fe between United States troops and Mexicans during the American and Mexican War, until finally the United States flag was raised by General Kearny in

1846, since which time, with the exception of sporadic rows between Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, and whites, the city has had, happily, no history.

Sixty years ago, I lived in Fort Scott, Kansas; since that time, until I reached Santa Fe, I had seen no Indians except at Wild West shows, nor had I wish to see any. I have no doubt that we treated them abominably: the way only to be expected when a few thousand, or even a million, untutored savages, armed with bows and arrows, attempted to defend themselves and their property — a continent — against superior numbers armed with guns, Bibles, and fire water.

> Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

To me, the Indian appears to be a dirty, lazy, and ugly creature, and I believe his reputation for treachery is deserved. He may be none of these things, but I well remember when, in the Centennial year, the news of the defeat and destruction of Custer and his gallant little army by the Sioux confirmed the generally held belief that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

We, in Philadelphia, have for many years celebrated New Year's Day in a unique manner. We have what we call a Mummers' Parade. It is an elaborate spectacle, and immense crowds congregate along its line of march. Parading clubs, many of which have been in existence for years, dress themselves up in every conceivable manner and march to the music of many bands past a reviewing stand. After it is all over, substantial prizes are awarded the clubs which have provided the most original, amusing, or costly spectacle. There is intense rivalry among the clubs, and much ingenuity is shown and money spent. The story goes that some years ago a German prima donna, Frau Lilli Lehmann, was staying at the little old Bellevue (of blessed memory), along the line of march, when, hearing a terrible racket outside her window, she looked out to see a band of wild Indians — as she supposed — dancing a war dance, waving their tomahawks, celebrating, apparently, some bloody victory. It made a great impression upon the diva; she thought she was seeing real savages, and she wrote home about it. In this way is history made, by 'eyewitnesses.' The lady was much chagrined when she was told that she had seen only a part of a harmless and picturesque pageant.

Such Indians as these I am quite familiar with; the Indians I saw in Santa Fe — there were a good many about — were different. They were the descendants of Hopi, Pueblo, and Navajo tribes who had suffered from the extortionate attention of our Indian Agents — a race now, happily, almost extinct (like the Indian), who some years ago found it almost as profitable to be appointed Agent to an Indian tribe as it now is to be a Councilman in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago; the qualifications — ignorance and cupidity — being the same.

IV

But we were eager to take the next step in our journey, and the desert which surrounds Santa Fe contains nothing to break its monotony; the mind becomes relaxed, so that when one of the greatest sights in the world unfolds itself one sees it with a fresh eye. All my life I had wanted to see two things especially: the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the great trees of California. The Grand Canyon was, as distances are known in the West, not far away, and the Santa Fe Railway manages these things well. Trains are so timed as to arrive at a convenient

hour in the morning, and they leave for East and West in the evening, so that one may spend one day or many days and nights in what I believe must be the most fantastically beautiful spot in the world.

Almost everyone who has seen the Grand Canyon has attempted to describe it, in words or in paint; all have failed and will forever fail; highfalutin writing should especially be avoided. The Grand Canyon is a national park (since 1919), through and at the bottom of which flows a river, the Colorado. Geologists tell us (and a geologist, like an astronomer, will say anything) that the action of this river in cutting its way through a hundred miles of stone for millions of years has created a canyon, a gorge, a valley, so immense in size and so beautiful in color as to be unlike anything else in the world. I have seen it described as 'a mountain chain reversed'; that is to say, if this great work of nature were to be used as a mould and a plaster cast made therein, when it was taken out and set up it would be like a chain of mountains a hundred miles long, from one to ten miles wide, and, in places, one mile high; then all you would have to do would be to paint it in every color you could conceive of, and you would have the Grand Canyon *in reverse*.

As one stands upon the rim of this Canyon — and a canyon is a gorge with a stream at the bottom of it — one looks across to the opposite rim and, upon a clear day, is amazed when told that it is ten miles distant. You are urged to spend several days at the Canyon, that you may see it at sunrise and at sunset — when it is lit by the moon and when it is filled with clouds or under a blazing sun. But the glimpse of an instant is better than a volume of description. I am susceptible to color, and as I think of the Grand Canyon as I saw it, some months ago, it seems to have been a deep rocky valley ablaze with color in which purple was predominant.

And the river, that thing which lies seemingly motionless at the bottom of the gorge, is — should I not say was? — responsible for all this beauty! I do not believe it. The movement of the river can scarcely be discerned; the water looks like a dirty, narrow, winding road, and it drains three hundred thousand square miles of territory! Did I not say that a geologist will hurl figures at you like a student of the stars? How long, or wide, or deep is the Colorado River? I neither know nor care. I simply do not believe that the river had anything to do with the creation of the Canyon, or that it took millions of years to produce this beauty. I believe that it was done in a day of twenty-four hours. I am, for the moment, a fundamentalist. I believe that God moved upon the face of the water and said: 'Let there be light' . . . and the dry land appeared, and so on and so on, until finally He saw that the work which He had made was good and He rested on the seventh day. This explanation has the merit of simplicity — it is understandable; no other explanation is.

We had a motor and a guide, and we walked and sat and talked, just as other people did, with this magnificent spectacle spread out before and beneath us. We stopped at another Fred Harvey hotel — I forget the name. It makes no difference; there are several. We ate and drank and slept, and the guide told us that just in front of where we stood there was a sheer drop of three thousand feet, and below that two thousand feet more, and that 'one or two such drops after dinner are enough to settle the most squeamish stomach.' This sounds as though it had been said before. It then occurred to me to ask a question: 'How does one get water

up here?' The answer: It is brought by a train of tank cars every other day during the season from Flagstaff, a hundred and forty-five miles away, at a cost of three hundred dollars.

V

A few days later I was in Los Angeles. What is one to say to this amazing city? The late Henry E. Huntington said to me some years ago, when I asked him why he placed his wonderful library and picture gallery in San Gabriel, a suburb of Los Angeles: 'Because I am a foresighted man. I believe that Los Angeles is destined to become the most important city in this country, if not in the world. It can extend in every direction, as far as you like; its front door opens on the Pacific, the ocean of the future. The Atlantic is the ocean of the past. Europe can supply her own wants; we shall supply the wants of Asia. There is nothing that cannot be made and few things that will not grow in Southern California. It has the finest climate in the world: extremes of heat and cold are unknown. These are the reasons for its growth.' I thought of this remark when I was dining with some friends. My hostess, a charming lady, much younger than I, told me she had been born in Los Angeles. 'I remember,' she said, 'when we had a population of ten thousand.'

'And what is it now?' I inquired.

'One million, six hundred thousand,' was the reply.

A city that has grown as fast as this is like a boy who has suddenly grown to six feet — the city has, in a way, outgrown its strength. It needs filling out; there are many spots filled with sordid and miserable shacks, but they are no worse than similar spots were in New York, — not, indeed, as bad, — on Fifth Avenue, where the magnificent shops and palaces now are. I remember when, fifty years ago, the district above Fifty-ninth Street was a rocky waste, with here and there a disreputable shanty, where nanny goats, tethered by a rope, were expected to thrive, or at least survive, upon a diet of ashes and tin cans. Let those of us who criticize Los Angeles remember this.

Of filling stations there are more than enough. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law has outlived its usefulness — if it ever had any. The greatest economic waste in this country of colossal waste is the oil business. A man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together, says Dean Swift. Very true, but what shall be said of the politician who makes ten service stations grow where one would serve? These horribly garish, smelly, and noisy establishments occupy and temporarily ruin strategic corners everywhere. But can anyone say that these crimes are peculiar to Los Angeles? In this respect, as in many others, we are setting a bad example to the world, which is quick to follow.

If rapid growth is desirable, — and I am sure it is not, — it should be blamed upon the automobile. Not elsewhere in the world is its use so common: in California it is quite impossible to get along without one. You get an invitation for luncheon, which you accept, and you find you are going seventeen miles out in the country. In some trepidation you tell your hostess you have an engagement for tea. 'Where?' she inquires. You tell her and she says, 'Oh, very well, I'll send you in my car,' and you find you have a thirty-mile drive ahead of you. You dash back to your hotel, get into a dinner jacket, and again are whisked out into the country and again into a city, the magnificence of which amazes

you. Of the hospitality of California I had heard much, but, as the Queen of Sheba said of the glory of Solomon, 'the half was not told me.'

We were in Los Angeles so short a time, and out of it so many times, that I lost all count of where I went, but I shall never forget the magnificence of the scene when one night, coming home from a party, our course took us over a very high hill. Beneath us lay Los Angeles, surrounded by its satellites, each glowing with the blaze of what seemed to be millions of electric lights. I was reminded of a night up the Nile, some years ago, when, after spending an hour in the gloom of the Temple of Abu Simbel, I came out into the night to see the dark blue dome of heaven lit with millions of stars. Now, as then, the stars were above us, but beneath us were Los Angeles and her surrounding cities with their gorgeous display of lights sparkling in the clear, dry atmosphere. *Sic itur ad astra*, 'Thus to the stars,' might well have been the motto of Thomas A. Edison. One thinks of the New York Edison, the Boston Edison, the Chicago Edison, the California Edison, and bows — or should — in reverence at the thought of the great inventor. What a testament of beauty to leave the world! 'Let there be light,' and there *was* light — and power, too, and heat.

VI

Hollywood. We think of it as a place of dissipation, filled with movie actors and actresses more or less raising hell all the time. I did not find it so; few people do, I think. Does any sane man with a knowledge of the world think that the achievements of Douglas Fairbanks or Mary Pickford, or the amazingly versatile Jean Hersholt, are attained by days and nights of dissipation? My guess is that there is as much hard work in Hollywood as in any city of its size in the world — and more disappointment. A suburb of Los Angeles, which is a city of suburbs, Hollywood is a thriving town, largely created by moving-picture interests, to be sure, but having many other interests drawn to it by its beauty and its climate. Two of the most charming and cultivated people I met on my journey lived in Hollywood — in it, but not of it. At a dinner table, at which no wine was served, my host said, 'I want to pick a crow with you.'

'Go ahead and pick it,' said I.

'You quoted in one of your books Dr. Johnson's remark about Burton's *Anatomy*, that "it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise"; you said it had the effect of putting you to sleep two hours earlier than — something foolish. Now, for an intelligent man to make a remark of that kind — or do I flatter you? . . .'

Sometimes, when in a jam, the truth will serve better than anything else; so I said, 'I know the book very slightly. I have a good copy of the first edition — 1621, as I remember. It is an ugly, dumpty book, badly printed in small type, with anywhere from three to ten Latin quotations to the page. Gibbon, as you know, conceals his naughty stories in a "learned language"; I suspect your Burton of doing the same. I don't read Latin and the book exasperates me.'

To which my friend replied: 'Burton's *Anatomy* is to me what Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is to you, and some of these days I will send you a book about Burton, that "old great man," as Charles Lamb used to call him, which may cause you to change your mind.'

To finish this subject while I am on it: some months later I received in the mail a book, *Bibliographia Burtoniana*, written, as its author says, for devout Burtonians. In this book I discovered

that my friend had, with the help of another, edited and published an edition of the *Anatomy* in which every Latin word had been translated. I immediately bought a copy; it is on my table as I write, and I here and publicly withdraw and renounce my former opinion and pronounce it silly. The book has been handicapped, for this generation at least, by a misleading title. Its author, who called himself 'Democritus Junior' (Democritus the Elder was a Greek philosopher who lived four hundred years before Christ; he was a man of ample means, which is a great help to one who sets up as a philosopher, and he spent much of his time in laughing at the frailties and follies of his fellows), in his *Anatomy* proceeds at great length to give advice to and make fun of the men and women of his day, justifying his remarks by quotations from the ancients. Burton was one of the most learned men of his time, and not wise only, but witty, as a truly wise man should be. He never married — shall this be set down as wisdom or cowardice? 'A question not to be asked,' as Falstaff says.

The bookshops of Los Angeles are certainly worthy of a city possessing culture of more than two or, at most, three generations. One might travel far to find a better shop than Dawson's. It may be that I owe my introduction to it to Gaylord Beaman (I owe so much to him); I should have found it anyway, as I did Jake Zeitlin's. From Jake I bought a copy of my own book, *Mr. Strahan's Dinner Party*, published by the Book Club of California; I wanted to give it to a friend. From Mr. Dawson I bought nothing, but on his shelves I found a slender book, published in London, which I had been looking for for years. It seems curious that I should have found it in far-off Los Angeles. I was not permitted to purchase it, but I found it again, at my hotel, as I also did a copy of *The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Esope*, translated by William Caxton, and printed by the famous Grabhorn Press of San Francisco. This archaic publication, admirably printed, and bound in full niger morocco, bore on its flyleaf an inscription signed by every member of Mr. Dawson's staff, eighteen in all. I should like to print it, but modesty forbids — and I am overtaken by modesty much less frequently than Mr. Samuel Pepys was by liquor. The gush of the 'hands' and the 'heads' which Mr. Dawson has gathered about him suggested to me what, I fancy, must have been the enthusiasm in a sixteenth-century shop when it first became the fashion to sell and buy books.

And it certainly is the fashion in Los Angeles. A few days before my arrival, to do me honor, a large collection of first editions of books recommended by A.E.N. had been placed on sale at Dawson's, but a lady, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, — whose husband has just given to the University of Southern California a much-needed library building, — happening in, had bought *en bloc* the whole collection, so I was invited to see it in that lady's house. I could not resist the invitation, and as my eyes traveled over her well-filled shelves I found a book, of value, which I had long wanted and lacked in my own collection. I mentioned the fact, quite casually, and nothing more was said, but upon my return to my hotel I found this book, also, on my table, with an inscription which once again modesty prevents my transcribing. Am I wrong in thinking that the influence and example of the late Henry E. Huntington are still — and will ever be — at work in this community?

In Mrs. George M. Millard — whose house, designed by Frank Lloyd

Wright, in Pasadena, is one of the loveliest I have ever seen — I found an old friend whom I had last seen in London. In her small museum, so exquisitely arranged and filled with such exquisite *bibelots*, one can easily lose one's self — and one's self-control, as I did.

I was unlucky in finding that my friend, Mr. William Andrews Clark, Jr., had left for Paris, where he spends much time, on the very day that I arrived to pay my respects to one who has been sending me, for many years, his annual Christmas publications. Book lovers, as fortunate as I, know that Mr. Clark's facsimiles of first editions, famous in English literature, not only are costly and beautiful in themselves, but contain in the essays that accompany them an amount of bibliographical and critical matter which is hardly accessible elsewhere. Hence it is that the Clark reprints of *Tamerlane*, Gray's *Elegy*, *The Deserted Village*, *An Essay on Criticism*, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and many another, never fail to bring increasingly high prices when, on rare occasions, they come up at auction. They have another merit: they are splendid examples of the printing of John Henry Nash, of whom I shall say more elsewhere.

Mr. Clark's library, housed in a small marble temple in the back yard of his beautiful estate, filled me with delight and envy. I say 'envy' merely to round out my sentence; I felt nothing of the kind. As Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell when they were being conducted over Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire,

> 'My admiration only I express,
> No spark of envy lingers in my breast.'

The library is the playhouse of a rich and scholarly man who knows and loves his books. He honors them and they are an honor to him. With his scholarly librarian, Robert E. Cowan, and his assistant, Cora Sanders, I spent some pleasant and profitable hours. Mr. Cowan, always referred to as 'Sir Robert,' is an authority on and has a fine collection of Californiana, but I was unable to avail myself of an invitation to see it; this I much regretted. I shall go back — indeed, all during my stay in Los Angeles I found myself promising what I should do on my next visit. California is a beautiful woman — with a history; of no other state is this so true. Of my paper on 'The Format of the English Novel,' read before the Zamorano Club (Zamorano was the first printer of California), I shall say nothing, except that the casualties were unimportant.

VII

The Huntington Library and Art Gallery have been so many times described and their priceless books and pictures so many times referred to that praise is not constructive, and I shall venture a criticism which I hope may be. I am in entire sympathy with the reasons which prompted Mr. Huntington to build in Southern California. There, chiefly, he made his fortune, and in San Gabriel, a suburb of and much older than Los Angeles, on his own magnificent estate and only a stone's throw from his mansion, he erected his library. The West needs books, a great many books. In the East, we have the New York Public Library and the splendid libraries of Harvard and of Yale; we have that 'shrine frequently called a library' created by the late Pierpont Morgan and endowed and given to the City of New York by his son; we have the Library of Congress (though what need Congress has for a library no one who knows a Congressman knows; it should be called what it is, the National Library), and we are

soon to have the Folger Shakespeare Library, also in Washington. We have, too, the John Carter Brown Library in Providence, the William L. Clements Library in Ann Arbor, not to mention a dozen more relatively small but nevertheless important institutions.

So Mr. Huntington was well advised when he placed his library on the Pacific Coast, but unfortunately he put it in a building which is entirely devoid of architectural merit. It might be a suburban railway station or a model factory; certainly it gives no suggestion of books. The usual entrance not only is unimposing, it is positively ugly. And, unluckily, the Library is only one of several attractions — I use the word 'attractions' advisedly — which Mr. Huntington created. There are a Japanese Garden and a Rose Garden and a Cactus Garden and a Picture Gallery, each wonderful in itself, but the whole suggests unlimited wealth rather than taste. And gardens, however magnificent, are not a proper setting for a great library. I have recently seen the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington. There everything is beautiful and exquisitely harmonious. The great room is lined with books. The Huntington Library has the books, but they are not in evidence; that important and intangible thing called 'atmosphere' is totally lacking. Who that has entered the Morgan Library, or the Bodleian at Oxford, or the Rylands at Manchester, or the great Reading Room of the British Museum, will ever forget his first impression? His impulse is reverently to raise his hat. No such feeling overcomes one in San Marino.

Dr. Max Farrand, Director in Chief, was in the East at the time of my visit, but I was most courteously received by my old friends, Mr. Leslie E. Bliss, the Librarian, and Mr. Robert O. Schad, the Curator of Rare Books. These men I had known years ago in New York, and it was a pleasure to see them again, as it was to renew my acquaintance with Captain Haselden, the Curator of Manuscripts, with whom I had last dined and wined in London. Nor must I forget Maurice Block, the Curator of Art, who devoted an entire afternoon to showing me the pictures in the Art Gallery, which is in the Huntington residence. One and all did everything in their power to make my visit pleasant and profitable.

I had long looked forward to this visit, but I could not overcome a feeling of disappointment. The Library itself contains little or nothing to interest the average citizen of Los Angeles and the average tourist, who throng the exhibition room. What went ye out for to see — the famous Ellesmere Chaucer, or the *Book of Privileges* granted to Christopher Columbus by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, or a unique *Hamlet*, or the manuscript of Franklin's *Autobiography*, or a Great Bible? Few people are really interested in these things, priceless and wonderful though they are. I realize that it is a difficult matter to exclude people from a public institution which has been over-advertised; perhaps after a time, when the novelty wears off, a smaller and more select attendance will be attained. The Library was not designed for the *hoi polloi:* it is intended for scholars and students; they use it, to be sure, but they find the custodians overwhelmed by the crowd. And to make the great exhibition room interesting to the casual visitor the items displayed are too miscellaneous in character; they are not mutually self-supporting and of as much educational value as they should be.

And it must be remembered that the Huntington Library is, not ten miles from a lemon, in Sydney Smith's phrase, — lemon and orange trees

abound, — but several thousand miles from other like institutions; hence the custodians have little opportunity of seeing and learning how other great libraries are administered. They should constantly be sent East, and from time to time to Europe, to consort with their fellows. To expect a librarian to live in Los Angeles and keep up the *esprit de corps* of his profession is like expecting a man to be brave in the dark. Everyone needs the inspiration of travel — Shakespeare has it, 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.' The fact that the library is crowded means nothing; the crowds only exhaust the custodian. They make a heavy draft upon his energies; they do nothing to refresh him. I hope the Trustees will ponder this matter. And there is a portrait of Mr. Huntington, a bas-relief in marble, that looks to be the work of William Blake in one of his least inspired moments, which should immediately be removed and forgotten.

VIII

Los Angeles has been settled very largely by farming folk from the southern Middle West; these people, many of them Methodists and Baptists, go to their respective churches not for worship only, but for breaks in the deadly monotony of their lives that might otherwise be unendurable. Temperamentally opposed as I am to the injection of any kind of 'pep' into religious services, whether the merrymakings take the form of revivals, camp meetings, or what not, I looked with aversion at a large poster outside a theatre in which religious services were being held on a Sunday evening by a smug evangelist depicted as standing with outstretched hand alongside the legend, 'He greets sinners with a smile.' So does a bootlegger.

Still greater was my disgust with the colossal effrontery of Aimee Semple McPherson — almost invariably referred to as Sister Aimee. How much longer will this woman be able to hoodwink the immense congregations, audiences, crowds, which pack her Angelus Temple? Nobody dare prophesy. Yet people say that Sinclair Lewis exaggerates his characters; the fact is that no one would dare put the true Aimee McPherson into a book. Do I not know? Was I not accused by the Treasury Department of an attempt to import into the United States an obscene book which turned out to be a copy of Rabelais, and was it not taken from me and returned to the country of its origin? It can be, and is, *printed* in this country, but it is a crime to *import* it.

At Los Angeles I had my first real experience with an interviewer. Early one morning two youths were ushered into my sitting room in the Biltmore — a splendid hotel, by the way. One was obviously a photographer; while he was making ready his apparatus to snap me, the other began: —

'Mr. Newton, I understand you are a very distinguished man. What are you distinguished for?'

I felt the helplessness of my position and told him that such distinction as I had came from my collection of rare books. His next question floored me: —

'How many rare books are there — and what are they worth?'

I told him I did n't know; whereupon, seeing that I knew nothing upon my own subject, I was asked what I thought of the school system of Los Angeles.

I knew nothing about that either. But I knew that I must answer his next question, whatever it might be.

'What are your favorite California authors?'

Could I tell him that my favorite authors had never heard of California?

I could not. Luckily, the name of Frank Norris came to me, and, picking up a copy of *McTeague* which was lying on the table (it was the gift of Mrs. Doheny), I said, 'I think this book, *McTeague*, is the best California book I know. Its author was a genius; this book is one of a trilogy . . .'

'Look at the camera,' said the photographer. There was a flash, and presently the interview was over. The next day there was a double-column heading in a newspaper which read: —

FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON FIRST EDITIONS RATES CALIFORNIA WRITERS HIGHLY

Then followed a maze of words which, had I uttered them, would have filled me with shame. A story that John Burns, the famous English Labor leader, once told me came to mind. At the time, the Right Honorable John was a Member of Parliament, the president of the Local Government Board of London; moreover, he was one of the quickest-witted men in the House of Commons. He had thoroughly learned his trade and he had a magnificent voice which had many times directed mobs in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park. He was on a train bound for Chicago when at Grand Crossing, a suburb, the train stopped and a lot of newspaper men got on board. Their first question was: 'Mr. Burns, what are your impressions of Chicago?'

'Good heavens, man, I've not seen it!'

'Still, you must have some impression; you know what Chicago stands for. . . .'

'I do. It stands for an amount of vice and corruption happily unknown elsewhere in the civilized world.' John said plenty more, all of which was duly colored, distorted, and printed in the papers next day. Later, when John was making a speech in some great auditorium, a man got up and, interrupting him, said, 'Mr. Burns, I am the Chief of Police of this city. You are quoted in the newspapers as saying that "Chicago is a pocket edition of hell." If you made that remark you must withdraw it, or you cannot continue your speech.'

'I ask fair play!' cried John, in a voice of thunder. 'I have not been correctly quoted; what I said was that HELL IS A POCKET EDITION OF CHICAGO!' There was a burst of laughter, and after that no further interruptions.

IX

In front of the Biltmore Hotel is a beautiful public square; the turf is like velvet and the trees magnificent. I went into this square one day to read a batch of letters; one occasioned me to move promptly. It was from my friend John Henry Nash, the great printer of San Francisco, saying that he had received an invitation for us to join him at the William Randolph Hearst palace ranch, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. We were to go by train to San Luis Obispo, where he would meet us, and continue our journey by motor. The Hearst ranch is one of the show places of the world; such a visit would be an experience quite unusual in the life of a modest book collector.

'Do you think Mr. Hearst will expect us?' said my wife.

'No, my dear, I don't suppose he has ever heard of us; all the same, I am not going to disappoint him. Let us go while the going is good.'

(*Next month A. E. N. visits the Hearst ranch*)

AT FORTY-FIVE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

YESTERDAY was my forty-fifth birthday. 'What! Only forty-five?' I thought. It seemed to me that I must be twice that age. Not that I have a feeling of great decrepitude, but, rather, a sense of having passed through a period of time that could only be measured in terms of light-years. No doubt it is a feeling common to men of my generation, and even more so to those of our fathers who are still living. Our lives cover changes so enormous that it seems incredible that we could have witnessed them.

Upon going to bed I lay awake for a long time, taking stock of myself, making an inventory of gains and losses, trying to decide whether, on the whole, I had reason to proceed on my way grieving or rejoicing. Casting up a balance, it seemed so definitely not on the red side of the ledger that I became suspicious of my reckoning. 'There must be something wrong with my arithmetic,' I thought; so I summoned my familiar demon, who will sometimes consent to be called into conference in the small hours of the morning. He perched on the footboard of the bed, his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees, waiting for me to speak.

'It seems indecent,' I began, 'for a man of forty-five to be as content with life as I am. I feel that I ought to be thoroughly dissatisfied with it. As a matter of fact, I am reasonably satisfied to be who I am, and what I am, and where I am; and, granted that I must always be the same person, if I were to have an opportunity to relive these forty-five years, although I would, of course, make a considerable number of changes, they would not be of such a character as to affect, greatly, the current of my life stream. What I should like to know is this: Is my content justified, or have I reached this advanced age without gaining any clear conception of what living, in my case, might have been?'

'That seems to me a very foolish question,' he replied. 'What does it matter whether your content is justified or not? If you have it, that should be enough.'

'But I have no desire to live in a fool's paradise,' I went on. 'Show me the man I might have been if, at every crossroad I have passed thus far, I had taken the right turning.'

He gazed at me in silence for a moment; then he said, 'I don't in the least understand what you mean.'

'I don't see how I can put it more clearly,' I replied. 'I wish to be shown the man I might have been if I had never made a wrong decision of importance; if I had made the most of every opportunity that has come to me; if, in short —'

'If, in short, you had been Omnipotence Itself?' he interrupted. 'I am not of a high order of spirits, but I doubt whether Omnipotence could tell you that. Why do you suppose that

such a thing as a wholly right decision could be made?'

'There must be, in the realm of the abstract, a pure standard for judging such matters,' I said.

'And what has the realm of the abstract to do with you or me?' he asked. 'One thing is clear from these questions: for all your forty-five years you have by no means achieved the mellow wisdom suitable to a man of your age. One piece of advice I will give you: never be suspicious of happiness, nor question its validity. If you have it — good! What sort of familiar demon should I be if I were to tell you what seems to me to be the truth? Good night and good luck to you. I hope that your liver is in as excellent order this time next year' — and with that he vanished. A little reflection convinced me that I had been very properly rebuked.

I was still far from sleepy. 'Have I, then, only my liver to thank,' I mused, 'and the fact that my other digestive organs have functioned, thus far, without complaint?' I hate the analytical chemist's point of view: that all our joys and sorrows have a purely physical basis. I like to believe that spiritual well-being is something extra-chemical; but, after all, what does it matter? It is the condition that is important, and not the cause of the condition; so I put these futile questionings aside.

I found the phrase, 'the Good Life,' rising into consciousness, and, after regarding it from various angles, I discovered that it has come to have a different meaning for me during these latter years. Formerly I conceived of it as a perpetual conflict. Self-discipline, I then believed, required that one should seek out rapids and whirlpools rather than attempt to avoid them. I believed that one should spend one's time in bashing against rocks, rolling, bumping, and scraping over the sand bars and gravel beds of misfortune. I have lost my fondness for this sort of discipline and my belief in its necessarily wholesome effect.

I remember with what enthusiasm, as a youth, I responded to those lines of Henley's: —

> In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud.
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Wider experience and observation have convinced me that a healthy soul, and a well-seasoned one, need not writhe perpetually in this fell clutch. Unbowed heads need not always be bloody ones. Is love of ease of spirit an evidence of dry rot, or advancing age, or both? I should like an answer to this question, but no one under forty need reply. I think I will reply to it myself, although to do so lays me open to the charge of self-flattery: It is an evidence of increasing common sense. Ease of spirit does not mean numbness or deadness of spirit; at least, it need not mean this.

One thing I have irrecoverably lost, somewhere between my thirtieth and this present year, and that is social- and political-mindedness. Sometimes this seems to me a misfortune; at other times not. Undoubtedly there is need for people concerned with matters of the health or sickness of the planet at large; but there is also a need, I think, for those with home-keeping minds, whose interests are confined to the communities where they live.

> Atlas has many aids; my strength is small;
> And when I offered it, 'My child,' he said,
> 'I have more helpers than I want or need.
> This task was mine since time began. If all
> Stand here with me, and sweat, and groan and bleed,
> Who shall see the glory overhead?'

At least this is the reply I should make, were I in the place of Atlas, to

the host of amateurs who would carry his burden for him. Men who spend their Saturday afternoons spading in their gardens or flying kites with their children, and their evenings reading Chaucer, or Milton, or Montaigne's *Essays*, are as useful citizens, in my opinion, as those who worry themselves sick over matters beyond their control. Whatever happens in Germany, or India or Manchuria, someone must continue to read and delight in the poets; and, whether or no Russia succeeds in her second five-year plan, I hope that, even in Russia, there will still be kite fliers on grassy hilltops.

For my own part, I am just beginning to discover, in something more than an intellectual sense, what Thoreau meant when he said that he wondered he ever got so far as five miles from Concord.

THE RETURN TO FLANDERS

HEARING the voice, as in a dream
He rose and followed. Nothing stirred
Save that the air was ringing still
With the call he'd heard.

Before him lay a lonely land
Where it was neither night nor day;
How forlorn, how desolate,
No word could say.

Along a road, what had been trees
Stretched tortured limbs against the sky.
That evil place seemed very heaven;
He knew not why.

Deep in reverie he stood;
Then, in a flash, his body knew
And cried in anguish: 'What is this
You make me do?'

Little could his body guess
Why spirit found that stricken plain
So beautiful, or why it said,
'Home! Home again!'

JAMES NORMAN HALL

I TAKE TO THE WOODS

BY ALICE DAY PRATT

It was, possibly, only yesterday by geologic time when the Sequoia forest began its definite existence — three hundred million years, at a guess. Two hundred million years ago it was well established and had fixed habits much as at present. Passing lightly over one hundred and ninety million years, ten million years ago the genus Homo perhaps began to take refuge in its branches.

In the days when Moses was a mountain climber, on a portion of the earth's crust very nearly the antipodes of the Sinai Peninsula, — a region that was not to receive the name of California for some forty centuries, — a forest of sequoias stretched their green and glossy fingers into the shimmering Western sky. Already for an unimagined period, through summer and winter, cold and heat, seed time and harvest, day and night, it had pressed inch by inch into the firmament; ring by ring it had imperceptibly added to its girth.

Nineveh and Babylon, Rome and Carthage, Tyre and Jerusalem, rose and fell. Cyrus and Genghis Khan, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon conquered the world. Confucius and Buddha, Jesus and Mohammed, swayed the realm of the spirit. Solomon and Socrates, Galileo and Darwin, produced the bitter and potent fruit of the thinking mind. Homer and Vergil and Dante and Shakespeare gave to the world of the imagination a local habitation. Pericles and Aspasia, Paolo and Francesca, Launcelot and Guinevere, counted the world well lost for the brief ecstasy of love.

The Sequoia forest, untroubled by the rise and fall of nations, unconscious of the sulphurous depths of passion and woe of the human spirit, unchanged by the cataclysmic changes in the world of human thought, mercifully untouched even by terrestrial cataclysms that overwhelmed many a mountain and plain, scattered its golden pollen in the spring, its ripened cones in the fall; sang its inimitable, dreamy song when the winds passed through it; entertained unimaginable generations of warbling birds, chattering squirrels, and rasping insects. Almost within sound of its 'hushing,' great civilizations came to maturity and sank into the soil — so deep that the youngest, even now, is inarticulate. Late, very late, in time, naked red men came stealing among its mighty trunks and wondered at their immensity. They had no tools even to scratch the surface of the forest.

Somewhere near the foundation of our subconscious structure lies the concept of the forest primeval. A species cannot live as an organic part of the forest, as ours undoubtedly did for an uncounted number of æons, without retaining, beneath the thickly encrusting and rapidly acquired veneer of sophistication, vestiges of that primordial existence.

Those rare individuals who annually, not with luxurious yacht or motor boat or complete automotive equipment, but with knapsack or pack pony or canoe, alone or with a kindred spirit, gleefully 'take to the woods' are paying tribute to this vestigial consciousness.

I

In the old days, before the railroad carried the fat and luxurious tourist to the top of Mount Mitchell, the highest point of the Appalachian system, we used to take off from Black Mountain station, the top of the grade on the Southern Railroad. We employed mules or knapsacks, according to temperament and taste, and plunged into the forest for a four or five days' arduous tramp. From Black Mountain to the top of Greybeard — a lovely mountain — was a frequently traveled portion of the route. Like Christian in the earlier and less arduous stages of his pilgrimage, we might have abundant and gracious companionship thus far. The trail, through open forest of chestnut and oak, maple and gum, tulip and beech, zigzagged easily at first to the right and left of a little stream that dashes downward on a much steeper grade. Presently, however, it left the stream abruptly and scrambled without due warning on to the backbone of the Blue Ridge itself, to which it clung more or less tenaciously for a good half of the journey.

From the summit of Greybeard, the first peak that lay in our way, was visible the first extensive panorama — a sea of mountain peaks. This often proved to be the most comprehensive view we obtained, for, although Greybeard was the lowest of the peaks to be scaled, it was freer from fog and cloud than any other. Pinnacle, the second peak, was a triangular prism, and on its summit one might accomplish the feat of being in three counties at once, by sitting in one and placing each of one's feet in another, the three ridges of the peak being the county lines. The trail up Pinnacle, deep as an irrigating ditch, and equally supplied with water, clings in one's mind as a mountain torrent. The trip to Mitchell was seldom accomplished in the summer time without encountering deluges — sometimes a continuous deluge — of rain.

Toe River Gap is the connecting link between the Blue Ridge and the Blacks, and, being nearly a halfway mark, was a favorite camping place. It gathers about itself memories of devastating rain that invaded clothing and provisions and made a camp fire well-nigh impossible. How beautiful the one that we once achieved — in the heart of a mighty stump, whose own substance, solid and dry beneath the surface, furnished the glowing base.

Potato Knob, the point of attack in the Blacks, has a tendency to produce seriousness of contemplation in both man and beast, and to arouse the suspicion that there is serious work as well as play in this enterprise. As we toil upward toward the summit of the Blacks, the woods grow denser. Hitherto they have been wild but cheerful woods — tossing seas of deciduous growth in summer luxuriance. Now they darken into the evergreen forest, dense and silent and black. Through it the trail runs, black as the forest, and worn deep as the channel of a brook. The Blacks have been wrapped in fog since yesterday. Now that we have gained their summit, all is hidden from view save the line of plodding pilgrims winding ever upward into the denser gloom, by the black and winding trail, through the black forest.

Hallback and Clingman's and Mount Gibbs at length lie behind us, not without pain and sorrow, and testing of will and limb. Mitchell, our final goal,

remains. We are in the balsam now, still black and sombre woods, but sweet, delicious balsam. The dark boughs weave a close roof overhead. The stems stand straight and bare. Beneath them lies the wreck of immemorial forest, — slender forms tossed every way, covered light and close with olive mosses, — uncounted species interwoven, light and fernlike, close and fine as velvet, vivid and brown, all harmonized into the tender olive coverlet. We had delighted in acres of fern on the lower slopes. Here, only an occasional tuft honors the moss, but, heavenly touch, white wood sorrel, like the stars of spring, pure and distinct and frail, smiles from every curve and hollow toward the sombre sky.

Weary and numb, oppressed by the gloom and the fog, touched by the tender beauty, the traveler yields himself to brooding fancy. What is this creeping spell? Surely we have walked this way before! Not in the flesh, but in the company of some master mind. With whom came we? With Dante? Is it a page from the *Inferno* that we are seeking to read? These prostrate forms are not the wreck of forest, but wraiths of those who, brought to the gates of Heaven, had no eyes with which to contemplate its glories, blinded by the beauties of the natural world. Condemned, they lie here in perpetual somnolence, with eyes forever closed upon the aspects of both earth and Heaven. Surely that great chest heaved, that mossy arm moved into more perfect rest. What is the spell — this pain and wonder born of beauty? Is it that we ourselves shall walk this way again? Shall we also, wanting in appreciation of the golden streets, be turned to wander here forever in groves of balsam and of tamarack, with eyes forever downcast on the sweet, fair things of earth — on white wood sorrel in the olive moss? Happy the sinner who meets such retribution!

But here brays the traveler's mule, trumpets his victory, and sets foot upon the summit.

As we revolve about the camp fire during the wakeful night, our old guide tells us the story of the naming of Mitchell's Peak. Dr. Elisha Mitchell of the University of North Carolina was the first to declare it (then unnamed) the highest point of the Appalachian system. This statement being disputed, he returned to the mountain in June 1857, and, having left his less ambitious companions at the base of the peak, made the ascent, verified his measurements, and left his record of them on the summit. Thereafter he disappeared. During the next month all Asheville and the surrounding country joined the search for the lost scientist. He was found by Big Tom Wilson — still in the days of our pilgrimages a recluse living in his cabin not far from the summit — sitting up in a deep pool under a cliff, long dead. Marks above the cliff indicated, said Tom, that he had been running. 'He mought,' he said, 'have been chased by a b'ar.' The body was buried on the summit of the mountain, and a metal monument was brought over the trail in sections and inscribed with the honorable record of his achievement.

II

The Black Hills region of South Dakota and Wyoming has recently and tardily acquired a richly deserved appreciation. Its wild and rugged beauty having won the approval of a President, its popularity is assured. In the days when the writer knew it, it was but newly won from the condition of a happy hunting ground for the savage, and, though Gold Run and Deadwood Creek were shaking down

their golden sands for the exploitation of the prospector, the unbroken pine forest still covered great areas all undisturbed. Typical of the Rocky Mountain forest, its straight red trunks rose like cathedral columns to the dark and gently murmuring roof.

Through these limitless colonnades one might ride all day without guide and without trail. There was no tangle of undergrowth to obstruct the progress or the view, as in the forest of a moister clime. If one were at a good height, the colonnades yielded vistas of shimmering plains and isolated mountain cones in rose and purple. The chattering red pine squirrel shot up and down the tree trunks, spitting fire and brimstone at the intruder, and showering him with chippings from the loose red bark that stands out deeply corrugated, and patterned like an alligator's hide. Chipmunks scurried over the outcropping rocks, sitting up saucily to eat bluebells that grew in the crannies, and hiding in clumps of dry rock ferns. Coming out upon the edge of a little 'park,' — as the West calls a natural open space in the woods, — one might startle a herd of deer quietly feeding, knee-deep in the thick red grass. Bears, mountain lions, lynxes, and wildcats roamed freely. Many birds far different from those of the moist and deciduous forest broke the silence with strange cries: the Canada jay, the Rocky Mountain jay, — the latter in musical and colorful flocks in the fall and spring, — the crossbill, the poor-will, the exquisitely warbling water ouzel. Among birds already familiar, the chickadee, the junco, the nuthatch, and, following our establishment in the forest, the robin, the bluebird, and the oriole were our familiars. In the spring, the drumming of the ruffed grouse sounded on all sides, and a little later one was likely at any time to startle a brood of multitudinous brown chicks, which would scatter like leaves before a gust of wind. In the white and frozen nights of the late winter, a host of owls of various species sang their part songs unceasingly.

The native flora was brilliant and outstanding. As early as February in some years, on sunny slopes, huge furry balls pushed up out of the frozen ground and expanded into lovely blue stars with golden centres — the flowers of the *Anemone patens*. Spires of waxy yucca bells stood three feet or more in height in the midst of their spiny barricade. Huge foxgloves of an exquisite lavender challenged the eye. The hardy flora of a dry country is gorgeous in its short season of bloom, and showers the landscape with color. During our first springtime, dense clouds of sulphur-colored dust rode upon the breeze and settled upon our springs and all exposed surfaces. We thought it came from some distant volcano in eruption, but it proved to be only the lavish pollen from the pines, ensuring those ponderous cones that should later bruise our heads and shoulders and thunder upon our roofs, at the harvesting time of the pine squirrel. The birds and squirrels took us at our own valuation and became our friends. The birds frequented the porch in flocks in snowy times, and in the fall we were permitted to watch the digging of huge excavations, preferably in flower beds and garden, to accommodate unbelievable stores of cones and acorns.

The writer's initiation as a pedagogue took place on the summit of this mountain group. A little company of squatters had established themselves on the well-watered meadows fed by springs that were the headwaters of the vigorous mountain streams so characteristic of the region. Around about these meadows stood towers and pinnacles and castles of snow-white limestone, the remnants of the cap rock of

the country. It was the little log schoolhouse of this sky land that witnessed the first ecstasies and despairs of one who 'waited on teaching.'

Down from these castellated peaks dashed the little streams, cutting, through snowy limestone, dark red sandstone, and gray granite, some of the most beautiful and rugged canyons in America. The precipitous, almost vertical walls are like the layer cake of the giants of the infant world. In the wall-sheltered mouths of these canyons, mystic 'tepee circles' sinking slowly into the all-recording earth testify of many a happy hunt of the aboriginal American.

III

Neahkahnie Mountain of the Coast Ranges is a splendid promontory, with a massive stone foot thrust far out into the Pacific. Around the brow of this mountain was hewed out the pack trail of the early adventurers to this section of the coast. Highways at a lower level and by an easier route have superseded the trail, which remains, with rotting bridges and many obstructed stretches, still the short cut of the adventurous pedestrian.

A Thanksgiving vacation found me ambitious to accomplish a four days' hike, by way of the Neahkahnie trail and the coast, to the historic sites of the Lewis and Clark winter camp, and the fort of the Astor Company near the Columbia's mouth. A buoyant young collie, alone of those approached, signified enthusiasm for the trip.

From the face of the headlong cliff that braves the sea has been taken, at some time late or soon, as if by a giant cheese knife, a wedge from top to bottom. Across this gap — the pony trail having at this point slid into the sea — has been thrown a light suspension footbridge of woven wire. Like a spider's web it swings at the height of several hundred feet, two twelve-inch boards for the feet and two cables for the hands intervening, with no convincing assurance, between the traveler and eternity. Rocking and creaking in the gale that was rising (while, far below, the breakers dashed against the foot of the cliff), a little out of order, too, in that one board was displaced and set on edge, it made a precarious appeal to the pilgrim accompanied by a huge and vivacious companion of violent and uncertain impulses.

Up over the crest of the mountain and down to the trail on the other side would be but a slight deviation. In half an hour we stood upon the sharp dividing line — on one side, the bare slopes leading down to the busy towns, on the other, the untouched forest with its dim green mysteries, through which, as it seemed, sounded the roar of the ocean and filtered the light of that greatest of all plains. Here we rested briefly and devoured a sandwich and a half, the other half being slipped providently into the pocket of my mackintosh. We should be at Cannon Beach for Thanksgiving dinner.

A moment of taking bearings, and I stepped down unhesitatingly into the fir and cedar wilderness, as I have stepped many a time into the pathless pine woods, since my childhood as a lumberman's daughter.

At that moment, though I was slow to recognize the fact, there closed about me a timeless world, a world that knows not man, a world in which life and decay have followed each other in undisturbed sequence since these mountains were folded up by a capricious earth. In this mysterious world, lacking all orientation that sun or moon might have vouchsafed me, since the clouds of a Pacific winter enfolded all, I wandered for three days and nights. The first night I spent under a giant cedar with my dog cuddled close beside

me. On the second evening I came down to a little strip of coast whereon stood a tiny cabin that had been used during the summer time by the keeper of a radio ship, on duty offshore. On the third evening, having come at last upon the lost trail, we were led ignominiously into the roaring Pacific, season and tide having made impassable the once-negotiable rounding of a headland by way of the beach. This night I spent beneath a giant log, taking now on back and now on knees the steady run-off from this water shed. On the fourth morning, 'a footprint in the sand'! To this clue Scotty clung, with superior sense and unswerving determination, till, after much more weary traveling in the forest, it brought us to a place of habitation. From a contemporary record I take some observations upon this unfamiliar world that enfolded us for three memorable days and nights: —

'The light grew dimmer now. The trees shut out the sky at a greater height above me. I still thought only of the transcendent beauty of the place (silent except for murmuring branches and rushing stream), wrapped in an age-old, impenetrable blanket of green, flowerless life, a harmonious weave of fernlike moss and mosslike fern, of lichen and fungus with their startling brilliance of reproduction (for it is the high tide of their year) — orange and gold scallopings, henna embroideries, crimson polka dots; forests of meaty mushrooms and toadstools, to me, an uninitiate in the realm of cryptogams, indistinguishable. Here and there, a scalloped cup held an exquisite emerald, shooting a phosphorescent light. If I touched it, the light went out as if I had turned off the current from an electric bulb, and the cup closed, dank and forbidding.

'Difficulties became greater. Thicker and thicker closed the forest about me, huger and huger grew the trunks, — cedars that would make eight-foot boards, still green and young, firs only slightly more slender, and, piled about their roots, their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers back to the beginning of the forest era, — the oldest completely absorbed into the general level of decay, the next-oldest just visible mounds beneath the fairy coverlet, others at all heights and stages of preservation, the natural wreckage of a thousand years, sinking softly down into the homogeneous decomposition wrought by ceaseless rain and myriad forms of decay.

'I would pass through this forest. Huge logs that, lying prone, still towered above my head lay crisscross in an endless tangle — to be surmounted, to be passed around, to be crept under. Would I clamber over them? Sturdy-looking branches came out in my hand and let me down; mossy coverings slipped off, bark and all, and gave me a toboggan slide down a treacherous slope. Attaining to the back of a giant log, I sank in it up to my knees, wallowing helplessly in a cauldron of wood pulp already brewed. Would I pass around? Two hundred feet up the steep and difficult hillside the logs pointed, and every here and there came others into the tangle to turn me back. Would I creep under? The impenetrable, ferny covering of the ground hid pitfalls into which I tumbled headlong. Thorny tangles of shrubs sprang up to prevent me and filled my hands with tiny thorns and raked the skin from my wrists. The drenching vegetation loaded my clothes with water. I stopped again and again to wring out my serge dress, to lighten its clinging weight.

'Neither fire nor flood, nor earthquake, nor human greed has ever disturbed this forest. Here is natural reforestation in undisturbed perfection.

Here tiny baby firs and cedars reach up their little hands toward feathery covers of youthful trees, above which slender trunks feel their way up among the ancient growth from which the younger sprang.

'Not a ripple on this forest when the first curious bipeds came sliding into this continent from Asia. What did the dreaming forest care? Not even animals disturbed its peace. Too dark, too wet, too impenetrable for warm-blooded things to harbor in.

'Just two forms of animal life all the first day crossed my path — a snail, large as my finger, green as the moss, squashy as its habitat, and a tiny, flitting, tipping, chipping brown wren, which bobbed up here and there, ran up and down the trees, talked to me fearlessly and sociably, and was altogether at home in these dim depths. Too tiny, perhaps, to hold its own in more hospitable woods, and adapting itself where no enemies cared to follow.

'On the third morning, the short beach having ended in impassable cliffs, I was forced once more up the mountain side. It was very hard climbing for a time, but I soon came out on a ridge between two deep ravines. Here for the first time, to the great interest of Scotty, we came upon lightly broken trails. Crushed rotten branches, indentations in the moss, moss scratched from logs where some creature had jumped over, well-worn little paths on the logs themselves, showing that the travelers, whatever they might be, had appreciated how wonderful a path maker is a falling tree when it falls in the right direction.

'The constant rains had obliterated most of the tracks, but I soon found, in protected places, a few fresh deer tracks and what appeared, to my amazement, to be the tracks of a small cow. Could it be that we were near some habitation? However, when this track maker also leaped four-foot logs, or ran along them for fifty feet or so, I was sorely puzzled. Then, out of a near cover of young fir sprang a big doe elk, fat as a Hereford steer, and made off, with high head, up the mountain. Again and again the trails, which consistently kept to the backbone of the ridge, as I also wished to do, ran into these closely roofed fir covers, which were evidently the retiring places of the trail makers. Occasionally the trails led to fresh mountain springs, converging with others into well-worn highways down to the drinking places. Twice again we startled some large animal into headlong flight, but caught no glimpse of it. Scotty was primitively and profoundly moved by the strange intimations, the sounds and smells of this unfamiliar world. Yesterday there had been no tracks. To-day we were on a great highway, yet human signs seemed as far to seek as ever. However, in the late afternoon Scotty barked joyously in response to the faint far sound of a whistle.

'Of the rare and delicate beauty of the forest I was at no time insensible. I am a deplorer of the commercial exploitation of our wild and woodsy places, yet, during these three days, nothing sent the blood leaping through my veins like the indisputable mark of an axe on a clump of saplings. Then, quite suddenly at last, as death, long expected, is said to come, we walked out upon an ancient slabbed trail, with moss-grown and rotting bridges, but bearing every evidence of being the will-o'-the-wisp of our search.

'A bit of mortal, ardent consciousness dropped into the heart of this seemingly immortal, dreaming harmony of an alien life, to this involuntary guest the sleepless night brings unfamiliar questionings. What is the meaning of the forest for us? What spirit, if any,

breathes through its timeless, unhalting, inarticulate existence? Absolutely indifferent to its passionate guest, its cool carpet preserves its delicate pattern of infinite variety, enfolding all that has lived and died within its borders — proud elk and gentle deer, creeping snail and soaring bird. And after you, poor human, have resigned your thirst for the residue of your scant draft of life, it will enfold your lifeless body, imperceptibly, resistlessly, completely. You will become a mound where the spores of myriad mosses sprout and thrive, where exquisite wood sorrel raises its starry eyes to the dim roof, where the waxy corpse plant droops its untouchable bells. Indistinguishable from the gradually subsiding mounds of age-old tree trunks, you will be absorbed into the substance of the forest, and will rise again in trunk and branch, in leaf and flower, in seed and pollen. On the highest dome of the all-comprehending roof, you will be exposed to sun and star, to the azure sky and the bitter storm. You will writhe and groan in the tempest; you will hush and whisper in the summer breeze; you will be animal, vegetable, and mineral; male and female; parent and child. You will assume a thousand forms — moss and lichen, toadstool and fungus, fern and orchid. You will enter into the worm, and become the substance of birds, rising into the ether and ministering once more to consciousness.

'But will *you* be conscious? Is the forest conscious? As it unrestingly fulfills its destiny, is it more free than the elements that beat upon it and minister to its growth? What is this force that pushes upward and outward in every cell of every leaf; that determines the harmony and unspeakable beauty of the cool, green, trembling, whispering, composite whole? Nor sage, nor prophet, nor scientist, nor poet, nor god, nor man has told.'

UNIVERSITIES AND RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

ONE of the most serious charges brought against the typical American university of the moment is that its graduates are, for the most part, either antagonistic to religion or else, more commonly, indifferent to it. There seems to be no doubt that the facts bear out the allegation. Occasionally this undoubted irreligion becomes vocal, as in the case of the man who lately wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* the account of what happened to his faith while he was at Harvard.[1] But more often religion is simply ignored. It is quite true that students talk a great deal about it, rather strangely much if it be as dead a thing as they commonly insist. 'Bull sessions' turn to it as the most usual alternative to talk about sex. But this chatter is for the most part vague and uninformed, and gets nowhere. Probably that is why it makes such an excellent subject for those interminable bickerings which undergraduates substitute for intelligent conversation.

But religion as a subject for serious intellectual concern enjoys no vogue among the great majority in university halls. It is rarely a subject for serious study, and the students are conspicuously absent from worship. Systematic spiritual culture they almost never undertake. Most of them appear to be ignorant that there is such a thing. Expected attendance at chapel is for the most part gone, nor has voluntary association with religious bodies taken its place. University alumni are not commonly to be found among those who support, by personal activity or otherwise, the religious bodies of America. These are facts, to be faced by honest men.

It is, to be sure, quite possible to maintain that these things are the necessary result of modern enlightenment; that to believe in God and to adore Him are incompatible with scientific ways of thinking; that religion is merely a curious survival of primitive superstition. If anyone desires to explain things that way, it is permitted him; but to most thinking people such a contention seems somehow too simple to be quite true. For countless generations man has sought to approach Truth by way of three experiences: the scientific, which has to do with what the senses may show; the artistic, which reveals truth and beauty through creative activity; and the religious, which consists of intuitions of personality. It seems an odd thing that all of a sudden man should have found out that the first of these (plus a tolerated, though not much respected, use of the second) is valid,

[1] 'What College Did to My Religion,' by Philip E. Wentworth, June 1932. — EDITOR

while the third, equally instinctive to mankind, equally venerable, and equally a part of racial experience, has become absurd.

There are those who remember, with more than a little distress, how the Middle Ages ignored one of the modes of experience, the scientific, to its great deprivation. Bowing religion out, as of no possible validity, seems also a little supercilious, and dangerous. An experience attested by all the ages probably has something to it. That it may safely be ignored or laughed at, by any individual or culture, would seem to need some proving. If it is to be abandoned, the forsaking of it should be a last resort, not something to be accepted with nonchalance and gayety, in the typical undergraduate manner.

II

As a matter of fact, modern scientific thought does not prevent a belief in God or the practice of religion, not by a very great deal. Nor are the greatest leaders of science the ones who despise the faith. Newton was a convinced Christian. Laplace, Laënnec, and Pasteur were faithful Roman Catholics. Dalton was a devout Friend. Galvani was a Franciscan tertiary. Ampère sympathetically and regularly read Thomas à Kempis. Faraday was a lay preacher, and J. C. Maxwell a Presbyterian elder. Romanes and Claude Bernard reasoned their way into Christianity. Lister died a faithful communicant. Fabre was a mystic, who said that atheism was a mania. Kelvin saw no incompatibility between his science and a faithful and regular worship of God. One could multiply such examples. Even Darwin was a theist, as may be seen by anyone who reads the last paragraph of the *Origin of Species*.

All of these men are now dead; but it is notorious that many of their successors of the moment are so anxious to promote the consideration of spiritual values that they all too frequently tumble into print, some of them exhibiting more zeal than knowledge in profession of faith in that which passes scientific knowing. As for philosophy, it is not merely such men as Maritain and Wust and Streeter and Hocking who are in revolt against mechanomorphism. The thing is clean gone out of fashion, except in American undergraduate colleges. It will hardly do, in the face of the facts, to explain collegiate indifference to religion on the ground of intellectual necessity. It is not modern thought that is to blame.

Nor is it, perhaps, the individual undergraduate who is altogether at fault. Youth is always conformist, more so than childhood or middle age. The undergraduate hates to be eccentric, or even to seem so. Half of the problems of college education are conditioned by this undergraduate prejudice against originality or independence of thought. The college student therefore reflects, quite naturally and understandably, the current notion that only those things are important which advance worldly position. Our generation ignores religion as far as possible, because to do so enables men and women to avoid interference with impulses engendered by cupidity. Contemporary civilization is largely built upon the basic idea that the world may become any man's oyster. It is the *Zeitgeist* which impels our students to a profound reverence for acquisitiveness.

Not that the universities fail to assist in this. More than a little they help to debase their undergraduates: by an all too eager surrender to the popular opinion that

an educated man is merely one who can do and get things; by an overemphasis on expansion in numbers and extravagance in building and ballyhoo generally; by the making of men into bachelors and masters of arts when they happen to be merely technicians, and doctors of philosophy for most unphilosophical achievements; by a fawning upon potential benefactors, regardless of whether or not they are men and women of any discrimination. The universities, too, have been swimming with the tide.

It is not merely religion from consideration of which undergraduates are distracted by such unacademic antics. All thought about ultimates suffers together. Philosophy is disparaged. Even science itself has come to appear to the student eye not so much a method of arriving at truth as a means to an end, which end is the larger production of things and the mightier accumulation of cash. All true scholarship is injured by greed; but religion suffers most. Science can be exploited, and is therefore to be respected. Religion does not pay, and therefore may safely be ignored — in fact, had better be ignored. That is the simple and ugly explanation of a large part of student loss of faith in God and spiritual culture.

For all this *let us blame the mores;* but let us also fault the universities for a passive and profitable surrender to *the mores.* There is something cancerous in higher education as we have it in America. Perhaps the tissue has become diseased from too rapid growth and too rich food. Possibly a diet of depression will not hurt, although one has a slight misgiving that in the course of the next few years it will be the cultural rather than the applied side of scholarship that will suffer most. It may be that some major surgery is a bit overdue.

III

The degradation of university ideals does not, however, fully explain the religious indifference of undergraduates. Sometimes it is those very students who are most in revolt against the current immorality, off campus and on (that ethics which defines the good life in terms of possessions and pleasure), who are least concerned with spiritual experience. They know what they hate and despise, but they are not aware that religion is as rebellious as they. It is not too much to venture a guess that one thing which is wrong is that American universities fail to inform their students about the nature of the spiritual enterprise. Many of them have no faculties of theology at all; and where such faculties do exist they are commonly isolated from undergraduate teaching and from vital contact with colleagues in other fields of knowledge. It has come to pass that theology is looked upon as a professional subject. Nothing could be more unfortunate for balanced thought.

Religion is as basic a discipline as science, and as reputable intellectually. Yet it is possible for a student in almost any of our leading universities to read for his primary degree, and his advanced degrees, without gaining even a suspicion of that fact. Consequently, we have such astonishing attitudes of mind as that of the young Harvard man to whose *Atlantic Monthly* article reference has been made. He seems to be reasonably intelligent, not at all incapable of understanding religion. The trouble is that he apparently has no knowledge of what religion is. He has outgrown a crude and semi-magical concept of God, such as a child may properly hold, with no realization that grown men mean by religion something both more delicate and more complex. As a lad he was a Presbyterian. As a

man he knows nothing of the profound and penetrating studies of religion made by the Scottish theologians, or by such American Presbyterians as Dr. Buttrick and Dr. Coffin and Dr. W. A. Brown, to take only three outstanding examples. He scorns the devotions conducted at the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, which are for persons of childlike mind; but he ignores the magnificent work of modern Roman Catholic thinkers. The man is ignorant — and he ought not to be. His university should have brought him into contact with religious thinkers comparable to those whom he has met with in the fields of science, history, and art.

The mystical side of experience and its contribution to an understanding of the universe are not commonly regarded by American universities as necessary fields of undergraduate study. Religion has next to no place in their curricula, or in their other official activities. This is, or ought to be, a matter of common knowledge, but an instance in point may be cited.

In 1925, at Harvard, the Student Council appointed a committee to look into and report upon certain aspects of education at that university from the undergraduate point of view. This was done, and the findings of the student committee were published in the *Harvard Advocate* for April 1926. Among other things, the report recommended that a new kind of required course be made available which would include the study, not merely of philosophy, but also of religion. It stated: 'It becomes urgently necessary that the college teach the business of life in all its aspects'; and again: 'The committee recommends the innovation of including the philosophy of Christianity in the work of the course. This suggestion is not made in a missionary or crusading spirit, but is dictated as a remedy for the prevailing ignorance concerning so important a subject.'

The committee of students made many excellent suggestions, and almost all of them have subsequently been adopted by Harvard College, including the one mentioned. It is only fair to observe, however, that the college authorities acted upon this specific recommendation in such a manner as to defeat, in large measure, what appears to have been the primary object of the Student Council in sponsoring it. The new course has, indeed, been added to the curriculum, but it is only a half course, and, instead of being required for a degree, it is optional and actually limited to two hundred students. Under these conditions it is obvious that the very students who most need the instruction which the new course offers will be the last to avail themselves of it.

This half-hearted acceptance by the college authorities of the suggestion which the student committee appears to have considered most important stands in strange contrast to their complete adoption of other suggestions of far less moment which were advanced in the same report. The Student Council committee went on to ask, for example, that the overgrown college be divided into smaller units, and this has subsequently been effected on a grand scale, at the cost of more than twelve million dollars. Such is the confusion of values in American universities.

It is unjust, perhaps, to single out Harvard. It is safe to say that most of our universities have been even less alert to their responsibilities in this direction, with the exception of parts of Columbia and the University of Chicago, where Dean Shailer Mathews has persuaded the authorities at least partially to face this fundamental problem. It is a too common custom in American universities to expend mil-

lions on brick and mortar while, in matters vitally important in their bearing upon education, faculty action lags behind common need and student demand.

IV

Under such circumstances, it is hardly reasonable to expect that students should know much of anything about religion. This neglect of a great segment of knowledge is partly due to the example set by our state-supported institutions, which are compelled by law to eliminate from official consideration any serious study of the spiritual life; but it is also caused by a feeling on the part of those who direct our educational policies that religion is a non-intellectual and relatively unimportant activity of the human race. Such a position, in the light of human history, is more than a little absurd. The search for God has always been one of man's chief concerns. The race has known that there were some things which it could find out only by scientific observation, others discoverable only by creative activity, and still others — and these the deepest and most subtle — to be mastered only by that seeking of ultimate Reality in personal terms which is religion. To ignore any of these basic human disciplines is dangerous, but to ignore religion is apt to be the most harmful of all. The cultivation of science without religion will always become pregnant with the sort of cynicism which once brought Greek thinking to a despairing close, from which the reintroduction of religion alone revived it. It is this very sort of cynicism which increasingly characterizes the intellectual life of the twentieth century. For the health of human thought, religious experience needs consideration by our universities.

The words 'religious experience' seem better to use here than the word 'religion,' because that word 'religion' is apt to be divorced from experience and given a derivative meaning. Religion is not itself a philosophy of religion, a formulation of religion, an organization of religion. Dogma, while immensely important, is actually a generalization of religious experience. Ecclesiastical organization is significant only because it is an attempt to preserve opportunities for religious experience. Religion is a way of living in terms of contact with Reality, personally conceived. If we do not give to men a knowledge of the technique involved in religious experience, we deprive them of part of their birthright.

There are many people to whom such statements as these will have no meaning whatever. Their minds are closed; they are fantastic and fanatic in their intellectual lopsidedness. There is no use discussing with such persons the place of religion in an educational programme. But there are many, increasingly more, who will realize the truth of what has been said. Among them will be found not merely church people but many who have no connection with any church; not merely ecclesiastical enthusiasts, but also poets, philosophers, non-behavioristic psychologists, and a good many of the most eminent scientists; people who see life without bias, who realize that religion is not magic, not merely morality, but rather a seeking for what the mind cannot otherwise grasp. Perhaps we may hope for a day when such persons may determine the policies of our American institutions of higher learning.

WANT A LIFT?

The Fellowship of the Open Road

BY OWEN TWEEDY

WHAT is there in the road that has ever made it the traditional home of romance and excitement? A certain man goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho and falls among thieves; King Cophetua meets his beggar maid, and Simple Simon his Pieman; Dick Whittington hears Bow Bells and turns again, and Dick Turpin rides to York; the Kellys range the Australian Bush, and the long trail of covered wagons lurch and creak their way into the Middle West. The road does make history.

But already I can see you shrugging your shoulders at me.

'This man,' you will say, 'is a romanticist and his tales are old wives' tales of days when the world was unsophisticated; when romance lurked excitingly round every corner; when life was cheap and passions ran high; when there were no motors or telephones, nor flying squads or gangsters. He may be picturesque with his Road of Romance, but he is very definitely old-fashioned. To-day the road, far from being a fierce highway of dramatic humanity, has deteriorated into being but a sophisticated cog in our appallingly materialistic world. And, into the bargain, the death which it daily breeds is no longer even elegant. No; the road is now sordid and its spirit is as dead as Queen Anne, in whose days this man seems to think he still lives. This is the twentieth century, and the road is just a public utility; and, as such, I pay for it and use it, and from it I demand service. Its surface is smooth and shiny to spare my back springs, not to mirror life.' And then, after this sprightly sally, you will once more shrug your shoulders — this time until your ears almost meet your collar: 'But, of course, the man is Irish, and every Irishman has a kink.'

I could argue with you, but I won't; for the argumentative Irishman is a bellicose fellow, and I want to convince you to my way of thinking without strife. So I will merely — and I expect most annoyingly — state a fact and proceed to prove it. The spirit of the road is not dead; and the road is still the Road of Adventure and the mirror of the times and the setting of countless unwritten human dramas.

But do not imagine that it reveals itself to an eight-cylindered limousine doing its fifty miles an hour over a run of two hundred miles. The road has to be wooed, and the wooing must be gentle and unflurried. And that is where my luck comes in. I travel gently and without flurry. I take no credit. I have never been able to afford a good car. My transport reaches me at eighth or ninth hand, rattles along — downhill — at a maximum of thirty miles an hour, and is normally paintless and never cleaned. So I have no

superiority complex on the road, and as a result no one is ever shy of me or my car. And that is what suits me.

Every lecturer leads a roving life, — here to-day, gone to-morrow, — with long stretches to be covered between one engagement and another and long tedium if he travels alone. And I hate to be companionless; for, with silence around me, I am inclined to wilt into unprofitable introspection and dumps. So I never travel long without a passenger, and my passengers belong to the great post-war army of the unemployed.

As I write, I am suddenly assailed with the thought that what I am saying sounds terribly priggish; so I hasten to add that I advance no claims as a Good Samaritan. My passengers give me far more than I give them. 'Want a lift?' — and in twenty miles I have learned something about the life I share with them which I should never have found in the columns of any of our journals or in any Parliamentary Paper, Blue or Pink or White or Green. That smooth surface which spares my back springs just as much as yours is still the mirror of life as it really is.

I

The Cambridge Fens are not unlike the Landes in France, and from afar the old man might have been a Gascon peasant. And what was odder still was that, when I caught him up, he was just like Clemenceau — stocky and square-shouldered, with Clemenceau's bushy eyebrows and straggling white moustache. Even his shapeless cap reminded me of Clemenceau's curious headdresses. Then he spoke, and the French illusion was gone. He was from Manchester, and his accent was broad Lancashire, full and hoarse.

I had a bit of bother getting him aboard, as his knees were stiff with old age, and he apologized gruffly for the trouble he was giving.

'When you're old,' he gasped, 'the stiffness won't wear off. And this morning I am properly stiff, no mistake. Last night at that workhouse nearly did me in. Bare boards and three thin blankets and forty of us — all sorts — crammed into one ward anyhow. I did sleep; but, Lord, the aches this morning! It's not right. Pigs are better bedded than we were. A bad place and a bad master over it. I met one fellow there who was nought but a prisoner. The master found that he was good in the garden and just would n't let him out; and when he struck, and said he would n't turn another shovelful, the master cut his food, and in the end he had to go back to the digging. He was a decent fellow, too; but once you become a workhouse lag it 's all up. In some ways, though, the place might have been worse. We were left with our 'baccy and the water was hot, though not a bit of soap would they give us to wash our clothes. Then, after the bath, I was sent along a stone corridor in my old bare feet with only a shirt on. I'm cold yet.'

He shivered and took my rug gratefully. 'Of course,' he went on, 'we can't expect hotels or even comfortable doss houses when it's all free. But things could be better. And do you know why they are n't? It's because of the real tramps, — the pros, — them as have n't done a day's work in their lives and aren't ever going to. Loafers, I call them; and you should hear their language and see the dirt. They're the ones who make life hell for the rest of us on the road. But why should the Government make the workhouses comfortable or respectable for the likes of them? They've never done a hand's turn for the Government or anyone else. But we suffer. I don't grumble.

I'm old and useless, and if I'm still going I'll be getting an old-age pension next New Year. But it's the lads I'm sorry for — meeting those toughs, sleeping with them, listening to them, learning from them. That's no life for lads. They ought to work, and most of them want to work; but the long and short of it is there's no work — no; and there won't never be none. So what have they to look forward to? Hiking weeks and months and years to find work which is n't there; and in the end — you mark my words — they'll become pros themselves — tens of thousands of them. That's what England is coming to. You'll see it; you're young. Thank God, I'll be dead and buried.

'And now the dole is cut. I'm a bit of a politician, — Manchester, you know; up there we're all politicians, — and I don't say that the cut was n't right. Lots of them were drawing the dole who had no claim at all. But they've axed that lot out of it now, and only the genuines remain — the likes of me and, of course, the lads. And for us, now, the old rates ought to be put back. What is fifteen bob a week? It's all gone in five days, no matter how one scrapes. So two days out of every seven it's either beg or starve. It makes me mad, and the lads are all becoming Bolshie. And no wonder!

'But I've only myself to blame. I had a job, and then the missus died, and without her the home went to pot. I've two sons, — both in work, — but they were no company of a night and I went on the drink, and the sons cut up rough when I came in sozzled; and then I lost my job — booze — and they got fed up. And so I cleared out. I've been six months on the road now, and I'm through the worst of the winter and odd jobs are easier to find in the summer time; and then, next New Year, I get my old-age pension. But it's a pretty rotten end-up after being decent all my life. I used to pay rates and have a vote. But it's all my own fault.'

'But can't your sons help you?' I asked.

He gave me a long look, and a hardness crept into his voice.

'No,' he said; 'and I can't ask them. I'd be ashamed after all I did after the missus died. I made their home a merry hell for them. I could n't go back and beg. I'm too proud; and, after all, I've not so many more years to run.'

II

Spring was on the move, and I was sitting on the step of the car by a birch copse which was just beginning to burst, when I heard 'John Peel' loudly whistled and perfectly in tune. Round the corner came a man of about sixty-five, short, fairly erect, and beautifully shaved. As he passed me, he touched his hat and wished me the time of day.

I asked him where he was going. He was making for Oxford. Was I going that way and would I give him a lift? I was; and over the remainder of my packet of sandwiches he told me that he had been an ostler, but horses were no good now and the likes of him had no chance.

'I'm too old to be a chauffeur, and the old lady whose cob I looked after for five years died on me the other day, and her place was sold up and no one wants me.'

'But you won't find any horses in Oxford,' I said.

'Maybe no. But that's only a stage. I'm really going to Brighton. There was a gentleman I knew in one place I was in, a Major Parke; and when he left he gave me a good tip, — I was with a jobbing master then, — and he told me that he had got too old to hunt

and was going to settle in Brighton. So I'm going there to see if I can find him and ask him for a job.'

'But that was long ago, if you were five years with the old lady. Do you think you'll find Major Parke?'

'Maybe yes, maybe no. Anyhow, Brighton is not far from Eastbourne, and the Little Sisters of the Poor are there; and they won't shut the gate in my face. They are all right for the likes of me at my age. They will give me somewhere to sleep, and they will give me food to eat and clothes to wear, and I'll work for them in the garden or anywhere; and when I'm dead they'll give me a shroud and say a prayer for me — and that is all I can be expecting these days. It is the women who are good to us; and when I get to Oxford it's to some more women I'm going. There is a place there — I don't know the name of it, but I know where it is, because a fellow told me last night in the barn where I slept that they were all right, and that if I went there, and could say the Lord's Prayer, they would give me a cup of tea and some bread and butter, and maybe a bit of meat; and that I could stay by the fire and they would give me somewhere to sleep until I was ready to go on in the morning. That's a decent sort of place.'

'But,' I said, 'you're a Catholic, are n't you? And your Lord's Prayer, you know, is in Latin. The ladies won't want that.'

'Well, I thought of that,' he replied. 'But last night in the barn the man knew the English way, and we had a go at it together, and I think I remember it all right. But you're a Protestant, are n't you? Perhaps you would hear me say it over, to see that I don't make any mistakes.'

He made lots — especially about forgiving us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; but he slogged hard at it, and I got quite as keen as he was, until eventually, after about an hour, he had it pretty well all right.

Then we talked of other things: of horses and the season he had spent over in Ireland; of wars — his was the South African War. And then, suddenly, he seemed to become preoccupied. After a long pause, he turned to me.

'Did n't I see on that last signpost, "Oxford 3 miles"? It's getting a bit close and I'm feeling a bit nervous over that Lord's Prayer. It would be terrible if I did n't get through after all and had to go to the workhouse. Would you mind trying it over again with me?'

So the two of us did the Lord's Prayer solidly until we got well into the Banbury Road. He then asked me to go slow, because the place where the ladies were was up a side street. After two false alarms we got into the right road, and he made me his last request.

'You've been so good to me that I'm ashamed to pester you any more; but would it be too much to ask you to wait near by for a quarter of an hour while I go within? You see, they'll put me at the Lord's Prayer straightaway, and if I make a mess of it, and they won't let me stay, I'll be out in a quarter of an hour; and perhaps if you were waiting you could take me on to Reading, where there is another lot of old ladies who run the same sort of party down there; and if I've made mistakes here, you and I between us could correct them between this and Reading.'

I stopped the car down a little lane, three doors from the house of the charitable ladies. The old man got out.

'I wonder,' he said, 'is it "good-bye" or only "so long"?'

It was good-bye. I heard the door close behind him, and I gave him half

an hour instead of the quarter he had asked. But he did n't come out again. He had proved a credit to my tuition.

III

He hailed my car between Newhaven and Lewes, and I was at once interested. His strong flaxen beard was neatly trimmed; his eyes were blue; and there was something clean and rollicking in his face which made me think that he had heard the call of the sea. Only the square black box which he balanced on his knee beside me puzzled me. It was not a sailor's box, and I suggested that he might be more comfortable if he put it on the back seat. His reply was frank, if not particularly gracious.

'Your back springs are too rough, and I'm taking no risks,' he said. 'The box would get bumped to bits back there.'

That was that, and I said nothing. It was the way to make him talk; and, sure enough, after bearing my indifference for perhaps ten minutes, 'Ever seen a box like this?' he said. 'It's my own patent; I made it myself. I used to be a cobbler.'

The box opened in two like a Gladstone bag. One side was partitioned into pigeonholes of all sizes and shapes, and each pigeonhole was full. In one was a cake of soap, in another a sponge, in another a nailbrush, in a fourth a hairbrush and comb. And dovetailed among these larger compartments were smaller slots full of different-colored chalks. Strapped into the other side of the box was a clarionet in two sections. I congratulated my friend and told him I could read his character from his box. 'A man of parts,' I said; 'and you certainly know how to look after your things. And you follow the arts?' He gave me a slow smile of condescension.

'Not bad,' he replied. 'I gave up being a cobbler two years ago, because they said that my lungs were going and that I must try an open-air life. Nowadays I get quite as much open air as I want. Of course, I don't sleep out. I don't need to. Now that I am getting known in my district as a clean man, I never have any trouble about getting good lodgings cheap. But the open air is no fun in weather like yesterday. Were you out in that storm? It came down like hell in Newhaven, where I was, and ruined my week-end.'

I told him that my week-end had been ruined, too, and that I had had to stay indoors all day.

'It's easy to see that you don't have to work for your living,' he retorted contemptuously. 'I had to stay out of doors all day, playing my clarionet outside the pubs; and my hands got so cold that I could hardly play a note. Not that that made much difference. In that weather everybody stayed in their houses and the pubs had just as bad a time as I had. I only made one and ninepence in two days. The week before I was at Seaford and made twelve bob.'

I asked him if he had always been fond of music.

'Never touched a note until a year ago, when another street artist, who was fed up with the clarionet and wanted to buy a saxophone on the hire system, swapped his clarionet with me for a pair of boots.'

'And did he teach you how to play?'

'Oh, no. No one ever taught me how to play. I play by ear and I know about ten tunes. I play them one after the other, and when they're finished I start all over again.'

'And what tunes do you find go down best?'

'Well, that depends on where I am. At a place like Seaford, when the

weather is good, all the old ladies are sitting out on the free seats on the Front and I give them a bit of *Trovatore* and Tosti and "Pale Hands." They like that sort of stuff. Once an old lady asked for "Good-bye" twice, and gave me half a crown. I told her to make it another bob and I'd play it four times. But the pubs want different sort of stuff. You've got to study them like the old ladies. There are ex-service pubs. I give them "Tipperary" and "Pack Up Your Troubles"; and because Newhaven is on the sea, yesterday I played nothing but "Tom Bowling" and "All the Nice Girls." Give each of them what they want and they pay. But, as a matter of fact, I'm getting fed up with this clarionet. It requires a lot of wind, and it's blooming hard to blow on a cold day, and there is blooming little noise even when you do blow. If I get a chance, I'm going to sell it and get a concertina. That plays itself.'

'Does it?' I queried. 'You've tried?'

He gave me another of his condescending smiles.

'No, but I'm all right on a mouth organ, and it's the same idea — suck and blow. I've always said to myself that I could make a concertina talk. Do you play anything?'

I told him that I could play the piano quite well with my right hand.

'You'd be no good in my line,' he shrugged. 'You can't cart pianos about with you.'

I preferred to change the subject.

'I saw those chalks in your box,' I began.

'Well, I paint a bit.'

'Pavement artist?'

'When I'm not a musician. Over the week-ends, when the pubs are full, I play; the rest of the time I draw at the street corner. But the profession is getting a bit crowded. Not that it matters to me much, because I'm well known now and have a regular beat. Everywhere I have a pitch of my own, and if the others know that I'm about there's no poaching. As a matter of fact, they're scared of me. About two months after I started on the game, a fellow pinched a bit of pavement I'd been working on; so I socked him one in the eye and told him to have a good look at my face and never to get the wrong side of it again. Since then I've had no trouble. You see, if you go in for being a street artist you get to know everybody and everybody gets to know you; and if you stand no nonsense and pay your bills in the lodging houses you will always be respected, and other fellows won't try to jump you.'

'But do you always get into lodging houses? Don't you ever have to go to the workhouse?'

'Never been in one in my life. They're too rough for me. Not that lodging houses are n't a bit rough, too, sometimes. But I look after myself. It's the only way; otherwise everything gets pinched. When I started, if a fellow asked me the loan of my soap in the morning I used to lend it to him, and five times out of six I never got it back. That's why I keep it in a little box of its own. The same with the toothbrush — not that anybody's ever asked me to borrow that. So one way and another I've made good, and I don't know that one day or another I won't settle down and marry. I met a woman the other week who wanted to marry me. She danced a bit and played the bones, and we might have made a sort of touring show. But I found out that she was a bit close with her money. I told her I'd take her on if she paid me five pounds down on the nail. Then it was all off.'

We parted company in a village, and as it was noon, and very hot, I sug-

gested that he should have a pint of beer with me.

'Never touch a drop before evening,' he said. 'Gives me the hiccoughs — and no one can play the clarionet with the hiccoughs.'

IV

My old car was cruising along at its modest maximum speed when suddenly, about three hundred yards ahead, a black figure emerged from the hedge, advanced into the very middle of the road, and proceeded to honor me and the car with a tolerable imitation of the Fascist Salute of Ceremony. I naturally drew up, and was at once accosted in broad Lancashire by a gaunt and weather-beaten woman of perhaps forty-five, who looked as though she had seen the wine when it was red pretty consistently during the last ten years of her life. I opened the door of the front seat to take her in; but she demurred.

'No. Back seat for me. I'm a woman.'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'All right, and you'll be bumped to blazes. Though why you should be afraid of me I don't know. I'm looking after myself just as much as you're looking after yourself.' And I kept the front door swinging.

She gave me a good grin. 'Well, you sound all right. I don't mind if I do.' And in she clambered.

'It's poor fun being a woman on the road these days. Did you see those two louts in that village we passed just now, grinning and nudging each other when they saw me alongside of you? I could have got out and clouted them. Oh, some men are no good. That's why I keep myself to myself. It pays. Once you become one of *them*, it's all up with you. No, not for this girl. Not that I've not had lots of chances, and good-looking fellows, too; but, as I say, I was married proper in a church, and none of your easy virtue for me.'

'What happened to your husband?' I asked.

'God knows. He's a sailor. I got fed up with him. He was a terror for the booze.'

'Any children?'

'Dead. There was only one, and while we had him things were n't too bad and my man did give me a bit to keep the home together. Then the kid died, and he said it was my fault and put me out on the street. Drunk, of course. I never went back. He'd only have beaten me more. That's ten year gone and I've tramped all the time. And if I have drunk a bit myself when I had the chance, it's his fault. The dirty dog, to turn a woman out of her home! But I've kept my wedding ring. It reminds me of the kid. Croup, you know. Took him off in three days. Dearie me, I often wonder whether, if he'd grown up, he'd ever have been big enough to give his father one or two for me. He was a grand baby.'

As she talked, she gazed straight ahead with her hands resting one on each knee, and now she was silent, but her pose remained, and for a quarter of an hour neither of us spoke. Then we came in sight of the town whither I was bound.

'I'll have to put you down here,' I said. 'Sorry.'

'You live here?'

'Near by.'

'Then you're known, once we get in.'

I nodded.

'Well, then, I think I'll get out here outside the place. You've been decent to me, and it would be a poor way to pay you back if some friend of yours saw us together and took me for a gay one. Besides, it would n't do me any good, either. Good-bye.'

V

I was well on my way to making London by nightfall when my much-tried old car suddenly elected to give up the ghost. For ten minutes I vainly strove to bring it back to life, and I was getting pretty desperate when a young man, clean and tidily dressed and carrying a sack over his shoulder, overtook me. 'Let me have a try,' he said amiably. I was only too willing. He was efficiency and energy personified, and in two minutes the car was again roaring.

'Going to London?' I said. 'Want a lift?'

He put his sack into the back with studied care. 'That's all I've got left and I'm taking good care of it. I've just gone on the dole and I want to get off it; but unless I can keep myself tidy, what chance have I of another job?'

He had just left a big motor company in the Midlands after four years with them, and I expressed surprise that a firm that was apparently so popular should be cutting down its staff.

'Oh, don't think that I got the sack. I gave it. Mass production breaks a fellow's heart. Anybody can do the job so long as he has eyes in his head and ten fingers and a bit of sense. It's a kid's job and kid's pay, and it's kids they're using. I went in when I was fourteen. At my bench the job was to fit the same four bolts, day in, day out. At first I was a bit clumsy, but in the end I could do it with my eyes shut. But I never did anything else. At the end of the first year I got a rise — not much, but something — and another after two years more. Then, after another twelve months, I went and asked for some more. They were quite civil, said there were no complaints against me, but that I had reached the maximum of my job and that, although they did n't want to lose me, there would be no more rises for me. And next day my place was taken by another fourteen-year-old at the same wages as I had to start with, and I suppose in another four years he'll get the sack or give it. What sort of a job is that for a fellow who wants to get on? And I want to get on. And that's why I'm on the dole. In a way it's better than doing kid's work all your life. But I tell you I'm fed up — fed up.'

'What does your trade-union say about it?'

'Oh, they're no good. They don't care what sort of a job we've got — whether it's a trap or what it is — so long as they draw their salaries. I'm fed up with the whole lot of them, and I'm fed up with England. Who's going to help me? Ramsay MacDonald? He can only talk. Baldwin? He's so scared of all the high-and-mighties about him that he only feels safe when he's spouting the Bible. And those Labor Exchanges. The one at Coventry was just like a blasted club. There were about four youngsters at the desks, smoking and as sleek as be damned, — clean nails, clean collars, coats that button either way, — and not one of them had ever done a tap of work in his life. In the room I went into a lot of old stiffs, who had never been off the dole, were sort of dropping in to have a crack with the clerks; and it was "George" this and "George" that and "See you next week, old cock." When my turn came, a Piccadilly Johnnie buzzed a lot of papers at me and asked me a lot of questions I could n't answer; and in the end all I got out of it was that my name would be put on a list — and then the fellow lit another cigarette. I was a fool, perhaps. I got wild and told him to go to hell; and then two of the old stiffs

hoofed me out of the place and told me not to queer everybody's pitch. And now I'm padding it to London. You don't want a chauffeur, I suppose?'

I told him that I could n't afford one, and that anyhow a car like mine did n't deserve one.

'No,' he replied. 'I knew you were n't one of the rich ones. My God, sometimes I hate them! They can mess up things any old how and always get another chance. We never get a chance at all.'

VI

The old woman wore a rusty old hat; her coat had once trailed a manorial lawn at a garden fête; her full and bunchy skirt dragged noisily in the dust; and in the crook of her arm she carried a big basket. She was tall but bent, and as she plodded along her feet kicked up the dust as though she were very tired. I drew up and gave her a hail. She crossed the road and put her basket down on my running board, and asked, in a voice which came from Cork: 'And is it laces that you'll be wanting?'

I gave her what I thought was a winning smile. 'That's a grand Irish voice you have, ma'am, and I hope you'll be letting me give you a lift to wherever you're going.'

She bent toward me. 'What's that you're saying?'

I repeated my offer.

Her faced blazed with passion and she snatched her basket from the running board.

'Me ride with the likes of you? Me, a respectable woman? So that's what you're after with your smooth tongue and foxy face. Here, take that, you dirty spalpeen!' — and she gave me a terrific box on the ear. 'And now get you gone with you before I lay my hands on you again. You an Irishman? You're a dying disgrace to the mother that bore you, you with your dirty tricks!'

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

BY VIRGINIA HERSCH

I

FROM the window of the hotel bedroom where she sat darning, Mrs. Karr could see them scattered over the Moret countryside — her husband painting by the Seine, their two sons, who had carried his canvas and his easel, strolling back. (Magnificent boys, she thought, healthy and healthy-minded, as Americans should be.) Now they stopped by the river. They were taking off their clothes. June should be warm enough for swimming. Moreover, she studied the sky — clear blue with fragile clouds. Sunshine made the leaves transparent, and she decided it must be really hot outside, for there below her, across the broad, green garden, Frieda Thompson read and dried her hair.

Mrs. Karr glanced at her watch. 'Frieda,' she shouted, 'is n't it time your young man arrived from Paris?'

Frieda looked up, hand to ear.

'Fred's train is due from Paris now, and we are not more than ten or fifteen minutes from the station.'

Frieda shook her head and spread her hands, pantomiming that she could not hear.

Perhaps she could n't. There was a breeze. You could see it lifting strands of the girl's long, blond hair while the mass dropped, like a waterfall at twilight, around her, to the ground. Mrs. Karr admired it. She even thought it a shame there are so few ways to show magnificent hair these days. So that was it! Her hands plumped to her lap. Yes, that was why Frieda had 'forgotten' to wash it yesterday. She had planned to be 'discovered' in this pose.

Mrs. Karr turned back to her mending. She was mad.

Frieda was one of her husband's art-school pupils — his favorite, perhaps, but his interest was purely in her work. Mrs. Karr had made sure of this before she agreed to let her come with them to Europe. The girl was safely older than her sons, a quiet, serious, skinny little thing. Mrs. Karr had not foreseen the probability of her picking up a man until she actually met Fred Hale at the United States Students' and Artists' Club. Fred was a solid enough, nice fellow, working at the Sorbonne for his doctorate, and he certainly made life more amusing for everyone; but, while Mrs. Karr admitted it could have been much worse, she began to worry over her responsibilities. What with their being so far from home . . . what with the new ways of the younger generation . . . She had tried to discuss it with Frieda, saying, 'Since I am your chaperon . . .'

She finished the darn, shoved her hand into another sock, remembering how Frieda had looked when she straightened and, with head thrown back, answered, 'Mrs. Karr, you need not be afraid. I won't disgrace you.' She had been like a child, with tight braids wound close to her head, like a

boy child with her breastless figure, and Mrs. Karr remembered her own voice, 'That is not what I meant, dear,' and Frieda's cold, hard, 'Thank you.'

She studied the sock on her hand. Cotton. Her husband's. She could use a thicker strand.

Well, what could she have said, she wondered. She had made no reply, and after a pause Frieda turned and walked away, wilting a little, though, as she went out, the points of her shoulder blades showing through the thin stuff of her blouse. But there was nothing to say. She had been unwilling to criticize her husband to a pupil who admired him, and she was right, although the thing on her mind was the parallel of this affair with her own marriage.

II

Who, she asked herself, was Frieda's Fred Hale anyway? He was ambitious to be a teacher, the career her own George Karr had accepted as a defeat. And what was this little flirtation compared with her own romance?

She and George had met in Munich, as these two met in Paris. She was an art student, he already an artist, who sometimes came to the life class, but merely to draw from the model. She remembered the stir and turning the first time he entered the room and someone pointed him out as the man who was exhibiting at the Frankheim Galleries. She had not dreamed he noticed her until the day he crossed the studio with some sketches he had made, not of the model, but of herself, and said, 'I got it in this one, the change in your face as you painted! Look. You flushed, and see how I caught the sense of that in the outline, in the fullness of your parted lips and in your half-closed eyes! I'm proud of it. This one is not as good, but I love it, because it shows the thing that made me decide we are going to be friends, your breaking down and crying as you cleaned your palette.'

She had laughed.

That was a long time ago. Their honeymoon hike through Bavaria was long ago, too. Then came her hysterical discovery that she was with child, their return to America, the crowds of people there, who lionized the artist, fed him and entertained him more than he wished, but bought nothing, or very little, and at last offered him a teaching job. He had to take it, as he had to make a living, but he hated it. 'Defining where I should be searching,' he would rant, 'talking and talking and repeating and repeating things that never can be said. It's stultifying.'

Well, he had handed her a job she did not like, either. Within a year after George, Jr., came John. Imperceptibly their love changed. As to the free life of Bohemia, their fine dreams only brought her brooms, dish mops, and darning, like any laborer's wife. Worse — because she had not been born to it. She did not want her mother to be ashamed. She did not want to give her friends the pleasure of pitying her. The free life of Bohemia! It amounted to George's being received, although he went around with a bow tie and patched clothes, and not because he liked to, but because he could not pay for better things.

There was no question of her keeping up her art work any more. True, it had been a relief at first to play at sacrificing her own life, whereas really she had convinced herself that she could never paint. Later she began to doubt her inability. It came with a weakening of George's certainty, with the realization that doubt is part of every creative artist's life. It had been unfair to hold her to that phase. Oh yes, it had been fun, while hanging fresh-washed clothes, to say, 'It takes two lives to

make one artist,' but when she went into the house with the wind still blowing through her eyes and looked at some of her first paintings, when George's friends admired them, and when she watched her husband work and work, and stop, dissatisfied, then work some more, though he was tired, work himself into despair, she lost faith along with him. Gradually she lost interest in whatever faith remained. The promise of a brilliant future is normally a child's gift to its parents, and now that she had borne children Mrs. Karr quite simply and quite naturally wanted her husband to be all man.

Moreover, the small success Karr enjoyed depended on flattering rich women. That meant she had to entertain them, knowing they despised her. Yes, not only his pupils and his artist friends, but also these simpering, overdressed dolls despised her. The man was the peacock in her family, the spoiled, exquisite creature, and she knew what everybody thought of her. Not good enough.

Not good enough, indeed! The memory of her own neglected talent tortured her, and after a long, slow, inner letting down she began to nag at her husband. 'The free life of Bohemia,' she would sniff, 'to think how people envy it!'

'Which shows envy is foolish,' he replied. 'People get exactly what they are. You, for instance, Matilda dear, would hang lace curtains in your windows if I took you to the North Pole.'

That was only half true, she decided, weaving her careful darn, and the truth in it was justified because socks wear out in Moret quicker than in America. Half truths are more dangerous than lies. All he had taught her, all they had believed together, led to grave mistakes. They both had been mistaken, yes, mistaken about life.

She bit off a thread.

III

It was done. It was done now, she thought, and she would protect her boys. What if people criticized her for the way she dressed them? People criticized her for everything she did, and her sons had the right to look as well as their cousins — the right and a greater necessity, for her brother was a banker. She made the boys speak gently and respectfully to their dad, but she taught them not to follow in his path. She would not have their strength and courage give way to resignation and even (to face it squarely) to a desire for defeat. Yes, she had to admit, all the tremendous force that had made George Karr's sureness turned, and drove him irrevocably toward defeat. Give him an opportunity, and still he'd fail.

Take now, for instance. She was willing to grant that teaching might be stultifying, but he had been given a sabbatical year. Six months of it had passed, and he was still brushing in the stencil of abortive theories (his own admission) here, exactly as he had done at home. He claimed everything was against him. But everything was for him, she sighed, wishing she had kept up her own work.

'Just look out of the window,' she said aloud.

Sunshine washed the green of trees down to the green of the river until the whole view was seen as through an emerald. Halfway between her and the place where her husband painted, their two sons swam. She watched the flash of their white bodies arc with the brightness of leaping fish as they dived into the water, to mill about, climb up, and dive again, and she knew her husband would not notice. No, he would paint the same old joyless landscape, he was so set on failure now.

It was from this sort of beating down,

Mrs. Karr told herself, that, in her generosity, she had tried to save the girl. She had sniffed the seriousness of the love affair with Fred. It was patent in every action, the effort Frieda made in the young man's presence, always like a cat settling herself to spring, precisely like a cat, even to the wriggle of her shoulder blades. Thus she had delayed the washing of her hair in order to show it off. Then, let her go. Oh, let her go. (She carefully matched a pearl-gray thread to Junior's fine silk sock.) Only, Frieda seemed so happy it was pitiful.

She considered marching out now, saying, 'Think twice, child. You, who are so ambitious, do you believe you could be satisfied married to a man whose work consisted in training others to do real work?' Only the chit might answer impudently, and be within her right. The inference was against Mr. Karr, and Frieda worshiped him.

Yes, she did, and as fast as she found her feline ways she tried them out on him. Possibly that was unjust, Mrs. Karr decided, weaving another stitch; it might only be that George Karr had seen, as she, Matilda Karr, had seen, something fascinating in this first flowering of a girl's emotions. 'Opening tenderly, tremblingly,' he had said, and laughed, 'exactly like a sea anemone, preparing to shut on a foot and drown a man.'

Well, he had best be careful not to get his foot caught too, she thought. It was like the defeatist in him to have noticed Frieda as a woman only when she blossomed for another.

And the boys . . . She could see them in midstream, talking to a fisherman. He shoved off, she supposed because they had ruined all chance for any catch. . . . Her sons in this affair were like little children watching candy made. Not quite old enough for their own loves, they served the girl and followed the man, goodness knows why. They said because he spoke French perfectly and told them things about the country, but Mrs. Karr was afraid it was just because they liked the smell of a romance.

IV

She heard a whistled song, made out someone walking from the station with a suitcase in his hand, and recognized Fred, not so much by his person as from the way Frieda behaved at the sound — rearranged her towel, fluffed her hair, and turned back to her reading with too much intensity. Yes, he would 'accidentally' find her exactly as she had planned. Now. The gate was opening. He called her name before she rose, and she had not tottered two steps when he stood beside her, kissing her hand. Frieda spoke. Fred glanced toward the window. Both laughed and walked together to fetch him a chair.

Mrs. Karr felt as though she had been slapped in the face. She moved back from the window and it was less convenient to see, less convenient to sew, but she would not have them suspect her of spying. Her hand trembled, as little by little she worked her way to the light again. She glanced out rarely now, only from time to time, but continually wondered what they talked about. Once she saw him toying with her hair, and was reminded of the day she and George arranged their first studio. After everything was cleaned and put in place, she had taken the towel off her head, and he fumbled with the pins until her hair came down and his hands were tangled in it, he pretended inextricably, and they had planned, planned—things that never happened, things that were dependent on his becoming a famous artist. Ah!

Now the two sons flung into the garden. Junior whipped out his bath towel and started to rub Frieda's hair.

Her shrill shriek pierced the room, and Mrs. Karr, leaning from the window, saw Fred chase the boy and take the towel from him. Glad enough to be caught, young George; glad enough, both George and John, to sit on the grass at the feet of those two!

'Junior!' the boys' mother shouted. 'John!' Why should she let their presence interfere with the courtship? 'Junior!' Again no one answered. Impossible to make her voice carry, not only across the distance, but through the laughter and the buzzing of the men, while Frieda sat as still and silent as a narcissus flower, and as deceitfully self-loving, her head bowed, her hands now and then tossing her glorious hair.

It must be lunch time, for Mr. Karr was coming home along the river path, slouching like a laborer under his load of paint box, canvas, easel. If only he would hold himself erect! If only — oh, if only he had become the famous artist he had promised her, she would not be here now, shut in her room, darning, darning socks, and hating, hating, hating! No, she would still be lovely and sweet-tempered, with a richer attractiveness than that minx below.

There. He was in the garden showing her his picture. Look, they stood in a group while she talked, head to one side, making little motions, pointing to a spot and straightening, going back to it again, obviously giving criticism and advice or easy praise, and Mr. Karr as obviously was enjoying it. Yes, the defeatist in him would be sure to care for the brat now, would be sure to notice that her hands were long and delicate and white, whereas her own . . . It was his fault. If he had earned a decent living, her own would still be fine. Her figure would not be so heavy. But could he like that skinny girl? He had liked her work before they started. He had thought her intelligent, still did, in spite of her silly tricks. Now she walked close to the picture, now backed away, threw her arms out, as though to make some sweeping statement. And George Karr gestured toward her. His face broke into words and chuckles. The men turned from the painting to where Frieda stood, the sun throwing a halo on her hair, and she all gold and white before them, like a laughing saint.

V

Karr left them and came into the house. Mrs. Karr heard him singing softly up the stairs and supposed he would go to his room, as usual, and put the picture down without so much as showing it to her — this although she had studied art before Frieda was born.

She was mistaken. She heard her husband moving near, heard the scratch of his hanging the canvas on the wall at her back. Then he came up behind her and kissed her, kissed her as he had not done in years, and, taking her chair and herself in his arms, turned them to face the painting.

She stared. It was different, a different kind of work. Streamers of glowing sunshine swung down to the river, while the water seemed to arch and meet them, sensuous as a cat, and through the sea of gold and green the boys' bright bodies sprang and splashed, but they were too thin to be her boys. Mrs. Karr leaned forward. The face of the nearer one was only a tiny splotch.

The artist said, 'I'm proud of this. I got it here. . . .'

Only a tiny splotch, but that splotch was Frieda.

Still Karr talked: 'I got what I wanted, the joy and the youth of the season, its innocent sensuality; I got . . .' The old note of confidence.

Mrs. Karr did not know what she did.

Her husband told Frieda afterward, 'She simply went on with her darning. But she pulled the thread till it broke.'

THE REBOUND FROM PROSPERITY

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

MORALE is a curious thing. There is no factor more vital to the success of individuals or communities; and there is no factor more difficult to define or to secure. In the armies of the Great War it showed itself in very various ways. For the British it was intimately associated with certain standards of form and appearance. A man who ceased to keep himself as clean as circumstances permitted, who neglected to shave, to shine his buttons and his boots when he could, was in danger; neglect those symptoms, and within a week the man might be shell-shocked and raving. The French were different. Their trenches might look like deserted fairgrounds and their *poilus* like hoboes on vacation; yet out of this apparent mess and confusion they would leap like panthers and fight like devils. What Mussolini did for the Italians, after the collapse of 1918, was to put the nation on parade. To the rest of us it seemed that there was a lot of unnecessary swagger and flag waving; but it restored the national morale — the one thing, the basic thing, the liberals could not do. Without that achievement, and all it cost, the nation would probably have lapsed into anarchy.

For morale is no less a factor in peace than in war. Peace has its trials as well as its triumphs; the triumphs are rarer, and the trials more protracted. And democracy — which implies the sacred right of people to make fools of themselves — has before now landed considerable nations in situations to which their morale was not equal. The United States may be in such a situation to-day; it would not be surprising.

Most people's minds are full of the trade depression and the slump in securities; but consider what went before. The war hysteria lasted longer in America than elsewhere, inasmuch as it was more extravagant at the outset. As late as 1925, Germans were being cut in socially respectable circles. Then came a reaction that is now equally extravagant. One hears Americans everywhere saying that they were tricked into entering the war, that they were merely fooled when they thought they were fighting for a cause, that the whole thing was a diplomatic swindle or a Wall Street conspiracy — depressing notions even if true, which they are not. The defeat of Wilson inflicted a deeper wound on American self-respect than is even yet realized — including the self-respect of those who differed from him. For Wilson stood, after all, for the one constructive idea that the chaos threw up. It was then, it is still, the League and the Court or nothing. American liberals are still squirming in that dilemma. American diplomacy has ever since been on the defensive — a trying position for morale, even if justified.

And if the average man could forget all that, — as he has tried to do, — he could not ignore the blow to national self-esteem inflicted by Harding and the Ohio gang. That the Republican Party survived it is a reflection on Democratic leadership rather than on the popular conscience.

By that time the depression of the West had set in. But Western politics has never yet produced a man well enough equipped to give Western problems their true place in the national economy. Even the older La Follette failed completely to unite agrarian discontent with Eastern liberalism. The agrarian issue became once more the prey of sectionalism and economic fallacy; liberalism took a bitter lesson in its own inadequacy. The vested interests of the East persuaded themselves, as they had done before, that they could maintain an indefinite prosperity while the West went bankrupt. The East alone was in touch with the true causes of Western depression; it chose to ignore them. Now it has landed where the West landed four years ago. And even in the ditch there is no unanimity.

The situation, and the record, might well strain the morale of more mature democracies; and the American mass mind owes its predominant characteristics precisely to its lack of political maturity. Not that the mass mind is anywhere else so very different; but nowhere else does it exert so unmitigated an influence on the national temper. The present crisis exhibits, however, not merely the childish quality of the mass mind, but an almost unique failure of self-confidence on the part of all the groups from which leadership might come. And the conjunction of these two factors renders a real breakdown of national morale unpleasantly possible. Their interplay is worth examining.

II

Part of the fun of being a child is that experience so readily runs to superlatives. Life dramatizes itself on that little stage with a success it seldom equals when the stage is all the world. Beauty kindles into ecstasy, joy into bliss, ordinary human beings and events into heroes and sagas, so often and so swiftly that mere existence is a thrill. When things go well, they go magnificently; the wildest dreams come easily within the realm of the possible. When things go ill, there is nothing left to hope for.

The average American — and the politicians, the advertisers, the broadcasters, the movie magnates, the denizens of Grub Street and Tin Pan Alley, all attest there is such a being — is touchingly childlike in these respects. When things go well, the sky's the limit — and the sky is very blue and far away. When things go ill, his hopes, his very ideals, come clattering down upon his head; he rakes the fragments together with a trembling hand, buries them in the back yard, and sits and howls on the wreckage. The wildest jazz turns overnight into the very bluest of the blues. It matters nothing to him that other nations have suffered more, and longer, and on the whole kept pretty quiet about it. You cannot console him with stories of what happened to his father when his father was his age. He must live his little drama for all there is in it; and he does so with a naïveté that is both exasperating and delightful.

For the dramatic — or at least the melodramatic — is in his very bones. There is no limit to the things he can do, provided he can get excited enough about them. To put up the highest building in the world; to have the fastest vehicles or the biggest ships; to fight a European war on principle; to

waive a national indemnity in the interests of Chinese education; to cut himself off from the rest of mankind over a political squabble with which it had nothing whatever to do — all things, crazy or sublime, are possible so long as they can be made sufficiently exciting. He can lash himself into an ecstasy, this child-American, over the sorriest shows of sock and buskin, once the spotlights of his local stage are focused on them.

A recent morning's paper brought the report of one Glover, apparently a person of some authority over postmasters in a Mid-Western state. 'You are a part of this administration,' said Glover to the humble postmasters. 'When you hear anybody assailing that man Hoover, remember what I said, or go and read a book, and answer them. As long as you do that, you are filling the job of postmaster. To make the world safe again for democracy, you must stand behind that man of peerless leadership. I ask your faith in God, that our country shall not fail. I'll be back in Washington Monday, and I'll be glad at that time to take the resignations of any of you postmasters who don't want to do it.' This Glover was certainly unaware that he was knocking yet more props away from a shaky system of government. He had worked himself into a passion in which Hoover and God and democracy and America were all mixed up; and for the time being, at all events, he probably meant what he said — deplorable as it sounds.

But there you have the difficulty. It is not wise to put all your emotional eggs, childlike, in one basket. It is not safe for the eggs; and it is not fair to the basket. Yet that is what the average American, this past decade, has been doing. Having found his relations with the rest of the world — military, political, economic — less exhilarating than he would have liked, he resolved to ignore them, and concentrated his hopes on a purely domestic millennium. Material prosperity was a simple, tangible end — an end that America could achieve for itself and by itself; and by a process of pure wishful thinking (with more wishing than thinking) it seemed promptly attainable without limit.

The prospect was smiled upon by the highest authority. 'Patriotism,' said the Yankee oracle in the White House, 'means looking out for yourself by looking out for your country. . . . Our first duty is to ourselves. American standards must be maintained. . . . It is because America as a nation has held fast to the higher things of life that a great material prosperity has been added unto it.' So men took the 'higher things' for granted, and got in the way of expecting no more than material prosperity from the deity, the nation, or the government. And now that that ideal has collapsed on their hands there seems nothing left to believe in: nothing left, because they demanded too little in the first place — too little, not too much.

III

In such a mood Americans will say things about themselves — and mean them — that no foreigner would dream of uttering. It is a peculiar, and striking, American characteristic.

Here, for example, is one of the Captains of Industry — Mr. William Guggenheim — on recent economic developments: 'We muddled out of the war, and then sought to rebuild the world on the top of ruin and disaster by the most stupid thing imaginable — a fictitious era of prosperity that amazed all thinking and sensible people. After having indulged in years of financial recklessness and folly, we

imagined that recovery from our excesses could be brought about quickly, like curing a headache after a night's carousal. . . . We are fast drifting from capitalism to communism, and a cessation is imperative if we are to preserve the Constitution and save the nation.'

Here is Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler on the political state of affairs: 'The entire working of the political machine would be in the highest degree ludicrous were its results not so tragic and so ominous.' 'Artificial and fraudulent,' Dr. Butler terms the present party system, and 'a pathetic spectacle' is one of his milder epithets for the House of Representatives.

Here is the educational system, as described by one of its prominent directors — Dr. A. C. Ellis of Western Reserve University — to a national convention: 'The primary justification for our expensive public-school system, and to a great extent for the numerous kinds of schools and colleges, has been that they educated our citizens for the responsibilities of citizenship. But events in recent years have proved that they have failed utterly to meet this responsibility.' The mass product of all the elaborate system Dr. Ellis dismisses as 'blind followers of empty slogans'; and he modestly adds, 'We are confessedly the most lawless of the educated nations of the world.'

Here, finally, is the cultural state of America, summed up by Edmund Wilson: 'It is doubtful whether any other period of human history has ever been so contemptuously treated by its poets and thinkers as our own.'

These are merely sample indictments out of a vast number. One wonders, as one comes across them in private talk as well as public oratory, whether the supply of sackcloth and ashes can much longer prove equal to the demand.

IV

Now far be it from me to suggest that there is not ample occasion for this melancholy chorus. It does not tell the whole story; but that there is in fact very substantial justification for it no reasonable person would doubt. The more or less of that, however, is not my theme; what I find most significant, and in a certain sense most menacing, about the situation is the psychological effect of the coexistence of all this disappointment and disillusion with the extreme paucity of solutions in which *anyone* wholeheartedly believes.

Look at some of the issues.

Very few people, I suppose, would dispute the broad statement that recent experience reveals a basic weakness somewhere or other in the economic system; and that fundamental reform of that system is desirable and necessary if future experiences of the same kind are to be avoided. But is there any probability that any fundamental reform will be initiated along any lines whatever in the near future? Not the slightest. We all know this — including the people who proclaim its necessity.

The 'reconstruction' operations of the government are in reality salvage operations, and nothing more. Even at that, they have not been especially successful; and they bear no practical relation to what everybody knows is the basic problem — the problem of increasing the purchasing power of consumers without in the same act adding to the existing oversupply of goods. The banks finance production, not consumption. Governor Roosevelt was probably right when he said recently, at Atlanta, that in future capital must take a smaller share of the national income and the mass of consumers a larger one; but does anyone

suppose that either the banks or the Captains of Industry are likely to encourage steps in that direction?

What do they want, these gentlemen? What does Mr. Guggenheim want? It is easier to say what he does not want. He wants, he tells us, no inflation, no increased public expenditures, no bonuses, no 'doles' — above all, no impatience. There, as Humpty Dumpty said, 'there's glory for you!' Then along comes Mr. Schwab, to demand lowered taxation, a balanced budget, and no *de*flation. All down the line there is voluminous counsel as to what should *not* be done; and that is all — in spite of a widespread sentiment that something ought to be done.

What the rulers of economic America want is, in fact, to be let alone; and we all know that, short of a miracle, they will have their way. What of it? Nothing at all — if it were a way in which they, and a substantial part of their subjects, could and did wholeheartedly believe. But that is precisely what it is not. 'Men who have been accustomed to exercise well-nigh undisputed authority in industry, in transportation, and in finance,' said Dr. Butler, 'find that they have not only destroyed public confidence, but that they have lost confidence in themselves.' Anyone who has kept track of the business suicides, or has heard the sort of talk that goes on behind closed doors in down-town New York or Chicago, knows how terribly true that is.

In such a time men need a faith of some sort to sustain them; but it is hardly too much to say that not only faith in government, but faith in America, is radically undermined. Certainly the old American maxims have lost their hold. Individualism, free initiative, the sufficiency of competition, may still have their solitary devotee in the White House; but they lack adherents in the ranks of big business. The thought and the talk of big business are all the other way: integration, centralization, loosening of the anti-trust laws, planning. But, along these lines, no general creed or policy has been arrived at, and no sufficient success has been achieved to justify thoroughgoing confidence. There is, in fact, a well-founded suspicion that a planned economy of any sort cannot be attained except at a much higher price than business is willing to pay.

The result is a psychological stalemate. Not only financial confidence, but moral confidence, is lacking. The business world is hamstrung. It is not quite sure where it wants to go, and doubts whether it could get there if it tried; so it stands still, with its knees quivering and its teeth chattering and the rain leaking through its hat.

V

Consider a special case, and some of its implications. Ever since 1925, when Secretary of Labor Davis made certain constructive proposals, it has been admitted on all sides that the bituminous coal industry needs drastic and immediate reconstruction. Nothing has been accomplished. So far as government is concerned, nothing has been tried. And year by year the shame, the misery, the horror, have eaten deeper and deeper into West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, and Tennessee. The public knows the facts of the situation, deplores them, tries to forget them. Students, liberals, journalists, see in human terms the appalling consequences of inaction. Judges and politicians of both parties face the impasse in a mood of cynical helplessness. Hope and civilization vanish together; savages get loose in the social chaos. Time goes on.

Then comes Mr. Owen Young, appealing for a quarter of a million for the Democratic Party chest, and uttering these words: 'I do not believe that we can do anything really fundamentally constructive unless we maintain intact our political order, which rests upon the effective functioning of the bi-party system.' Thousands of mild-mannered citizens who care for civilization in America ask Mr. Young, 'What does your bi-party political system amount to in terms of Harlan County? What real claim has it, on its record of seven years past, to our faith or our allegiance?'

Mr. Young may be right or wrong about the system; but if it is to serve as Mr. Young would have it, if it is to remain the corner stone of the political faith of the next generation, it will have to justify itself more signally than it has been doing in this and other cases. Otherwise the young people will seek — as they are seeking — a different sort of system to believe in. And if the faith they find is of a sort Mr. Young does not like, that will not be altogether their fault. You cannot ask people to go on believing indefinitely in a system that persistently disappoints their reasonable aspirations. We all need faith of some kind, though not all of us have the energy to find it. Those who have will find it where they can.

VI

The rôle played by the prohibition issue in American public life is another notorious example of this blocking of the channels of social action and aspiration. An individual, denied all means of self-expression in a situation from which he cannot escape, rapidly becomes neurotic; and the results in political psychology are not less serious. As to the issue itself, there is nothing new to be said. What will prove, I think, to be the final verdict was succinctly put to me in mid-Atlantic ten years ago, when I was approaching these shores for the first time, by a Canadian barrister whose name I never knew. 'The Eighteenth Amendment has made a legal crime,' said he, 'out of what most people do not regard as a moral offense; and *you can't work law that way.*'

But, while there is nothing new to be said, the country has been an interminable time waiting for something effective to be done, one way or the other; all of which would not matter if the whole wretched business could be successfully forgotten or ignored. That, however, is precisely what it will not permit; and the result to date is a psychological impasse which I shall ask leave of some of my colleagues to illustrate.

We were discussing — a dozen of the academic fraternity — the perennial topic. Professor Q had the floor, and, in obedience to some inner urge, was bringing his training in jurisprudence to bear on the problem of conduct. What were the limits, if any, to the obligation of obeying the law? With the aid of citations and precedents, he established two alternatives, and two only: either one must obey the law while it lasted, whether or no one approved it, or one must deliberately defy it with intent to overthrow the government. Either of these he was prepared to defend on ethical grounds; but no intermediate position.

So much Q demonstrated — I was going to say, to his own satisfaction; but it was manifestly not altogether to his own satisfaction. Q comes of an old and liberal New England stock, and there was obviously something in him that made the position uncomfortable. None the less he defended it stoutly and successfully against the

rest of us until the oldest member of our group, who in his long life has done more cultural pioneering than all the rest, pulled his big bulk forward in the armchair and concentrated a leonine stare on Q.

'You mean to say, Q, that I am to sit here quietly and obey any law, whatever I feel about it, unless I'm prepared to start a revolution?'

'I do.'

'Well, I may be no lawyer, but' — the room shook as his fist came down on the table — 'I say to you, that's *damned nonsense!*'

And in the mind of the one Englishman present rose the thought, 'There, at last, is something I should have called authentically American.'

Now I invite the reader to consider the position of Professor Q (I am sure he will forgive me for taking him as a text) and his kind. The country is full of them. They are people of high ideals and liberal sympathies, reared in the finest American tradition, striving for continuity of principle and consistency of conduct in situations that give little ground for hope that their ideals can any longer be advanced along such lines, and therefore subject to an increasing and painful inner tension. They stand for a tradition, a technique, in social affairs that is, they rightly feel, entitled on its record to loyalty and respect; but the task of defending this tradition in application to contemporary problems leaves them exhausted and at times exasperated, to a point at which they can sympathize with Elijah in his debate with the priests of Baal. For they have to defend it not merely against the assaults of skepticism and radicalism from without, but against its own patent failure, in the hands of those in power this past decade, to deal adequately with any single issue of first-class importance, domestic or international. They have, in fact, to defend it against itself, as currently interpreted.

The 'American tradition,' in current political oratory, is now almost exclusively appealed to in the negative sense, as a limiting factor, an argument against adventure and experiment in thought or deed. We see a signal example of this misuse when the Chief Executive condemns public unemployment relief as 'un-American' — as if that settled the matter! There may be good arguments against public unemployment relief; if so, let us have them. But do not let us abuse the American tradition by appealing to it solely as a reason for *not* doing things.

That tradition, as I understand it, is a positive thing; it is a dauntless faith in ends that are ever renewed, and in the power of ordinary human beings to attain those ends. It bids us try this means and that means and the other means, with our eyes fixed on the goal, and try and fail and try again, and in the end get there.

But that is not the prevalent version to-day. And the resultant impasse leaves American liberals without real faith or confidence in their own position. Thousands of the best citizens in the country find themselves in an attitude of passive — sometimes cynical — acquiescence in abuses that arouse their deepest indignation, because their tradition, as they have absorbed it, offers them no effective means of action or self-expression. It is a peculiarly miserable state of mind to be in. Some of them rationalize their impotence by going to absurd and ingenious lengths in defense of the status quo. They will agree with every criticism made by the radical, and then turn on him with an ultrasophisticated argument in defense of their vote for whatever party hack happens to be on the ballot — the real reason

being that they do not know what the devil else to do. They want to do something, but suspect that anything they can do is useless.

Others, in increasing numbers, end by throwing overboard all the heritage of tradition and political continuity, and find at least an emotional release in subscribing to new and untried faiths. It is hard to blame them. For an untried faith, whatever its terms, has an *a priori* advantage over a faith that has failed: it does not slam the door in the face of hope and aspiration.

In this connection I have an urgent personal complaint to utter. Many of us who stand, or have hitherto stood, for what may be called the method of empirical liberalism as opposed to the method of revolutionary radicalism are being placed in an impossible position by the inertia of the men who have the power of action. We try to persuade our students, or our public, that improvement without limit can be achieved by evolutionary, constitutional, realistic methods. We expose the temerity of the assumptions on which the revolutionary schools of thought rely. We dwell on the extravagant and unsupported optimism which is implicit in all their programmes. We assert the fundamental soundness of human instincts under honest leadership. We refuse, in any case, to wait indefinitely for a dubious revolution, and assert that here and now, within the world of things as they are, lie ample opportunities for social betterment awaiting seizure by men of courage and good will.

Then we open our brief (no very extravagant fee is marked on the cover) and find — dozens and dozens of empty pages! We look around for evidence for the defense, for witnesses from the world of action — and where are they? We cannot choose the ground on which the attack may come; it may be the coal industry, the World Court, the Mooney case, the war-debts issue, the power lobbies, the tariff scramble, the holding-company racket, the unemployment situation, the stock-market swindles. Wherever it falls, we need at least some evidence of power to act, some measure of achievement, some show of leadership, to back our case. And where do we find them? We find only inertia or hostility on the part of those who have the biggest stake in the maintenance of social order and continuity. We find the economic interests blocking the way of change, and an elaborate under-cover machine working in both political parties precisely to prevent the emergence of a positive leadership.

It is too much to expect us to go on forever without more support — more *open* support — from the men in power than we are getting. Private sympathy is no longer enough. Men like William Z. Ripley, E. M. Hopkins, Walter Lippmann, Nicholas Murray Butler, Felix Frankfurter, William Allan Neilson, Benjamin Cardozo, Newton D. Baker, — men who stand, whatever their individual differences, for the tradition and technique of liberalism as opposed to revolution, — have an imperative claim on far more positive endorsement from political and industrial magnates than they are receiving. For there is a time limit on this issue. Either liberalism or revolulution will win within this generation; and, to match the ammunition of Messianic hopes and utopian programmes loosed by the other side, liberalism needs the evidence of deeds and accomplishments in far fuller measure than modern America is providing. If it goes down to defeat, I have put on record this warning. Revolutionary idealism cannot be disposed of merely by condemning it.

VII

A final, and broader, aspect of this issue brings it back within the sphere of personal psychology. One does not have to be a nationalist to discern that there is a very deep connection between one's nation and one's inner life — a connection which is seldom fully present to consciousness. Just as some dogs will die when they feel their master has betrayed them, so some men have died when they felt their country had betrayed them. We are all a little like that. Some very deep and dangerous ill assails us when we feel that our country has failed to come within reasonable distance of our personal ideals; and that ill is very prevalent in America to-day. Men in all countries are locked in a bitter struggle with circumstances in the world without, and in a still more bitter struggle against despair in the world within. The latter is by far the more dangerous conflict. Let despair prevail within, and circumstances will always prove too much for humanity in the world without.

In America the struggle is harder in proportion as men's hopes and ideals of their country have been set on a level that does less than justice to their personal aspirations. We are all familiar, more or less, with the disappointment of our hopes; and most of us, as life goes on, learn to stand a good deal of it. The collapse of our ideals is a far more dangerous trial; and it is a trial that many Americans to-day are undergoing. It is not merely that the poets and the artists and the visionaries are discontented — it is their business to be discontented. What strikes one in America to-day — many foreigners have remarked it — is the tone of moral defeatism one meets on every hand.

It is hardly too much to say that, among the leaders of business and industry, faith in what James Truslow Adams calls 'the American dream' — the dream George Eastman's career almost perfectly fulfilled — is now permanently undermined. The basic assumptions of American life and American doctrine now appear to many men whose lives have been built up on them as doubtful, as inadequate to the problems of the present and the future; and there remains little in which such men can whole-heartedly believe. Further, they have every encouragement to believe the worst rather than the best of themselves, as they survey their collective lineaments reflected in the nation; and it demands courage of no mean order to retain one's faith in America and at the same time steadfastly reject the picture of it that is day by day conveyed by its common politicians, its publicity men, its radio and movie and pulp magazine proprietors.

In this respect England, at least, is more fortunate. Complex as politics has been in recent years, the nation has in its collective capacity accomplished certain things that satisfy the more spiritual aspirations of the average man. I will mention only one — the settlement of the American war debt, coupled with the recent undertaking to maintain external payments on a gold basis. Whether that settlement was either good politics or good business is still very debatable. It was undoubtedly rash, it was extraordinarily expensive, it may in spite of every effort prove ultimately impossible. But it was the sort of gesture that satisfied the average citizen's expectations of his country. It showed — primarily to Englishmen — that England stood firm, even in the depths of disaster, for what their very schoolbooks had told them was the English way of doing things. And from that reassurance the

nation has derived strength and self-respect to steel it through years of suffering.

Such acts, however arrived at and however costly, are in truth a higher sort of policy. For, most of all in hard times, men need something to believe in; and they may justly expect to find that something in their collective image that they call their nation. If they cannot find it there, if they find only a caricature of themselves, there is no telling where they may look or what they may find. Men act often foolishly and shortsightedly, even cruelly and brutally, under stress of excitement; but they are not altogether fools and brutes, and they look to their nation for the better part of themselves. Disappointment of their material hopes they can stand, and understand. Betrayal of their spiritual ideals — crude as those may be — works upon them a more lasting damage, even when they pretend, pathetically enough, to laugh at it.

Americans need, therefore, above all else to-day, the kind of leadership which will give them moral reassurance. They need to be reminded that America is a far greater nation than the picture of it which they — and, unfortunately, their transatlantic brethren — get in the newspapers; that it has latent powers of spiritual achievement — which have at times been revealed — equal to its material achievement; that there is more in the American tradition than Americans in recent years have been getting out of it.

Such faith, I have suggested, is to-day at a low ebb because men pitched their collective aim too low in the scale of values. Asking too little of themselves and their nation, they got what they asked — and it turned to ashes in their hands. Despondent, they cease to believe in themselves, their tradition, or their destiny; and, so ceasing, lose the power to solve their own problems — not because the power is gone, but because the faith is lacking.

If I, an Englishman, now presume to confirm the faith of Americans in America, it is because, despite appearances, I hold that faith to be well founded. It is also because, in sober truth, Europe must either share that faith or resign itself to a despair that will not bear the telling.

THE LEADER

I see it all now: when I wanted a king,
'T was the kingship that failed in myself I was seeking.
— LOWELL

Is there a voice that can pierce the hideous welter
Of sound that has quenched the old song of the spheres?
Is it that man has reared him a house without shelter
For wanderers blindly unled through a forest of fears?

Alas for the want of a leader! Oh where to find him,
Kingly of mien and thought — all waiting his voice
In world and nation and town! What hordes behind him
Would rally with hope, what sunken hearts would rejoice!

Seek him within: it is you, it is I, that are wanting!
Whom shall we know for a chief who never have seen
One in our hearts, nor marched with the songs of his chanting —
Songs of the selfless, generous, brave, and serene?

Be it He of the Cross, be his form of another making —
Only be sure that each in his soul sees clear
The shape of a leader all worthy to follow, uptaking
His arms when the long-waited captain of men shall appear.

For what were a leader with none that are ripe for the leading,
To hail him as chief, to fare in his starlit way?
Seek him and make him within, his image heeding,
Till shadow be substance, and darkness the splendor of day!

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

NIMRODS AND STUFFED ANIMALS

BY FARNSWORTH CROWDER

I

MR. BRINSLEY NORTON is an extraordinary father. He is a tramp and a vagabond, as unashamed and clever as a toastmaster in a dinner coat. He is the busiest and most leisurely of men: he will argue a case in court all morning, and sit all afternoon with his back against a tree, reading the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. He can stand on his hands, dive, play fair tennis, stroke a good game of golf. He collects postage stamps and etchings. A survival from the days when men had legs, he is an inveterate walker. He skis well, carves wood blocks for prints, likes to photograph birds. He can call by name the common flowers and beasts and stars. His attic of information is encyclopædic and curious, yet he has the all-atoning grace of humor, and never seems to take himself seriously.

This is not to say that Mr. Brinsley Norton has no convictions. He has many, sincere and abiding. He has a set of them respecting the education of children with which I find myself so completely in accord that we have a common ground for that most warming of social exchanges — telling each other how absolutely right we are. We hold that to the list of things overproduced in this country ought to be added — on behalf of our children — shooting-gallery Nimrods and stuffed animals.

Mr. Brinsley Norton's story is this.

When he was a boy, still under the divine drive of a nosey curiosity, a man came to his town who, besides being able to crack all his finger joints and change the spots on playing cards, was also a crack shot. To substantiate his extravagant claims, the man accompanied a skeptical committee to a Main Street shooting gallery, where he rang all the bells and turned down all the ducks and rabbits with monotonous accuracy. But, strangely, the deadly gentleman avoided hunting parties. At last, however, a local duck club somehow inveigled him to their lodge and swamp, and the embarrassing truth revealed itself that, when confronted by birds that swam, dived, flew, and circled, he was too a-jitter to draw a bead. He admitted it: wild things so dismayed and excited him that he lost his cunning. He was a shooting-gallery Nimrod.

To this and similar anecdotes I nod, and assist Norton to bring out, in all their implications, the evils of specialization. In turn, he does a similar service for my story.

In my town, in those same mirthful years, we had a gloomy, bald-eagle old man who made a living as a taxidermist. On a dusty shelf over his workbench crouched a big puma with one sinister glass eye. Across the street was a resort hotel which maintained a small zoo of wild animals. One cage held a magnificent pair of Rocky Mountain pumas. Shall I ever forget the shivery chills that manœuvred over

my back the first time I saw them, grimly patrolling opposite sides of the cage, their glittering teeth bared occasionally in a warning snarl, something of the long stare of eternity in their greenish eyes? What a pathetic package was that dusty, one-eyed cat on the taxidermist's shelf!

But there was a yet higher accent in my succession of experiences with pumas. Once I was alone in a blue-spruce forest of the Mosquito Range. It was an afternoon of sun and shower, no sound but the drip of water upon the trail. For the space of perhaps thirty seconds I stared at a tawny, crouched form on the limb of a lightning-blasted tree. I saw the sharp, brief ears; the impersonal, cruel fixedness of the eyes. A puma, uncaged in his own home, looking down at me, alone! Nothing happened beyond the shock to my nerves. He slid away and disappeared; but the roots of my hair seemed to ache for hours. And I reflected on how the beautiful pair in the hotel cage had been robbed, by the intervening bars, of half their thrilling, primitive reality.

So I say to Mr. Brinsley Norton that meeting a puma is an educative experience, effective in varying degree according as one meets him as a dead stuffing, a specimen in a zoo, or a denizen of the big timber. He nods. We light our pipes and sit back with the comfortable complacency of two men who have made up their minds.

II

It will at once be seen that Norton and I include in the category of the shooting-gallery Nimrod all people who have no cruising amateur tendencies, who are hobbyless and without versatility, who do one thing so appallingly well that they can do nothing else.

What we group under the stuffed-animal category is perhaps not so clear. A taxidermist's beast — though he come from the hands of an Akeley — is dead. He is a suggestion. He is a secondhand experience. He has something in common with photographs, lantern slides, cinema films, phonograph records, radio programmes, lectures, all forms of the written word. These devices serve as substitutes or symbols; they come between us and the thing itself.

One of Norton's vices is driving a motor car fast. He admits he feels swift, powerful, and arrogant behind the wheel. But he also admits that it is a weakness of vanity; a moment's reflection chastens his pride, for he knows it is the car that is swift and powerful, that on his own legs he could not outrun the scurviest alley cat extant.

One of our annual pastimes is to take in 'the Big Thanksgiving Day Game.' We watch twenty-two boys struggle back and forth on the turf. We grow excited. We shove our neighbors into the aisle trying to help Old Siwash put the pigskin over the goal. But we go away without bruises, with only a derived glory or shame. We did not play the game. We watched.

Well, are n't we all specialists and lookers-on? There is some one thing we can do, some very necessary or felicitous thing — such as fitting plumbing or writing amusing rhymes. But we are otherwise incompetent and fumbling. We choose not to do what somebody else can do for us. We do our little task, ensconce ourselves in a chair, and experience the wide and amazing world through newsprint, the radio, and the screen.

Is this, Norton and I ask ourselves, the pattern we are setting for our children? 'What does it matter?' say you. Is it of no moment that my son plans to be, not a dentist, but an extraction expert? What manner of man

will he be? What will be the range and richness of his experience and understanding — the reach and qualities of his leisure? Will his life be a great monotony of gaping mouths and uprooted molars? Will he otherwise stand aside, to watch, applaud, envy the professionals?

It is no longer necessary for baccalaureate orators to remind graduates that to succeed they must select a small corner in which to work. It were far better to remind them that there are other streets and boulevards and parks in the spacious metropolis of the world; that if one is to have that generosity and breadth of view which characterize the civilized man, he must range about, indoors and out of doors, conversing with all and sundry; that he must change his clothes, his companions, his point of view, endanger and contradict himself.

Before those who maintain that our children are being armed against a pinched, nailed-down existence by the schools with their 'rich' curricula, outside 'activities,' and 'education for leisure,' Norton and I make agreeable assent, but we insist that that is not enough. The school is, after all, a cloister, a place apart, where children look at the world through all sorts of keyholes, — the chief of them being books, — but where they actually encounter and are involved with the world at only a few, selected, censored points.

Norton argues Socratically.

What, he asks, do your children *know* about the provisions made for the fundamental necessities — food, clothing, shelter? Have they been nurtured on milk but never seen a cow? Do they understand — not from an encyclopædia, but from direct contacts — the life history of a piece of bread and butter? Have they seen a field ploughed and planted in wheat; seen the fresh miracle of misty green as the sprouts look through; seen the golden, ripening field; held a stored head in their hands and discovered the rich grains; followed the hot, dusty harvest; seen the milling into bran and flour and cereals? Have they been within a modern bakery to witness the transformation of what was once rain and sunshine and ploughed soil into fragrant loaves and cinnamon buns?

Now a school, Norton points out, with its overweight of numbers, can hardly essay such a project. But you, my dear pater, with your son and a couple of his chums, a tankful of gasoline and a willing heart, might view all the steps in the progress from seedling to breakfast toast. Falling back on the pages of *The Story of Bread* will not do; let the books be supplementary, but intimate observation the core of your pedagogy.

Eating honey, Norton summarizes, is the only way that has ever been found to discover what it tastes like.

III

There are two boys under Norton's parentage. Aloft in his house is a sanctum in which he discusses with them what they are to do about 'getting an education.' What they are to do becomes apparent from week to week as they sally forth on long walks, or board 'Cyrano,' the family car, for an afternoon rendezvous with a brickyard or a turkey hen.

Commonly there are five of them — the three Nortons and two pals. They are abroad in streets and lanes, in factories or under the sky, in the dust and roar and smell of the world, to find out how the wheels go round. It may be that with a paper of ham and peanut-butter sandwiches they are bound, twenty miles into the hills, to a sheep ranch where it is shearing time. Or they may be crossing the railroad

tracks to the Holland Textile Mills to see wool spun and woven; or visiting the Garment Trades Building north of the river to find how shirts and trousers are made.

I have been privileged to ride the fringe of some of these gay pedagogic excursions. Four boys carried away in a kind of tidal freedom, proceeding with gusto and awe from tile kiln to rug works, from a 10,000-egg incubator to the bottom of a coal mine, from sewage converter to ice-cream plant — and supported by a sense of companionship and exploration that is part of Brinsley Norton's magic.

Their reconnoitring within the narrow radius of the home grounds has disclosed a score of 'demonstrations' and unwitting teachers that no formal school could duplicate. There is 'the pigeon man' — a lonely bachelor, an Australian, a veteran of the Boer War, who has been pathetically gracious, explaining his job of keeping the near-by Biltmore in squabs, and relating, for the wide-eyed posse, personal adventures that any boy would walk miles to hear.

There is Mr. Cunningham, hidden behind an evergreen hedge only two blocks away. Fuchsia fanciers the world over know his name and experiments. The boys are fortnightly visitors in the gardens where he accomplishes his miracles in flower strains.

Behind the house, against the foothills, they have discovered the fish hatchery, and Norton has pulled wires to obtain a permanent pass. The boys are so firmly rooted in the director's good will that they make overnight trips in the high country with the big trucks that carry baby trout to the fishing streams.

To this list of neighborhood amazements must be added the wrought-iron shop in a converted garage, where a Polish pistol expert fashions marvelous curlicues in metal, and discourses passionately on the grievances of his native land; the creamery where the versatile possibilities of milk are brought out in every form, from the powdered essence to fancy cheeses; the studio of a garrulous illustrator of medical textbooks, where white bones and kidneys in bottles decorate the walls; the cannery where vegetables, fruits, and jams are prepared for the multitude of can-opener cooks; the cabinet and upholstery shops where museum pieces of furniture are copied to grace sumptuous drawing-rooms; the miraculous mechanical kitchens of the immense crag of a hotel on the hills; the small bungalow candy kitchen where the sweet secrets of chocolate dipping have been witnessed and approved.

Knowing Norton and the boys as I do, I assert — hoping eagerly for contradiction — that there is no group of boys in the land that has a better insight into the resources, activities, and personalities of its community than this inquisitive quartette.

And the periphery of their 'classroom' is continually being extended. They may be off into the country for a pleasant bumpkin day, snooping about goat ranches, aviaries, duck ponds, quarries, truck farms, and orchards. Another day, turning to the centre of the local metropolis, they may see Ford cars being assembled; watch a ship dock and unload; straggle along Main Street, listening to auctioneers and woolly-chested lecturers on how to develop muscle on only twenty-five cents; spend an exciting hour in a courtroom or at a City Council debate. Norton has managed to get them admitted to the engine rooms of ships, to the summit of a skyscraper skeleton, to the bottom of a foundation pit, to all manner of factories and shops. They have extracted themselves from bed at three on a silvery morning and

driven to wholesale produce markets to see the mountainous quantities of fresh foods being delivered from the country.

The energetic gang ranges, in fact, everywhere, always absorbing, along with information and impressions, a savory amount of that rarest of commodities — good fun.

IV

Mr. Brinsley Norton has shown his sons and their friends a campus bounded only by horizons, with a haphazard schedule and a hodgepodge curriculum. He is a shrewd, tactful, modest pedagogue, full of information and ignorance, a pupil with his coterie of pupils. His wider experience, his extensive reading, his conversational trick of unburdening himself of his greater knowledge, have made him anything but a forbidding master. He has the gift of laughter, and of blithe, childish enthusiasm. He does not fidget under questions. The world is still a-sparkle with surprises. I have heard him quote from William Watson: —

> Strange the world about me lies,
> Never yet familiar grown —
> Still disturbs me with surprise,
> Haunts me like a face half known.

Not least important is Norton's ability, as an amateur, to arouse admiration in the young idea. There are not many provinces — athletics, craftsmanship, camp life — in which he cannot show a boy a few tricks. He has the special power of the genuine amateur to betroth others to his enthusiasms. He piques their envy and draws them on.

Fundamentally, under Norton's activities in behalf of his sons lies his conviction that they must not fall heir to an impoverished, secondhand experience. They must have some comprehension of what the world's life and work really are. They must go beyond stuffed skins in museums to vibrant cats in the woods. And they will have, unless his efforts go for naught, a command of themselves and an appetite for participation with their fellows all at war with the narrowness of shooting-gallery Nimrods.

Here and there over the country, leavened in among the millions of impatient parents who are only too relieved that they can shoulder off responsibility on the schools, may be a few more like Brinsley Norton. I hope so, and I congratulate the children of such fathers on their superior fortune.

A PLANTATION BOYHOOD

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

I

At Hampton, the old family estate near Charleston where I grew up, late summer was a season of extraordinary activity. The time of the great rice harvest was approaching, and all hands had to turn out to 'mind birds' — that is, to prevent the migrating bobolinks from eating up our entire crop. For years I was on the regular staff of minders, but I always remained an amateur. It took a Negro like Scipio to develop the finished skill of a professional; and since I was for so long his admiring disciple I cannot do better than to describe his methods.

The bobolink, ortolan, ricebird, or reedbird is, by no matter what name he is called, a sad glutton. When his breeding season is past, he leaves the river meadows and the warm marshes along the coast of the Middle Atlantic States and, about the middle of August, comes south. The rice is then 'in the milk' — which means that it has headed out and begun to turn down, but the grain is still soft. The birds flock to the fields by the millions, and at twilight, when they are settling for the night, the whole sky becomes darkly alive with them. At this season an unguarded field would be a total loss. It is fortunate, therefore, that the pests are regarded by epicures as a rare delicacy. Every year countless thousands of the birds are captured or killed by the Negroes, and sold in the local markets or shipped north.

When the migration begins, every plantation commissary must have on hand many kegs of black powder and bags of No. 10 shot, to be portioned out to the Negro bird minders. Sometimes the minders are stationed on platforms set up in the middle of a field, sometimes at the intersection of check banks, where the corners of four fields can be watched. There are many ways of dealing with the birds; perhaps the most effective, after that of killing as many as possible, is to frighten them off by firing a flattened buckshot, which whirs over them making a noise like the wings of a hawk. All day long a small army of Negroes are kept employed patrolling the banks of the rice fields and rending the air with the incessant firing of their huge muskets.

When the birds first arrive after their long flight, they are very thin and ravenously hungry, and quite wary and shy. Their note is then a lively 'pink-pank,' with an occasional trill of exquisite song. But as their visit lengthens, and as, with every long summer's day, they gorge themselves upon the succulent, nourishing rice, both their appearance and their voices undergo a change. Each slim, bright-eyed bird, about the size of a field sparrow, is transformed into what Poe would have called 'an ungainly fowl' — dull, corpulent, incautious. From his cheery 'pink-pank' tenor, he descends to a phlegmatic 'ponk-ponk' bass. All his

charm and spirituality are gone. He becomes too lazy to fly without great provocation. He does not even fear the approach of a man like Scipio. Therefore he is lost.

II

Scipio was, and always had been, a poacher. All winter long he would set mink traps and shoot wild ducks and turkeys on posted land. When occasion demanded, he was also, like one of Sir Roger de Coverley's hounds, a noted liar. But what did these things matter? He was famed far and wide as a bird hunter, and when the migrating season arrived he was indispensable. Six feet tall, he had a remarkably fine figure, and his dark, muscular body glistened through the tatters of his loose-hanging clothes.

Early in the morning he would put in his appearance. Already the great Carolina rice fields lay steaming under the August sun. In every direction stretched the golden grain, which in a few weeks would be ready for the sickle. The fields were flooded from the sluggish river that flowed past to form the eastern boundary, the water coming within a span of the rich drooping heads of the rice. Scipio surveyed the scene and took his stand in the shade of a cypress tree upon the bank. Here he deposited in the tall grass the little tin bucket containing his lunch, and gave his cur dog the command to 'mind' it.

Then he began to load his musket — an elaborate ritual. Into the long rusty barrel he poured four drams of coarse black powder, which he took from a dirty tobacco bag. This he wadded down with any superfluous part of his clothing that came handy, tearing it off in a wholly unconcerned manner. He topped the load with about two ounces of mustard-seed shot, which he again wadded firmly with a tatter from his clothes. Finally, from some obscure pocket in his undershirt, he took out the precious metal box of percussion caps. Selecting one, he settled it on the nipple and let the hammer down with great care. Everything was now in readiness.

Half of the day might go by before Scipio came into action. He was no fool. Those other Negroes might waste their powder bang-banging at the sky, but he was a hunter. He was waiting for a shot. The Negro nearest him on the bank, who gloried in the name of George Washington Alexander Burnsides Green, had been shooting at frequent intervals all day, but he hardly had birds enough for supper. Scipio was scornful of such inefficiency. Waiting in the shade of the cypress, he was biding his time until the birds should begin to alight near him. At last came one, from a bush on the bank; then perhaps twenty or thirty others; and finally they poured in from every direction — one hundred, two hundred, a thousand, five thousand birds, all flocking to join the first adventurers.

'If Cousin Scipio ever git in dat crowd,' muttered Wash Green excitedly, 'I sho' feel sorry for dem bud!'

Marking the gathering with an eye that had made him the hero of all the little pickaninnies on seven plantations, Scipio grinned, and, slouching his old greasy cap over his eyes, he bent under the cypress limbs and stepped down into the hot, evil-smelling water of the rice field. He sank in over his knees. He had to keep himself in a crouching position, with his head below the level of the rice, as, parting the grain before him with his musket and his left hand, he stalked the birds two hundred yards away. Once he stumbled into a drain, just catching himself in time to keep his powder dry; and again he suddenly jerked his hand from within a

few inches of a blunt-tailed, deadly cottonmouth moccasin.

As he approached the spot where the hosts were congregated, he came upon several stragglers that he might have caught in his hand; but he ignored them and moved cautiously forward. He inched along until he could hear them feeding — the chattering of their bills against the rough rice grains; the occasional little song; the soft, contented, full-fed note. Then, slowly, the long black barrel of the musket rose out of the field of grain, to be followed by the Negro's head. The gun was leveled steadily.

'Who-o-o-o-o-e-e!' bellowed Scipio's voice.

There was a rush of wings, and the roar of the musket, whose detonation reverberated up and down the river. As the smoke lifted from the field, the hunter found the 'trail' — the line of his shot. He caught and dispatched the wounded birds and gathered in the killed, stuffing them in the canvas sack that hung at his side.

These operations took so much time that Wash, whose curiosity had drawn him to the nearest point on the bank, called out, 'Hey, Cousin Scipio! How you mek out?'

Scipio stopped and looked up, shading his eyes with his hand. 'Bro' Wash,' he answered, 'I donno w'at is de matter wid de bud. I sho' do po'ly — po'ly.'

When he finally emerged from the water, he was grinning with the delight of a cheerful liar. He pulled three birds out of his sack and threw them to his dog. Then he sat down under the cypress tree, stretched out his legs into a patch of sunshine to dry, and began counting his kill. Twelve dozen and five birds came out of the sack. Scipio had made a shot.

III

Throughout my plantation boyhood I took a deep and solicitous interest in observing the wild life of our countryside. The disastrous forest fires that sometimes swept through the pinelands of the neighborhood afforded me unusual opportunities to study the behavior of wild creatures under dramatic circumstances. On more than one occasion I managed to keep about a hundred yards ahead of the advancing flames in order to watch the effect. It surprised me to see that many of the wild things that came out of the smoke, and almost, it appeared, out of the flames, gave evidence of feeling discomfort and boredom rather than downright terror. As they fled along, they would often pause to look and listen, seeming to be as wary of the danger that might lurk ahead as of the certain peril behind.

I saw many gray squirrels, running on the ground or along logs. Some of them managed to escape, but many of them perished. For squirrels, like raccoons and other tree dwellers, are the worst sufferers in forest fires. At the first alarm, they make for home — a hollow in some favorite tree — and if that tree goes they are lost. Often, however, the favorite tree is among the largest in the woods, and for that very reason may survive a fire that mows down scores of smaller trees.

Once I saw a gray fox stealing along in artful fashion on the very edge of a rim of flame. Seemingly unalarmed by his danger, he caught a wood rat close to the fire — a fugitive ghoulishly taking advantage of a fellow fugitive.

One afternoon while I was in a section of the homeland woods that was then almost surrounded by a forest fire, I was attracted to a dense thicket of bays, about ten yards square, which occupied the centre of the unburned

area. It occurred to me that it was a place where wild life might be taking temporary but insecure refuge, so I approached it cautiously, from the leeward side. Hearing the snapping of twigs within the clump, I threw a stone to arouse whatever might be within, and waited to see what would happen. Out of the foliage appeared the graceful head of a buck, his ears set forward in alert intelligence as he faced the fire that gleamed and crackled in the broom sedge. It took him only a moment to decide upon his course. To the west was a wide tract through which the fire had already passed, rimmed vividly on the near side by the oncoming flames. Not the least disconcerted, the buck approached the fire, and, with one great bound and a show of his white regimental flag, was lost to sight in the smoky woodland. I doubt if he had ever before seen a forest fire, but he handled himself as if it were nothing out of the ordinary.

In the swampy pine barrens there were many quail, which, if unmolested, remained year after year on a remarkably limited range. When fires swept their damp coverts and their sunny feeding grounds in the broom sedge, they were left in sore straits; for, although the quail can make good use of his wings, as every sportsman knows, he is essentially a ground bird, and rarely takes to the air except when disturbed. Fond of frequenting one small locality, he suffers acutely when his home is destroyed.

As I walked through the burned country, I could hear the calling of quail every few hundred yards. Once or twice a whole covey, strung out in line, with all the members of the family in plain view, set up the penetrating, sweet gathering call of the old mother. They gave every sign of being spiritually distracted. But they were exceedingly wild, and were well able to take care of themselves. As my approach was noisy and obvious, they would flush before I could get very close to them, and their flight sometimes carried them beyond my range of vision. Two or three days after the fire, all these birds had moved into a narrow strip of woodland that had been saved from the flames.

IV

As a boy I was always impressed by the dexterous ease with which Negroes handled animals. With comparatively little effort, one of our men, Aaron Alston, broke a malicious bull to the plough. Prince, the little black boy who was my constant shadow throughout childhood, was able to manage a team of particularly obstinate mules with which I could do nothing at all. The fact is that a plantation Negro often has the power to insinuate himself into the very spirit of an animal, and to cajole that spirit into obedience. I saw evidence of this strange phenomenon countless times. Consequently, whenever a horse or an ox was pronounced unmanageable, it was promptly turned over to the occult ministrations of one of the darkies. The plan, however, was only partially successful; for, although the creature would always be quickly broken of his vicious antics, it often happened that he was gentled only for the man who had exorcised his devils.

I was never able to learn the secret of the Negroes' power over animals, but there came times when I had to try to manage difficult situations with beasts of the field all by myself, without the help of the black man's magic. Several instances of this kind stand out vividly in my memory.

In addition to the forest fires of which I have spoken, we were also subject to perpetual danger from

freshets. Torrential rains in the upcountry would swell the tides of the Wateree and the Congaree rivers, which, flowing together to form the Santee, would come rushing down upon us near the coast, inundating the delta, submerging the swamps, topping our banks, and, if the crops were then growing, utterly destroying them. On such occasions an incredible flotsam of wild life would take refuge upon our plantation shores. Deer, turkeys, wild hogs, swamp rabbits, great flocks of Wilson's snipe, hundreds of stately king rails — all these would be driven to our higher fields in their efforts to escape the rampaging river. The fugitives, being crowded together in strange country, were more or less helpless, and we made it a practice never to hunt in a freshet. I am glad to say that there is now a law against such barbarism.

It was not always easy, however, to maintain a benevolent neutrality toward the creatures from the wilds, particularly when they began to commit depredations upon our fields and flocks. Once a vicious wild boar, which had been routed by flood from his haunts in the great Santee swamp, made himself such a nuisance upon our land that we had to take measures against him. After an exciting chase, in which every dog and human being on the plantation had participated, he was finally caught and lodged for safekeeping in a pen in the stable yard. Grizzled, tall, and menacing, he was curiously high in the shoulders, like a hyena. Even after he was penned up, every creature on the place felt a healthy fear of him, and, like the horses, walked wide of his enclosure. No one, I think, had any very clear idea as to what we should do with him, but for the moment he seemed to be safely out of the way.

Late one afternoon, when all the Negroes had gone home, I stopped near the pen to take a look at the foul old captive. We had noticed that every evening, as dusk approached, he would become restless and active. Now he was thrashing about, tearing up the earth with his tusks, and grunting savagely. I had been shooting crows, and had with me an old Winchester rifle. After looking at the boar, I sauntered toward the gate of the stable yard.

Suddenly, behind me, I heard a terrific crash. As I whirled about, the boar had broken out of the pen and was making straight toward me. Instinctively I put up my rifle and blazed away — not a moment too soon. The bullet sped true, but not before the marauder, in the full momentum of his rush, had struck me and knocked me down. Fortunately I was unhurt, and the boar lay dead beside me as I scrambled to my feet.

Not long after this incident a razorback sow began to kill our lambs. We were at dinner one day when all the sheep in the pasture set up a pathetic and insistent bleating. Then one of the Negroes shouted an alarm. I ran out of the house, and as I climbed the fence of the pasture I saw the whole flock of sheep clustered under an oak in frightened helplessness. Near by was a monstrous old sow, half-wild and ownerless, the mother, I knew, of eleven little pigs. Now she was famished, and had turned killer. Detached somewhat from the flock of sheep, and between them and the marauder, stood an old ewe. Before her eyes her lamb was being devoured by the sow.

I snatched up a heavy live-oak club and advanced to the attack. Seeing me coming, the wily old sow abandoned the remains of the lamb and dashed straight through the flock of sheep. In passing, she seized another lamb in her jaws, and, with her victim

held high in the air, started for the woods, jumping over the low bushes with the agility of a deer. I managed to run ahead of her and cut off her escape, and as I dashed up I so belabored her across the snout with the heavy club that she dropped the lamb. Turning, she fled in the opposite direction, and after a fruitless pursuit I had to give up the chase.

The injured lamb eventually recovered, but the old sow, having tasted blood, came back within a few hours. To protect our flock, we had to keep all the sheep in the stable yard for the next three weeks.

These semi-wild razorback hogs were a constant source of trouble to us on the plantation. They were remarkable for their sullen independence, for their daring, and for a kind of brutal *savoir faire* in their savage mode of life. Few dogs had courage enough to close upon one of them. They ate rattlesnakes with almost comical nonchalance. They could run like antelopes, swim like the otter, and stand their ground against all enemies except man, and the old black bears that shared with them the ancient freehold tenure of the wilderness.

V

We had many hogs roaming all over the plantation — creatures both wild and tame. At that time there was no stock law. One of my duties as a boy was to keep track of the indiscriminate herds. I was especially commissioned to look after the mothers and their young. It was a task to which I devoted myself with great zeal, and my attempts at its performance led me into many an adventure. One such was the first aid that I was able to render to the beleaguered Sallie — a huge domesticated sow of splendid motherly qualities.

When the day of her delivery was almost at hand, she sought out a suitable place as a bed for her little ones. At such times, animals develop an elaborate secretiveness, so that it is no easy matter to discover where they have taken refuge. When Sallie withdrew herself from general circulation, I searched for hours before I found her. By mere good chance I stumbled upon her hiding place on Sam Hill — a wild, blossomy thicket jutting out into one of the rice fields. It was a solitary spot. Not wanting to disturb her, for I could hear her setting her house in order, I peered through the dense underbrush. There was something very touching in the attitude and behavior of this primitive thing as she went about her preparations. She was wary, solicitous, almost fastidious, as, in a tiny area flanked by thick myrtles, she pushed together a perfect bed of dry pine straw and leaves. I noticed that she arranged the bedding so that it was heaviest toward the north and west. Without disturbing her I stole away, knowing that on my return next day I should probably find the new family in possession.

The next morning, just after breakfast, I started off for Sam Hill, taking with me a gun to shoot the crows that were pulling up the young corn. While still a long way off, I was startled to see a score of turkey vultures circling low over the pines above the very spot where Sallie had made her bed. I quickened my pace, and, as I drew near, the vultures were settling down into the woods. Some had taken their perch on low trees surrounding the thicket. It was evident that trouble of some kind was afoot within. I was afraid that the gallant old mother was dead, or that some mishap had befallen her brood.

As I drew abreast of the sheltered arena I heard faint squeals; then angry grunts from Sallie. I saw the buzzards

wheeling and swooping down. One look through the bushes showed me what was taking place. The noisome black robbers were trying to steal from Sallie her newborn babies.

The splendid old creature stood with her back to the densest part of the thicket. Her eyes gleamed with rage. Her head was high and defiant. Her great jaws champed vengefully. Under her heaving flanks, hardly able to stand, nestled her brood, squealing and panting with fright. I could see that some of the little pigs were bleeding, from cuts that looked as if they had been stabbed with a sharp knife. On the ground about them a dozen of the vultures stood gawkily in a rough semicircle. Every now and then one of the birds would rise on its wings to swoop swiftly down and make a vicious thrust at the pigs. But Sallie had given a good account of herself. Immediately before her, three of the dusky brigands lay dead.

Since the vultures were gathering in increasing numbers from every quarter of the heavens, I have no doubt that if I had not arrived so opportunely this woodland drama would have had a tragic ending. I fired at the group on the ground, and saluted them again as they rose. As I stepped into the arena, Sallie came over to me, grunting a friendly welcome. She seemed immensely relieved. And who knows but that her brute heart was grateful?

That day I moved her and her babies into a safe corner of the stable yard.

Because of such experiences as this, there early came to me a vivid awareness of that mysterious thing which we call life. Before I was ten years old I had taken care of many mothers among our stock, and their young; and with them I had fought off death — only to realize how puny is any mortal strength against the might of Azrael. So it often is with children bred in the country. Though they lack many of the graceful advantages of urban environment, they are likely to have developed within them a deeper and more just appreciation of the stark elementals of existence. City children usually hear of birth and death as rumors, as facts far removed from their own experience. But to me, and to many others like me, these things were daily realities. Such experiences served to steady me. While still a child, there came to me, though I comprehended it only dimly, a sense of the poignant pathos of existence.

ROOF OF THE WORLD

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

'If you'll rise early to-morrow, you can talk to Australia,' said the obliging young engineer who had been my guide through the research laboratories. So I got up before dawn, and we raced the sun seven miles to an isolated hilltop, where I sat before a microphone in a tiny office and talked and listened to Australia.

Neither I nor the man in Sydney had anything personal to say to one another. But his brogue interested me, and he said mine was a new one to him; then Oakland, California, put in a pert remark, and — well, it was exciting to be talking from Schenectady with the other side of the planet and suddenly to have the other side of the continent breeze in. It made the world uncommonly compact — this 'seventh-of-a-second earth,' Dr. A. E. Kennelly has called it, since our modern Puck of the radio's dancing electrons can girdle the globe seven times in a second.

Presently a question addressed to Oakland got no answer. I repeated the query. Still it was ignored. Sydney tried to help by saying, 'Oakland, Schenectady is calling you,' and I heard it repeat the prompting again and again. Oakland heard Sydney, but was unable to hear or be heard by Schenectady, and we concluded our three-cornered conversation lamely by getting Sydney to repeat my question and Oakland's answer. What had seemed so effortless a minute ago was now a frustration. It was as though some gigantic breath had blown out the ether between the two coast lines of the United States. And it moved on farther west. By 9 A.M. conversation from Sydney was beginning to splutter and shrill, and soon it too faded.

'Skip distance,' explained the young engineer, enigmatically.

Radio dispatchers, whose job is to keep in communication with moving airplanes, tell of strange pranks of 'skip distance,' of sudden lapses of silence, of minutes when the plane is lost and they can only wait and hope for the best. A few days ago the voice of a pilot flying over Redding, California, was heard in Des Moines, Iowa, 1900 miles distant, though his own dispatcher at Oakland, 300 miles away, could hear nothing of it.

A black cat unexpectedly walked across the stage of a theatre where four hundred Rotarians had gathered in the early morning for a radio exchange of greetings with fellow optimists around the world. England, Java, and Australia received the American greeting successfully, but the Australians were unable to get a word across to the waiting four hundred. Altogether it was a rather ragged performance, and, of course, blame was put on the black cat. But the engineers, busy with calculations of the skip distance, knew that the real black cat was the sunlight

racing westward over the darkened earth.

Dr. Edward O. Hulburt put the matter thus: 'It's the sun that's behind our radio troubles, and also it's the sun that's behind our radio success. What the sun does to the earth's high atmosphere makes radio communication around the world possible — and also makes it frequently a jumble, a puzzle, sometimes a confusing nuisance. Static, fading, and most of the other interruptions that radio is heir to may be traced to influences of the sun — along with a whole magician's pack of colored rays, flickering curtains, luminous bands, and other mysteries of the upper air.'

Dr. Hulburt is of the Naval Research Laboratory. No organization is more practically interested in radio than the Navy. The most powerful broadcasting stations in the United States are the naval transmitters at Arlington and Annapolis; their time signals have been heard on the Indian Ocean, in Antarctica, Greenland, and on every continent. New naval stations now being planned will put on the air radio waves measuring 25 miles from one wave crest to the next. At the same time, because of the greater carrying ability of short waves, the Navy is a leading experimenter with wave lengths of 80 metres and under. The numerous shore stations and ships at sea provide means for almost continuous tests, and the vital importance of naval communication makes these studies a paramount interest.

These studies all head up at the Naval Research Laboratory, that secluded retreat at Anacostia, D. C., on the outskirts of Washington. Dr. Hulburt's specialty is light: he is chief of the division of optics in the Laboratory. Since radio waves are a species of light, the technical problems that arise from the Navy's far-flung use of wireless naturally gravitate to Dr. Hulburt's division, where he and his technical associate, H. B. Maris, another young doctor of philosophy from Johns Hopkins, have devoted their major efforts during the last five years to radio riddles. These studies led them from the earth to the sun, to the effects of the sun on the earth's atmosphere, and particularly to that high, rare, attenuated region in the top story of our sky where mysterious electrical currents are continually pulsing, where death-dealing solar rays are filtered out of the beneficent sunshine, and where this seventh-of-a-second earth has its radio roof.

II

The radio roof was discovered by Marconi. On that gusty December day in 1901 when he sat alone in a hospital room on the Newfoundland coast with a pair of head phones clamped over his ears, while outside his men struggled with an enormous kite to support the slender wire aerial, it was a signal from England that Marconi awaited. Scientists had said that wireless waves could not be sent around the earth: they would sheer off into space at tangents from their points of origin. Marconi, letting only a few intimates into his secret, had made the trip from England to Newfoundland for the sole purpose of testing this idea. For an hour he sat like a man in a waxworks, motionless, tense, listening. At half past twelve, noon, a faint staccato quivered in the phones — the three short dots of the letter *s* repeated over and over again. It was the prearranged signal. He called his men. Nervously, almost violently, he handed the phones to one of them, saying, 'Can you hear anything?' The instrument was passed to the next man, and to the next. Each in turn heard the feeble click of the code, 'zip-zip-zip.' Wireless power had swung

its mysterious resonance across the Western Ocean to be heard by a human ear for the first time.

How had it done this, asked Lord Rayleigh, in England. The waves could not travel through the earth; how could they curve around it?

The answer came simultaneously and independently from two electrical engineers, A. E. Kennelly of Harvard and Oliver Heaviside of the Royal Society in England, who suggested that there might be a layer of electrified particles in the upper atmosphere, and such a layer would serve as a reflector of radio waves. Experiments since have demonstrated unquestionably the existence of this peculiar gaseous shell surrounding the earth. Indeed, the strange humors and vagaries of wireless waves cannot be explained without recognizing this invisible roof. We know that the Kennelly-Heaviside layer is there in somewhat the same way that Percival Lowell and W. H. Pickering knew that Pluto was in the sky — by observing its influence on other phenomena.

A radio wave quivers from its sending station at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, traveling upward and outward in all directions until it strikes the inner surface of the radio roof. This acts as a mirror, and reflects the wave back to the ground at exactly the same angle. Between the place of origin and the region at which the reflected wave first reaches the ground is a zone of silence, an area in which the waves simply do not exist. This zone — the skip distance — varies for different sizes of waves. My conversation with the man in Australia was carried on a wave of 31½ metres, and for this wave length at that hour the skip distance was about 500 miles. Such near-by places as Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia were in zones of silence, though listeners in Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and Sydney could hear. Other wave lengths have other skip distances. For a 40-metre wave the skip is only 200 miles, and in general the distance decreases as the wave length increases. For the long wave lengths used in general broadcasting there is no obvious skip, since the larger waves fairly blanket the whole area within reach of their carrying power.

Radio thus gives some reality to a geographical concept that was laughed out of court many years ago — the idea that the earth is a hollow sphere. It is indeed a series of spheres — the solid or lithosphere of the geologist, the liquid or hydrosphere of the oceanographer, the aerial or atmosphere of the meteorologist, and now this new-found electrosphere of the wireless expert.

Between the hollow electrosphere above and the more substantial globe of rock and soil and water below bounce the radio waves of our broadcasts and communications. The waves glance back to the roof from the ground at each rebound, and thus zigzag their way around the world. Their zigzags describe angles so mathematically orderly that the researchers were able to measure the height of the layer and to compute what size wave would reach a given point.

But it was found that the computations did not hold for all hours and seasons. The skip distance for a 25-metre wave is 500 miles at noon, 700 miles just after sunset, 1000 miles at midnight, and 600 miles just after sunrise. These values are for winter; in summer the distances are all changed, mostly shortened.

It was thus discovered that the Kennelly-Heaviside layer alternately lifts and lowers, sometimes dropping within 60 miles of the earth's surface, at other times rising to a height of 200 miles and more. There are daily liftings and lowerings that keep in step, ap-

proximately, with the movement of the sun across the sky. There are seasonal changes that also seem to have some relation to the solar position. And there are spasmodic changes that frequently synchronize with the occurrence of sunspots and other solar outbursts.

Picture the radio roof, then, as a billowing canopy of electrified particles. Between the solid earth and the inner surface of this ever-changing bubble of electricity our wireless waves must somehow bump their way, sometimes shooting up 60 miles before they strike the reflector, sometimes 100 or 200 miles. No wonder they get mixed up, and shift their zones of silence like the shadows from a wind-blown torch. No wonder Oakland found that it could n't hear; and it is n't strange that the Rotarians were disappointed in Australia, black cat or no black cat. To build a science of these eternally fluctuating phenomena, to plumb and survey and chart this fluttering shell of gas, would seem to be a lunatic's project — but sober, clear-eyed physicists are doing it, gradually building up a body of law, slowly learning the 'where' and the 'what' and the 'how' of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer.

Like a vast circus tent caught in a gale, bulging boisterously in one place, sagging in another, tossed upward and outward or perhaps beaten down by the mighty cosmic forces pelting the far outposts of our world, is this enclosing film of stampeding particles — the last frontier of the planet earth.

And the gale that billows it is a blast from the sun.

III

How does the sun do this? Hulburt and Maris say its ultra-violet light is the responsible critter. These extremely short rays are packed with enormous energy, many times that of visible rays. When they reach the outer fringes of our atmosphere, they smash its atoms and disrupt molecules, colliding with and knocking out electrons which absorb the rays' energy, and plunge madly into the sea of space like the bedeviled swine of the New Testament story. The number of particles thus electrified (or ionized) is in direct proportion to the volume of ultra-violet light. The more rays there are, the deeper they will be able to penetrate into the atmosphere and the greater will be their wreckage of particles. It is because of this that the height of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer varies between night and day and between summer and winter. The more sunlight, the more atomic wreckage. When the sun is directly overhead, its rays have their best chance to penetrate deep into the atmosphere and build up a strong electrification. It has been found that the layer is generally thickest and densest shortly after noon, reaching a maximum at about 1 P.M., shrinking to a minimum around 4 A.M.

Within recent months a curious after-dark transformation has been discovered. As the sun sets, the layer not only shrinks and thins, but it splits into two layers. Thus there is over the night side of the earth this shrunken doubled layer of electrification, while over the day side the layer is single and swollen to greater volume. This peculiar dualism makes it difficult for short waves to travel across sunset or sunrise. Often a short wave will penetrate the inner stratum and pass through it to the outer one, there to be reflected back or perhaps to be imprisoned between the two and be absorbed.

At all times the layer is a region of turmoil and stress, and especially in the sunlit hemisphere. On that side, where the solar rays are continually bombard-

ing the atmosphere, neutral air particles flow upward by convection currents, to be electrified when the ultra-violet radiation strikes them, and then to participate in a vast spiraling of the energized particles (ions) toward the magnetic poles of the earth. The negatively charged particles drift westward, the positively charged particles eastward. This effect of the solar ultra-violet constitutes an electric current (of about 8,000,000 horsepower energy) continually flowing around the earth.

This perpetual current is the Kennelly-Heaviside layer. The roof of the world is not only a flapping tent, it is also a river of electricity forever flowing above our blue sky — a torrent of energy coursing around the world like the torrent of electrons surging through the coils of a dynamo.

Just as the energy flow through the coils of a dynamo induces that mysterious force which we label magnetism, so this electrical flow in the high atmosphere has a dynamo effect on the earth. Geophysicists long puzzled over certain discrepancies in the earth's magnetism. Their analysis showed that most of it arises within the earth, but about 2 per cent could not be accounted for in this way and must therefore be of external origin. Now it is found that the current of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer is of such volume (about 3,000,000 amperes) as will generate a magnetic field exactly equal to the 2 per cent of extra-terrestrial origin.

Does this mean kinship between the radio roof and such an ancient device as the mariner's compass?

Apparently so; for whenever the sensitive needle of the magnetic observatory dances its inexplicable jig under the influence of those strange invisible tornadoes known as magnetic storms, queer things happen to radio. At these times the radio roof expands to enormous proportions, radio waves get shunted and entangled by the sudden changes in height and density of the layer, and sometimes for hours and even days communication is jumbled, if not impossible.

Thus, on July 7, 1928, the trans-atlantic short-wave radio suddenly became inoperative. Wireless telephone by short wave from New York to San Francisco was out of commission all day, and transmission from West to East was little better. Certain telegraph lines burned out their protectors, and wire telephone communication between many points was interrupted. That night one of the most brilliant displays of the aurora borealis in recent times flared up and drooped its flickering green curtains over the northern sky; it was seen as far south as Atlanta and Dallas. During these strange contortions, the sensitive compasses in magnetic observatories all over the earth jigged back and forth a simultaneous record of a magnetic storm — one of the most violent in recent years, though silent and imperceptible except to the sensitive nerves of electrical circuits and radio waves.

Solar photographs taken at Mount Wilson and other stations that day showed a flock of sunspots passing across the face of our star. Again and again this coincidence has been noted — spots on the sun, and magnetic and electrical disturbances on the earth.

'We can say, however, that sunspots in *themselves* do not cause magnetic storms,' explained Dr. Hulburt. 'The surface of the sun is like a burning prairie, covered at all times with countless flares and eruptions of flaming gases. Sometimes there is a more violent eruption than usual; it may show in a sunspot or group of spots, or in magnetic disturbances on the earth; usually it shows in both. Thus the sunspot, like the magnetic storm, is not a cause but an effect. Both the spot

and the storm are attributable, we believe, to the same cause; and that cause, we feel sure, is within the hot interior of the sun. Our studies show that all the phenomena can be accounted for by outbursts of ultra-violet radiation.'

The solar surface registers an average temperature of about 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. This is far above the vaporizing point of all known elements. It means that even the heavy metals exist there only as glowing gases, radiating energy in all wave lengths from the heat rays of infra-red to the invisible penetrating rays of ultra-violet. The higher the temperature, the greater the volume and intensity of ultra-violet radiation; therefore, any heating of the solar surface would result in additional outpouring of ultra-violet rays.

What apparently happens is that some explosion within bursts the surface of the sun and exposes an under region where the temperature is 30,000 degrees and more. Through this jagged rent — and sunspots of 50,000 miles diameter have been observed! — pours a blast of ultra-violet radiation. It is an added bombardment which plays havoc with the earth's upper air. It excites the already excited particles of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, penetrates the layer into the calmer atmosphere beneath, smashes neutral atoms and molecules by the billions, ionizes them, and enormously increases the population of the electrified layer.

The first effect is to add to the flow of energy that circles continually around the earth. Within an hour the flow may be increased a third or more. It is easy to see that this addition of two or three million horsepower to the energy of the current would intensify the magnetic field of the earth, to the bewitchment of telephone, telegraph, and cable circuits, and of radio waves.

A second effect is the massing of electrified particles above the poles of the earth. The increased bombardment of ultra-violet causes the number of charged particles to accumulate more rapidly than they can be neutralized. As a result two clouds of ions form, one above the North Pole, the other above the South Pole, at a height of about 120 miles. Each of these two concentrations of electrified particles becomes a vast floating bar magnet, with attraction sufficient to account for much of the magnetic and electrical disturbances on the earth.

As the cloud of particles above a polar region becomes more concentrated and more excited with increased ionization, it becomes luminous. Then it is that we see an aurora. The tenuous sky magnet becomes a sign in the heavens, visible (and, some say, audible) token of the mighty sway of the star we are hitched to.

IV

There is another mysterious luminosity in the night sky. One evening last March I saw it just after sunset — a faint band of haze arching up from the western horizon. For centuries it has been called the zodiacal light. But naming a thing does not solve its enigma, and the zodiacal light has long remained an astronomical puzzle. Dr. W. E. Glanville, Episcopal rector of New Market, Maryland, is perhaps the leading observer in the United States of this phenomenon, and has organized an international circle of amateurs to make observations in different parts of the world. He recently published a summary of the various theories that have been advanced to explain the zodiacal light. They range all the way from Cassini's idea of a meteoric cloud surrounding the sun to Barnard's less spectacular idea of refracted sunlight.

But Dr. Hulburt sees the zodiacal

light as of a piece with all these other effects of particles electrified by solar ultra-violet rays. The finer particles attain speeds which carry them beyond the upper limit of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, and beyond the great gaseous magnets which quiver above the poles. They finally come to relative rest to form a surrounding cloud about 30,000 miles from the sunlit side of the earth. The pressure of sunlight, continually beating on this ring of cloud, prevents its expansion any farther toward the sun, but that same pressure accelerates its expansion in the opposite direction. As a result, the cloud of fine particles is distended far into space on the night side of the earth, and may attain a distance of 1,000,000 miles, according to Hulburt's computation.

It is, in effect, a comet-like tail to our planet — a 1,000,000-mile plume of electrified particles that we trail through space as we ride our circuit around the sun at 19 miles a second, and travel toward Vega at 12 miles a second, and partake of the runaway motion of the Milky Way in still another direction at 200 miles a second. One might think that, with all these motions to accommodate itself to, our plume of electricity might get bent or tangled, but no — the persistent pressure of light both creates and moulds it, so the plume always points away from the sun, always trails the night side of the earth.

Thus, according to Hulburt, the zodiacal light is the last vestige of the earth's atmosphere, the outermost stuff of our planet. It is too thin and subtile to reflect radio waves or anything else. Perhaps it may be thought of as dust from the radio roof — cosmic dust blown into space by the wind of light that is forever beating against the world.

Far driven, some of this earth stuff escapes, perhaps to be recaptured by a passing planet or meteor, or it may be to travel its own course for millions of years — solitary, an Ishmael in the deserts of space; relic of Earth, symbol of man adrift, tugged at by all the stars, beaten upon by all the radiant forces, but persisting somehow in that 'freewill of Nature' which makes the whole universe akin, man and clod.

EXPERIENCE

BY JAMES E. BAUM

I

OLD CHARLEY was cook. Clyde, a son of Teton Jackson, the outlaw, was horse wrangler and packer. I was out for elk and deer. We were camped at the head of Big Gros Ventre Creek, high up in the Gros Ventre Mountains, just over the divide from Jackson's Hole in northwestern Wyoming. The time was late September.

The pack and saddle horses, in a fit of homesickness the first night, had pulled out for the ranch, and Teton Jackson's boy had a long ride after them in the morning. About noon he galloped up the valley on the wrangle horse, driving the runaway band before him. Clyde was a crackerjack wrangler and it riled him to have his part of the outfit cause delay. He drove the ponies into a rope corral stretched between trees near the tent, reined his sweating mount to its haunches, and hit the ground. He was always quiet, but now, filled with suppressed anger at the horses, he was ominously so. I saw that his face was badly scratched. Those wise old camp horses had scattered when they saw him coming and had cut back for home through thick timber. Clyde had been forced to run his horse under many a low-hanging branch; the skin of his face told the story. No wonder he was in a huff.

'What happened?' drawled Old Charley, grinning as he peered at young Jackson's lacerated features. 'You look like you'd been sortin' wildcats.'

'Had to ride clear down to the falls after these buzzards and then fog 'em through the brush. That old Nig of yourn is the worst. He was in the lead when I caught up, and the ornery cuss would n't drive nowhere. But I walloped him a plenty with the end of my rope. He won't forget if he's got a spoonful of brains in that bucket head of his. Where's the Mocha?' Clyde's spurs jingled angrily as he stalked to the fire and selected a tin cup.

Old Charley reached for the coffeepot. He was always delighted when something upset Clyde — something big enough to rouse him from his usual joke-proof serenity. The old man bustled about with exaggerated solicitude, showering attentions upon the boy, spreading a saddle blanket for him to sit on, in a spirit of unaccustomed motherliness calculated to fan the flames of the wrangler's already overstrained temper.

'There, there,' said Old Charley soothingly as he winked at me. 'Hold your cup, Clyde. I'm pouring this mornin'. This is my "at home" day, as the newspapers say of us society folks. And Clyde, if the society reporters ask you for a list of the choice vy-ands and the salubrious vittles that Monsoor Charles employs to regale his guests at this here outdoor social function, you can just tell 'em that I set out fodder by the bale — a feed guaranteed to make Chinamen throw away their chopsticks

and crowd into the trough with both feet.'

Clyde was in no mood for jocularity. He snorted with disgust, 'Was n't you cook on the round-up that time when Beavertooth found an old horseshoe in his grub?'

Old Charley bristled like an aged grizzly bear. 'That was the low-downedest trick anybody ever played on a cook.' The remembrance of that occasion was still painful to him, but he tried to pass it off lightly. 'That old trick did n't faze me none. Horseshoes are good luck. It ain't every cook can furnish horseshoes in his mulligans any more than every chef can supply pearls with his oysters. Beavertooth don't know how lucky he was to get his horseshoe on a tin plate instead of in the seat of his pants. Horseshoes are bad luck in some places. And just because Beavertooth broke one of his fangs on that horseshoe was n't no fault of mine. The greatest compliment a man can pay to a round-up cook is to break a tush goin' after his grub. I always did like a two-handed eater, and me and Beavertooth are good friends yet. I never thought he put that horseshoe in the mulligan just to get me in bad with the rest of you fellers, and then forgot about it. Somebody else done it.'

'Oh — surely — not,' Clyde drawled, glad to find an outlet for his resentment against the horses. 'Nobody put that horseshoe in Beavertooth's grub.'

'Somebody done it all right.' The rough joke of long ago still rankled in Old Charley's breast. '*Some*body done it, and I'd like to catch the crossbred son-of-a-gun. I'd make him hard to find!'

'Nobody put that horseshoe in Beaver's grub,' repeated Clyde positively.

Charley roared at him: 'Nobody? None of you fellers, you mean! Then I suppose I done it myself?'

'Oh, no.' Clyde's tone implied that he was scandalized at the thought. 'Oh, no. Nobody was to blame.'

'Then how did it get there?' Charley roared again.

'You remember that old knee-sprung pinto cayuse the straw boss had in his string?'

'Sure. Worthless old skate.'

'Well, he was shod, all four feet, was n't he?'

'What if he was?' The cautious voice with which Old Charley asked the question showed that he knew he ought to shy off, but could n't.

'Nothin',' returned Clyde. 'Only you did n't see the pinto again after Beavertooth found that shoe, did you?'

'I don't remember. But what's that got to do with it? All I know is that I never touched that horseshoe, either before it was found in the mulligan or after.'

'Just what I always told the boys,' said Clyde, turning to me. 'Old Charley never put that horseshoe in the grub. Just because a man handles a horse,' he hesitated, and added mysteriously, 'for — other — purposes, don't mean that he has to fondle the horse's shoe.' And he took another swig of coffee.

'Other purposes!' bellowed Old Charley. 'What other purposes? Why don't you say what you mean?'

'Give me time,' replied Clyde, 'and don't interrupt no more. I says to the boys: "No, sir! Old Charley never put that shoe in the grub. He did n't need to. It was just naturally all that was left when he turned the pinto horse into mulligan. You can't boil a steel horseshoe down to nothin'." That's what I says to the boys. But what gets me is — where did them other three horseshoes go? Charley, you don't suppose

some of us swallowed 'em and never knowed it?'

Old Charley, wild with the accumulated rage of years of heckling about this episode, made a dive for Clyde, but the youth leaped across the fire for his horse, gathered the hanging reins, and dashed away through the timber. His unrestrained guffaws drifted back to us on the gentle breeze.

In a moment Old Charley became outwardly calm again. He glanced wistfully toward the tent where his six-shooter lay. 'I've knowed men shot for less,' he remarked absent-mindedly, as he began to wash the dishes in the big tin pan. He went on, mumbling half to himself:—

'That young squirt of a Clyde, he talks too much. I'll get even with him if it takes a hundred years.'

II

An hour later Clyde came riding back. Old Charley was whistling away at his culinary tasks and the incident was apparently forgotten. Clyde brought news. 'You see that thick timber over yonder on the ridge?' He pointed across the valley. 'Well, I took a ride over that way. It's a good place for elk and I thought I'd take a look-see. There must be a big herd in that timber. The place is all tracked up, and I imagine they have n't been disturbed all summer.'

That afternoon I mounted and rode alone up the canyon. It was a wild and rough section of country. The swift stream, flowing from the melting snows upon the continental divide, had cut a three-hundred-foot chasm into the solid limestone. Ages ago, when the world was young, the stream had flowed through a mere depression in the rock. Its bed had shifted again and again until, as the centuries passed, a wide valley had been hollowed out. Almost sheer were the cliffs which formed the sides of this valley, and its floor supported an ancient growth of pine and spruce, which stood in scattered clumps, forming a series of beautiful mountain parks.

Tracks of elk and a few of deer wandered aimlessly back and forth across the valley. A distinct game trail meandered up the stream toward the divide which separates the headwaters of the Gros Ventre from those of Spread Creek on the Jackson's Hole side. The valley was comparatively open, but it was too early in the afternoon for game to be astir, although the sun had almost reached the snow-clad peaks on the western side.

I dismounted, dropping the reins, and sat upon an old log from which I could watch the opposite side of the canyon. After a while I tired of this and lay on the cool ground with head on folded hands, gazing upward at the snowy peaks. My horse promptly went to sleep, his eyelids drooping like those of a small boy at bedtime. Occasionally he would open them, lift his head, cock his ears, and appear to listen. I could see him without moving, for he was slightly below me on the slope. After an hour of this I too began to doze, but I was suddenly awakened by a movement of the horse. His head was up and his black ears, close together, pointed across the canyon. He was a wise pony, and I knew that such interested attention on his part meant something.

Coming up the canyon at a brisk trot I saw an old cow elk, wide ears laid back, long ewe neck outstretched, dark coat gleaming in the last rays of the sun. Not far behind her, trailing in single file, came fourteen more, all cows and calves with a sprinkling of yearlings. From their steady, ground-covering trot I knew that they were traveling instead of aimlessly feeding.

The cow in the lead was without a calf, and she was old — evidently the experienced leader of the bunch. She stopped, turned her head with great deliberation, and sniffed the air on either side. The others behind her came to a halt like well-drilled soldiers, but they did not bother to turn heads and investigate the breeze; they waited patiently for her to do the investigating. Apparently her judgment was considered sufficient and accepted as final.

The wind blew straight down the canyon from the peaks surrounding the high pass above. The elk were fully five hundred yards away, directly across the wind from me. Unless my horse moved they would not see us, although we were in plain sight in the open. The eyes of wild animals are trained to catch the slightest movement, but a stationary object seldom attracts attention, even when it is much closer than we were.

It was the rutting season, and I looked carefully through the glasses for the bull which, by all the rules, should have been with such a large herd. There was no bull. 'It can hardly be possible,' I thought, 'that no bull has yet crossed the trail of this band.' In the fall, bull elk scour the country like bloodhounds. After the first frosts have hardened their horns, they set out on the great quest; up hill and down, in a long-reaching trot, they go, necks swelling, eyes blazing, pausing only to wallow in cold mountain streams and to throw up their heads occasionally to give forth that wild and stirring call which sounds so like the notes of a bugle and ends in a high falsetto squeal. When they come upon the trail of a band of cows, they follow it wherever it may lead, caring little for danger, answering only that driving instinct which bids them find mates.

I knew that no other hunters were anywhere near in that high and rugged country, so I was sure that the bull had not been shot. And nothing else could have killed him. Even a grizzly bear — that shambling tramp of the wilderness — would walk around a rutting bull elk, not exactly fearing him, but respectfully alert and well satisfied to maintain an armed neutrality. I could not understand why no bull accompanied the herd. But while the leading cow nosed the air I saw through the glasses that the tongues of several lolled from open mouths. Ah, here was the reason! The herd had been badly frightened, perhaps by a whiff of air from our camp miles below in the valley. They had traveled fast and far, and the light, active cows had simply outdistanced the older and heavier bull. On a long run an old bull, handicapped as he is by his weight and his wide-spreading antlers, is no match for cows and yearlings. I was sure that the bull would be along in a few moments.

The cow in the lead satisfied herself that no danger lurked ahead. She fell again into her stride — that long, ground-covering trot. The others followed, and the band continued up the canyon in single file. But within a few hundred yards the wise leader stopped again. She turned her head slowly and appeared to size up the country. A large grove of tall pines, closely growing, stood three hundred yards to her right. After a moment she decided, apparently, that the place was a haven of concealment where the band might lie down in peace and safety. The grove lay so high up on the canyon side that it gave an uninterrupted view of the entire valley. It was an ideal place for an elk herd to go into temporary retirement.

Then came evidence of wild-animal intelligence, of clear, straight thinking, which we humans with all our scientific

knowledge could not have improved upon. The wise old leader did not turn and make directly for that grove across the wind. She did nothing as childish as that. Instead, she led her band directly up wind for at least five hundred yards; then she turned and went cross wind to a point from which she was able to march straight down wind to the grove. Any predatory animal — wolf, mountain lion, or man — following the fresh trail of that herd would have to pass five or six hundred yards directly to windward of the resting place. His scent would be carried down, and, since the noses of wild animals never sleep, his arrival would be as plainly advertised as if it had been announced with the fanfare of trumpets.

The leading cow had gone about the business of setting the stage in such a cool and clever manner that I was amazed. Now no enemy could follow that fresh trail without making an absolute fool of himself. The herd, after entering the thick timber, must have lain down immediately, for none passed through to come out on the far side.

I sat where I was and waited. The bull was the one I wanted. In ten more minutes my pony again pricked up his ears.

'Here comes the bull,' I thought; and as I looked a magnificent specimen — a heavy, dark old warrior, his wide and gleaming horns thrown well back over his shoulders — came up the canyon at a laborious trot. The trail was so fresh and so easy to follow that only occasionally did he lower his nose. He passed the grove and continued up wind to where the cows had turned; there he too circled back and entered the dark line of trees to rejoin his family.

I wanted that bull. I could tell by his blocky size and black neck that he was an old-timer. I also wanted one of the yearlings for meat. The meat of an old bull in the rutting season is strong and tough, and, while it can be eaten in a pinch, it is barely palatable.

III

I was on the point of tying my horse and passing back through the trees to a place down wind from whence an approach could be made when I heard the distant bugle of another bull far down the canyon. It was faint, and against the breeze sounded eerie, almost fairy-like.

Was this a bull leading another herd through the valley, or was he a lone warrior whipped away from a herd by a more powerful antagonist? I sat down again to wait, and before many minutes had passed I saw the second bull coming along the trail at a run. He was alone. I could see with the glasses that he was younger, lighter in weight, and hence a faster traveler than the first. He must have struck the trail but lately, for he appeared fresh and capable of many more miles of fast pursuit.

Fired with the madness to which he was subject at that season of the year, he plunged ahead over the rocky ground oblivious of everything but that broad, fresh trail reaching out ahead of him. The grade was steep and the altitude around eleven thousand feet, but he came on at a gallop. Every few hundred yards he bugled hastily, spasmodically, not stopping to take a deep breath and do full justice to that most musical of all wilderness sounds.

The old bull, safe in the bosom of his family among the thick trees, did not answer for some minutes. Then, as the newcomer drew abreast of the grove and almost opposite my position, the old fellow gave a deep, answering chal-

lenge, and rushed out in a towering rage to meet the interloper. The young bull, seeing the other coming at him like an express train, stopped in his tracks, bugled again furiously, and waited for the attack. He lowered his head, and with his antlers threw up sod and tore up brush.

They came together with a loud clashing of horns, grunting and squealing in their fury. Sod flew. Backs arched as they strained and heaved, each trying with every last ounce of strength to turn the other partly around and have a clear thrust at an unprotected side. They battled in such desperation that I expected any moment to see one or the other lose his footing on that uneven ground and go down, to be gored by his adversary; their movements, however, were catlike in speed, and the unconscious grace of their powerful bodies in a thrust or a riposte was marvelous. Split hoofs rattled. Horns clashed again and again. Squeals and grunts of rage resounded from one side of the canyon to the other.

I noticed with surprise that the cows did not appear at the edge of the timber to watch the fight. I suppose they knew from past experience that they would belong to the winner, but apparently it made no difference to them one way or the other.

It soon became clear that the adversaries were unevenly matched. The first bull, because of his greater weight and larger horns, began to crowd the new arrival backward. The younger bull soon realized that his inevitable defeat was a matter of moments. He adopted defensive tactics, which indicated that he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to make his getaway. His disappointment must have been keen, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. But who was I to interfere in a fair fight? Nature, in her infinite wisdom, has laid down the law that the stronger shall prevail and next year's calves be fathered by a doughty champion. The system is sound, and in consequence no degenerate elk is born to face the hard and relentless wilderness.

The battle continued only a few minutes more. The young bull saw his chance and whirled with such surprising speed that his enemy was just a second too late in thrusting home his gleaming antlers. The defeated bull threw up his head and dashed pell-mell down the canyon, his conqueror at his heels. But the old fellow was no match for the younger one in speed. He followed no more than two or three hundred yards, then stopped, shook his noble antlers, and sent a deep, ringing, triumphant call across the canyon. It echoed back and forth between the limestone cliffs in a series of wild reverberations, a thrilling pæan of victory. He stood panting for a moment, then turned majestically, and with the slowest, most stately stride imaginable strutted back toward the grove. At the edge of the dark trees he turned once more and set the echoes ringing with a last musical, throaty challenge to the world at large, and disappeared among the pines.

He was magnificent, that bull, and I wanted him badly. But after seeing his gallant exhibition in the ring, his superb dignity, and his just pride in his prowess, I did not have the heart to disturb him. I mounted my pony and rode slowly back to camp. I knew well enough that this high and lonely valley was an ideal place for a herd in the rutting season. He would probably keep his family in that isolated grove, or at least somewhere in the neighborhood. The old Trojan had earned a few peaceful days and nights, and as far as I was concerned he could have them. Next week would be time enough to

collect him for a specimen, and as for meat — well, I'd have to kill a yearling somewhere else within a day or two.

IV

Old Charley was pottering about the fire when I rode into camp. 'Well,' he asked, standing up straight like a black bear on its hind legs, 'what did you see?' Clyde Jackson reclined by the fire, and, as far as I could tell, the late unpleasantness between them had been completely forgotten.

'I saw a battle that would make the encounter between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney look like a quiet session of the sewing circle on a Sunday afternoon,' and I told of the fighting bulls.

'That ain't nothin',' remarked Charley, sniffing. He always had a better one ready, no matter what you spoke of. 'Why, one time over on the head of Shoal Creek in Fall River Basin I seen two bull elk fight for a solid hour. They were evenly matched, and me and Buster McIlvain lay behind some rocks and made bets on the outcome. I bet a brand-new six-shooter against Buster's old thirty-thirty carbine. I won, too, but Buster claimed his bull won. He claimed they got turned around and I was mixed up. Me and him almost went to the ground and chewed ears about it. I never liked Buster much since.'

'I heard about that,' put in Clyde languidly. 'Buster told me all about it, and he seemed to know a heap sight more about that horseshoe business than anybody I've talked to. Buster claims — '

'There you go!' Old Charley's temper flared up instantly. 'Buster claims this and Buster claims that! What do I care what he claims? I know a bull elk when I see one, don't I?' He rolled his quid and spat expressively. I could see that the affair of the horseshoe was by no means ended. Clyde was not one to let it die.

In the next few days I got a buck deer or two and a fair mountain-sheep ram. Then we loafed and fished until the week ran out. Meanwhile Clyde managed to keep old Charley in a perpetual state of fuss and fume. As a heckler Clyde was an artist. It might be nothing more than a word or a short sentence pronounced with an irritating inflection, or the exaggerated thoroughness with which he inspected his venison steak, the canned corn, or the beans on his tin plate. He did this invariably as he sat down to a meal. For several days Charley appeared not to notice him, but at last he could stand the silent insult no longer.

'What's eatin' on you, Clyde?' he blurted out one evening as young Jackson lifted the steak on his plate and looked under it as if he expected to find a horse and buggy. 'What's wrong with you? You act like you ain't never seen a knife and fork. Where was you raised? In a Chinese josh house?'

'I ain't aimin' to have folks nickname me Beavertooth,' Clyde answered tauntingly.

So it went. I've never seen a man so seething with suppressed anger as Old Charley during that last week. I began to feel sorry for him. If we had not planned to leave in a day or two and return to the ranch, I should have spoken to Clyde and ordered him to let the old man alone.

The night before our last day in camp I set the alarm clock to ring at half an hour before dawn. An alarm clock is a handy thing to have on such an expedition as ours. Without one you cannot depend upon waking when you want to, and upon important mornings you may oversleep an hour and miss the best part of the day. The alarm went

off with a bang next morning and we had breakfast by lantern light. I saddled my pony and set out up the valley, instructing Clyde to follow me in about two hours with two pack horses.

I found the elk herd easily enough, and got the big bull. Clyde arrived on schedule and we packed the meat, the hide, and the big bull's head. It was a perfect six-pointer — that is, six points on each beam. It was wide in spread and unusually thick in the main stems, and perfectly symmetrical.

V

The following day we broke camp. Clyde wrangled the horses for the last time. He was surprisingly affable and friendly toward Old Charley that morning. In fact, he was geniality personified.

I knew what he was up to and I was astonished that Old Charley accepted Clyde's change of heart at its face value. As Charley washed up the dishes, Clyde seized the dishcloth and dried them as fast as they were ready — a thing he had never deigned to do before.

'We'll have everything packed in an hour,' Clyde called out to me. 'Old Charley, besides bein' the best cook in seven states, is a topnotch packer. Ain't you, Charley? The two of us can pack them ponies in no time.' Clyde could not have made it plainer that he expected Old Charley to step out of his province and help with the packing, just as he himself was doing in drying the dishes.

I glanced at Charley and was amazed to hear him chirp brightly: 'You bet! Me and Clyde work together fine. You ride on ahead and don't wait for us. I'll help Clyde get packed and help him start 'em for home. It's thirty miles. Them ponies will know they 're headin' for home, and after we get 'em goin' Clyde can drive 'em alone easy enough. Then I'll overtake you.'

So I mounted and rode off. If Old Charley was simple enough to let Clyde cajole him into doing most of the hard work, it was his own business, not mine. It was ten o'clock before Charley overtook me. We jogged along together.

'Clyde seems like a good boy,' I remarked, to see what the old man would say. 'He certainly understands horses — and men, too. He's smart, is Clyde.'

'Oh, yes,' Charley answered lazily. He bit off a chew and we rode in silence for a time. Then he added: 'Yes, Clyde's a good boy. He's smart, too, as you say. I would n't wonder, though, if he ain't *too* smart. Lots of young fellers get smart too early in life. It goes to their heads.'

I said nothing, so Charley took out his old silver watch and glanced at its open face. 'Just twenty minutes past ten,' he remarked.

We rode on for some distance, then he pulled out his watch again. 'Twenty minutes to eleven,' he said. We talked of many things, and after an interval the watch came out once more. 'Only ten minutes until eleven o'clock,' he announced.

'How long have you had that watch?' I asked. 'You act like a kid with his first timepiece.'

Charley grinned, a bit sheepishly, I thought. 'Force of habit, I reckon,' he grunted. 'You was speakin' of Clyde a while back. He's a good wrangler, all right. He don't lose no ponies in the timber. But a wrangler is only a wrangler after all. Experience is what young men need these days — yes, or any other days, for that matter. I never yet seen a fresh kid that could n't be took down by his elders any time

them elders got good and ready to do it.'

I had to smile at the old man. 'You and Clyde appeared to be mighty good friends this morning for the first time. He was as sweet as pie. I suppose you whirled in and did most of the heavy work packing the horses?'

'Sure,' came his cheerful answer. 'I packed more than my share of them ponies. I worked like a beaver. Me and Clyde parted mighty good friends.'

I was sure of that. From the cleverness I had seen the Jackson youth display at other times I did n't doubt that he had let fall just enough conversation flattering Charley's abilities as a packer to keep the old fellow working at top speed. When he thought I was not looking, he pulled the watch from his pocket again. 'What time is it now?' I asked, just to let him know I had seen the motion.

'Eleven-five,' he said. He returned the watch to his pocket, buttoned the flap down over it, and chuckled softly to himself. 'No need to watch the time any more,' he said.

'Any more? Where was the need to watch the time at all?'

'That's so,' he answered, as if surprised at himself. 'That's so. Funny how a habit gets a feller.'

The time was not mentioned again. Early in the afternoon we rode into the ranch, unsaddled our horses, and turned them loose. 'Clyde ought to make it with the packs before dark,' I remarked.

'Yes,' agreed Old Charley, 'he *ought*.'

I thought he put a needless accent upon the last word and glanced at his gnarled old face, but it was serene and a trifle vacant. 'The horses know they're coming home,' I added. 'They'll drift along like so much thistledown, like a string of baa-lambs when they know that home is at the end of the day's work. They'd come easily enough with no one to drive 'em.'

'Yes,' replied Old Charley, 'they'll come *stringin'* in soon now.' Again I was puzzled by his strange emphasis.

VI

Late that evening the horses did come 'stringin'' in. That was just the word for it. First came a pair of young horses not too well broken to packs. They were covered with dried sweat, and their eyes were wild. The packs were loose, but right side up. A mile behind came Nig, Old Charley's private property. His pack was secure, but he too had been running far and fast.

'Must have smelled a bear,' I remarked.

'Bear?' said Old Charley, in a tone which implied that he had never heard the word before.

'Yes, bear.'

'Oh, no.' He was very positive about it. 'No bear.'

'Why not a bear? They might easily have got wind of a bear and gone haywire. Something has scared this bunch half to death. You can see that.'

'Sure. Something has throwed a scare into 'em. But it was n't no bear.'

'Well, then, what was it? You seem to know a lot about it.'

'Wait till Clyde gets in. He's a top-notch wrangler. You said so yourself. Clyde will tell us. Leave everything to Clyde. He'll have lots to tell — when he gets in.'

The pack horses came one by one until all were accounted for except a half-broken cayuse which the ranch foreman had traded from the Indians at Fort Washakie. That cayuse had been exceedingly touchy on the trip — so touchy that we had put nothing in his pack but a bed and a tent; he could

not be trusted with anything that might develop the slightest rattle.

Neither the cayuse nor Clyde came in until almost noon the next day. The youth's face was badly scratched again, and he led the runaway with his saddle rope. The pack that had been the well-stowed burden of the cayuse was all awry, and was torn in several places. Our alarm clock was tied around the cayuse's neck with a short piece of rope.

'What happened, Clyde?' Old Charley bustled out and made a great show of solicitude. 'Your face looks like you've been off sortin' wildcats again.'

Young Jackson rode straight up to Old Charley. He grinned and reached down his hand. Charley shook it soberly without the flicker of a smile.

'You ain't so old and broke down in the hips as you look,' said Clyde. 'And the horseshoe episode is closed. You win.' And with that the son of Teton Jackson rode off to the corral.

Old Charley nodded toward the alarm clock dangling from the neck of the half-broken cayuse and said, 'He seems to like it — now.'

Then it all came to me. 'Look here,' I said, 'did you slip that alarm clock in that cayuse's pack when you helped Clyde yesterday morning?'

Old Charley's weather-beaten face cracked in a wide grin. He leaned against the bunk house lazily and slowly completed my thought aloud: 'And set her to ring at eleven o'clock. I reckon when she went off that Injun pony must have come unglued. It looks like our topnotch wrangler had to run that cayuse halfway to the Arapahoe Reservation. Sometimes we older men have to take a heap sight more from kids than we ought to. But the thing smart kids need these days is experience.'

THE DECLINING DISREPUTE OF MURDER

BY B. K. SANDWELL

ONE of the most interesting facts about our shifting moral currency is the decline in the disrepute of murder.

Murder, like gold, reached its highest valuation (only, of course, the valuation of murder is negative and that of gold is positive) about the year 1896. It has been declining ever since; and, unlike gold, it has not had any rise since 1928 and does not seem likely to have one. It is now one of the more unimportant of human actions, and several other crimes seem to be well on the way to taking precedence over it in the popular estimation of heinousness.

It is true that not murder alone, but all crimes have diminished in disrepute since 1896. This general tendency is probably due to the enormous increase in the number of different crimes which it is now possible to commit. There is a quantity theory, a law of supply and demand, in the ethical sphere as well as in the economic. It was not difficult to get people interested in the matter of obedience to ten commandments, but it is fearfully hard to get them really concerned about ten thousand and ten. But, even so, I think the decline in the social estimate of the importance of murder is disproportionate and highly significant.

In that idyllic era which ended with the closing years of the nineteenth century, murder was, in all English-speaking countries, and in France and Germany and Scandinavia, a tremendously important thing. And when I say murder, I mean just murder. The killing of anybody by anybody — common or garden assassination. Not regicide; not parricide; not the slaying of husband by wife. These particular kinds of murder had been held in deep abhorrence ever since the dawn of human history, for the very simple reason that the makers of the public opinion of those times were kings, priests, fathers, and husbands, in that order of importance. But at the same time the slaying of wife by husband was a peccadillo, and that of child by father was a mere exercise of a normal property right; and the slaying of a stranger by a stranger was a thing to be settled for on a financial basis or by reprisals.

But in the nineteenth century public opinion ceased to be made by kings and priests, and began to be made by owners of property. And the owner of property takes a very special view of murder, for precisely the same reason that the kings and priests did — namely, that he is peculiarly liable to be murdered. He always views the subject from the point of view of the victim. And to the victim, or the prospective victim, murder is always an exceedingly heinous crime.

The type-murder of the pre-property era is *Macbeth* — the murder of a king by a person who wants to get his kingship. The type-murder of the nineteenth century is *The Bells* — the

murder of a man with stealable property by a man who wants to get that property. The audience which sat through *Macbeth* saw the crime with the eyes of a king; they had been trained by generations of royalism to do so. The audience which sat through *The Bells* saw the crime with the eyes of a property owner; they lived in a moral atmosphere which had been created by property owners. In neither case were they kings or property owners; but that made no difference — they reacted just as if they were.

But the kings had an advantage. They were the anointed of God; and it was quite easy to establish the belief that they were a special kind of person, and that the killing of them was a special kind of crime. The property owners were not anointed of anybody; and, in order to establish the idea that to kill them was a serious matter, they had to include the idea that to kill anybody was a serious matter. They incorporated that idea into their ethical code without enthusiasm, but without too great reluctance. After all, while a rich man was highly likely to be killed by a poor man, in an era when wealth consisted largely in gold and plate and jewels and was kept in the family home, it would not often happen that a poor man would be killed by a rich man who would consequently have to pay the penalty. There would be cases of self-defense, but they were amply provided for, anyhow; and on the whole the killing of poor men would mostly be done by other poor men, and it would do the police no harm to chase around after a few poor killers of the poor; it would keep them in practice for chasing after the really important criminals — namely, the poor killers of the rich. So, by a public opinion almost entirely manufactured by property owners, the killing of anybody by anybody, except in defense of life or property, became an exceedingly heinous action, and there grew up that moral detestation of murder in which I myself, along with almost everybody of my generation, was solicitously and effectually trained.

Our attitude was entirely personal, but it was the attitude of one who is imagining himself into the position of the victim of the crime. We looked at John Smith weltering in his gore — that was the correct technical term in those days — and we said: 'There, but for the grace of God, lie I, one B. K. Sandwell, a potential property owner. To murder me would be one of the most atrocious of crimes. But the man who murders John Smith today may murder me to-morrow. We must therefore see to it that John Smith shall not be murdered, or that, if murdered, he shall be so adequately avenged that fewer John Smiths will be murdered thereafter.' And we did see to it, as earnestly as we could.

Now this is not in the least like the attitude of the present generation. They also look at John Smith weltering in his gore — and, owing to the improvement in newspaper illustration, they have far better opportunities for doing so. But they do it with entirely different emotions. What they say is more like this: 'There lies a man who almost certainly deserved to be murdered. Probably he was arranging to murder, or had already murdered, somebody else. Or he was unkind to his wife and to the man whom (doubtless rightly) she preferred to him. Or he refused to give his money and his watch to somebody who (doubtless justly) thought himself entitled to them. Or he was snooping into somebody else's business. Or he was making irritating remarks. Anyhow, he managed to provoke some enterprising and courageous individual into doing away with him, incidentally running all the

risks attendant upon murder and thus committing one of the most sporting and fascinating of crimes.'

In a nutshell, while we Victorians put ourselves in the place of the victim, the post-war generation puts itself in the place of the murderer.

In order to be able to do this, the people whose individual opinions constitute public opinion must, it seems to me, be able to assure themselves with pretty complete confidence that they are never going to be murdered. And I think they do so assure themselves. And on the whole, *at present*, I suppose they are right. Whether they will be right if murder goes on getting less and less heinous and more and more frequent is another question.

For there is a tremendous difference between the class which formed public opinion before 1896 and the class which forms it to-day. The people who form public opinion to-day are not the rich; they are the enormous mass of the decently comfortable. They keep their money in the bank, and their stocks, if any, in the deposit box, and they seldom have more than three small diamonds and a silver-backed hair-brush to a household. They may be robbed of their motor car, but their motor car is insured. They may be robbed of their furs, but that will be by a sneak thief. Their home will never be invaded by the kind of prowler who shoots to kill. There is little in it except the iceless refrigerator, the radio, the electric washing machine, and the drawing-room rug, and these are hard to take away and not very valuable when taken. So the people who run the country nowadays do not have to bother very much about robbery with violence. The millionaires may have something to worry about on that score, but let them worry! And anyhow they can hire their own bodyguards.

As for the other provocations to homicide, how easy to avoid giving them! Gangsters are often murdered, but nobody is obliged to be a gangster. Negroes are often murdered, but if one is a moulder of public opinion one is not apt to be a Negro. Policemen are occasionally murdered, but who wants to be a policeman? So, although thousands of American citizens are murdered every year, the *average* American citizen can with some measure of reason look himself in the face and say: 'I am not the sort of person who gets murdered.'

Now a murder is a dramatic situation, and there is a very strong human instinct to put one's self imaginatively into any dramatic situation that comes to notice. And if one does not put one's self into the position of the victim, how tempting to put one's self into that of the murderer! It is, of the two, much the easier to occupy. For the victim is dead, and the longer he remains dead the harder it is to imagine him as he was when he was alive. But the murderer is alive, and fleeing or fighting for his life against the avenging forces — such as they are — of an outraged society, which still acts officially as if it were outraged, although very uncertain whether it really ought to be. This is an exciting and interesting position to be in, and there is no doubt whatever that it is the position into which the imagination of modern youth most readily enters.

An enormous literature has grown up in the last quarter of a century in which homicide is the necessary preliminary to a very exciting conflict of wits between the murderer, the suspected person, the professional detectives, the amateur detectives, the lawyers, the jurymen, the members of the press, and other related interests. Throughout this literature, in order to avoid distracting the reader's attention

from the conflict of wits, everything possible is done to avoid attaching any emotional significance to the murder itself. Its function is simply to serve as a technical cause for a man hunt. Frequently the victim is never seen alive, and almost always everybody concerned is thoroughly glad of his death.

Nor is the element of remorse, which was an essential part of the psychology of the old murder stories, allowed to obtrude itself into these post-homicidal chess games. The public of the nineteen-thirties evidently does not expect murderers to be remorseful. Perhaps they have actually ceased to be so; or perhaps the extent to which they are so was much exaggerated, for moral effect, in the older criminal literature. At any rate, the demand for perfumes of Araby is now strictly limited to cosmetic purposes, and individuals who hear the sound of bells when there are no bells are sent to a psychiatrist to have their repressions attended to. The average literary murder in these easy-going times has all the shine of a good deed in a naughty world. At its best it is the removal of an undesirable; at its worst it is a move toward the correction of an admitted excess of population.

Intellectually I can quite understand this attitude — of which the murder literature of the day is merely a symbol. Ethically I cannot share it, because my ethical concepts were moulded and set and hardened in the nineteenth century, of happy memory. But I am not greatly distressed at it. If the cheapening of homicide goes beyond reason, it will ultimately cure itself. The kings, when they were on top, were not much concerned about the killing of common people. The property owners, when they were on top, were not much concerned about the killing of common people. The common people, now that they are on top, are not much concerned about the killing of anybody, because they think that only rulers and owners of property and certain special classes of people are likely to be killed.

But they will find that they are wrong. There are so many of the common people that some of them are sure to get killed, mistaken, no doubt, for rulers and owners of property, for gangsters or immigrants. Machine-gun bullets are very undiscriminating. Already the common people are showing signs of annoyance when a round of fire intended for a gangster happens to take in a baby or two in its sweep, or a bomb intended for an enforcement officer gets in the way of a milkman. These little incidents will become more and more common, so long as the shooting of gangsters is held to be fundamentally lawful and the bombing of policemen is not considered as antisocial conduct. The common people will eventually realize, as the people of property realized in the last generation but one, that under a democratic form of government the only way to keep the ruling class safe from murder is to keep everybody safe from murder. And then they will take murder very seriously indeed.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

JARGON

LAUNCELOT GOBBO: 'I speak my agitation of the matter.'

I AM one of those sentimental souls who dislike changes in familiar things. I go so far as to object to the playing of the classics in jazz rhythm. I like pictures that look like things I have seen in my waking hours. I even like punctuation in poetry. But above all I love words. I hate to see them 'go modern,' as I believe the phrase is. Especially do I like words to convey an idea.

With such a reactionary background I approach that holy of holies in the modern school and college — *Education*. And right here is a word that has turned traitor. It has somehow lost its old flavor of scholarship and culture, and has become what I am told is the name of a science. It must no longer be confused with learning, but instead means a kind of machinery. This machinery is supposed to concern itself with classroom instruction.

Now instruction used to mean conveying ideas, but in these modern times ideas are apparently unnecessary. The teacher of history does not, as the ignorant imagine, prepare himself by studying history. Instead, he takes courses in psychology (so as to be able 'to sell his subject') and in education (the science). In many states this is required by law. But I have yet to hear of a law requiring him to study history — except, of course, the history of education. The mathematician studies, not Einstein, but Cubberley (a professor of education).

Since I happen to be a teacher, concerned in my old-fashioned way with education (not the science), I have diligently inquired into the mysteries of the new theory. But something eludes me. The professors of this new science have done something to my beloved words — and to some for which I have no affection.

They sprinkle their discourses with expressions like 'I.Q., concrete non-visual precept, activity analyses, psychographs, optimal methodology, quintile, and graphic representation.' Like Tamburlaine, they 'challenge the world in high astounding terms.'

Of course it is unfair to take words out of their context. Perhaps these pompous terms really carry some important message to which we less scientific teachers should listen. In the university courses labeled 'Education' there might be something that would help me to turn uncouth (or should I say 'underprivileged') youngsters into cultured gentlemen. There might be something that would help me to instill a love of beauty and respect for learning into potential teachers and realtors.

In the catalogue of a famous university I find 'History of Education in the United States.' Here may be some clue to our present confusion. I read on: 'A practicum designed to meet the needs of candidates for the Master's degree, and for those who are working towards the Ph.D. with a major in History of Education.' Well, at least that is frank enough. Its aim would be perfectly intelligible to my sophomores who are taking English Literature to meet their degree requirements — not because of any love for literature.

Perhaps I could learn more from a course called 'The Supervision and Improvement of Instruction.' In the explanation I find that 'the work of the supervisor is analyzed on a functional basis, and the specific techniques for each supervisory field carefully evaluated.'

In another course I find that 'attention will be accorded the relationship of curriculum to the realization of educational aims, the historical bases conditioning present content, the evaluation of typical existing curricula, the formation of curricula objectives, and the practical technique of revision.' This is more difficult than I thought. Perhaps if I could just get my

students to 'accord attention' my problems would be solved.

I am somehow reminded of Goldsmith's remark that Dr. Johnson could not have written a fable because he would have made 'all the little fishes talk like whales.'

A clue to the reason for such language may exist in a communication — this thing is catching — a form letter from a Professor of Education at one of the largest American universities. He outlines what he calls 'four major phases of current educational thinking,' and applies them to the curriculum in English. After an opening sentence minus a verb, I find that 'library reading in line with a vocational or avocational interest is at least equally valuable with protracted recitations based on the intensive study of heavy classical literature.' By 'heavy classical literature' he seems to mean required high-school readings like *The Lady of the Lake* and *The Merchant of Venice*.

Further, I find that 'English in all of its branches including *belles-lettres*, primarily a tool subject, must correlate with the social sciences and with other languages.' It is suggested that it may be amalgamated 'with character training in the middle grades' and 'with American idealism in the senior college.' No mention is made of correct sentence structure.

Of course there have been other sciences with similar terms and phraseology — astrology and alchemy, for instance. Chaucer's Canon's Yeoman could discuss alchemy in language that makes a modern chemistry text seem like a primer. Sorcerers ever had bewildering vocabularies. But the nearest parallel I can find is the language of Wilkins Micawber.

ERNEST EARNEST

BAD TIMES, BETTER MANNERS

I HAVE never been one of those people who go around sighing over American manners. Friendliness and informality, even mixed with familiarity and vulgarisms, seem to me much more desirable than either stiffness or servility. I am one of those who are delighted with the blithe 'O.K., lady' of the first taxi driver at the pier after I have been 'madamed' all over Europe; I do not mind his cheerful male acceptance of my idiosyncrasies, such as a feeling against Third Avenue as an obstacle race course for motor vehicles. But I must admit that in the midst of our friendly American cheerfulness there has always been an occasional surly boor, and a great deal of that kind of bad manners which comes from ignorance and not bad temper. But even I, who like American taxi drivers, am delighted now to realize that New York is a much politer place to live in than it was six months ago. Heart-rending as the depression is, life in the city is in many casual ways far pleasanter than when there were plenty of jobs and plenty of money.

I notice, for instance, that the motorman of our cross-town car has stopped playing his game of catch-the-lady's-foot-in-the-folding-door, and is much less dour when he has to change a quarter. I think perhaps he is a little cleaner, too. He has a nice new hat, at any rate, and perhaps that has made him happier.

Many times this winter I have been thanked for a ten-cent tip after a thirty-cent taxi ride. And not with heavy sarcasm, either. The telegraph boys who have happened to deliver messages have not rung the doorbell for more than thirty or forty seconds at a time or bellowed at the top of their new bass voices as they entered the house. We have a new laundryman, too, from a firm I left in a pet some time ago, good and reasonable as their work was, because their drivers were rude and disagreeable. This new driver is a delightful person and I thoroughly enjoy my Monday morning 'contact' with him. His firm will have to ruin many more collars and lose more handkerchiefs than they have done so far to make me give up his services.

'Better this week than last, Mis' Wynkoop,' he says cheerfully. 'Only $5.43 and last week was $6.90.' He does n't know it yet, but just for that bit of psychology he shall have all our blankets to wash next spring. And that, for my non-housekeeping readers' information I may add, means something.

The salespeople in the small neighborhood shops are as different as they can be. Not only do they not pursue you or crossly

bang their drawers about if they do not have what you ask for, but it even seems not to be your own fault if what you want is not in stock. They are quicker and altogether nicer. In the department stores one seldom now encounters that haughty and indifferent hussy who has spoiled so many gayly anticipated shopping tours since one's childhood. She has been trying, even when one has sympathetically imagined the aching feet, the misery in the back, and the buzzing head that she must develop before the end of every day. The self-control and sweetness of temper of the average shopgirl to-day are a new thing — incredible and touching — touching because it takes very little imagination to see behind them, not only careful training on the part of the management, but a trembling necessity of pleasing the customer and keeping the job.

Fear of losing one's job and the cupidity that now must conciliate every possible customer are not the noblest reasons for courtesy. I suspect that a great deal of the much-vaunted Old World courtesy is due to exactly those two motives, though there is doubtless real character behind some of it. In time, according to William James, if you smile enough, you begin to feel like smiling. If all New York grows to be polite, if only through fear and the need of self-preservation, what a wonderfully attractive race we shall be, with not only good manners, but our gossipy, kindly friendliness besides!

As a matter of fact, all our manners were by way of being badly corrupted. New Yorkers with quite different backgrounds have been baffled into continued bad temper by that gruff, pushing, solid-shouldered obliviousness of our new fellow Americans. And it has been hard not to fall in with the common policy of even otherwise well-mannered people who say, 'Such people do not understand decent manners. You have to shout at them. It's the only kind of talk they understand.' Perhaps the restriction of immigration has already made a difference in our cities, and more of the erstwhile bewildered and elbowing foreigners understand English. At any rate, I think I see a retarding of the corruption of manners among all classes of city people. There have been plenty among them who have adopted this method of dealing with their fellow men. They always jump first, as a matter of policy, and can find fault in the vernacular so loudly and fluently that it frightens their wives and little ones into speechless panic to hear a good sample of their oratory. Meanwhile the swarthy and recently hyphenated American, with what bitterness in his heart one can only guess, mutters into his grocery pushcart, his news stand, or his pressing machine, and invents, if he can, seven new ways to be annoying.

I am particularly glad of the change in atmosphere myself because my children have recently advanced to that age of rudeness which all adolescents of any spirit seem to go through. If in my efforts not to segregate them too strictly they should develop that bullying manner in their public contacts, so to speak, I should feel myself a thorough failure. At times, just that seems to be their ambition.

'Won't it be nice, Mother,' said my son at the age of five, 'when I get a big boy and play in the street and say "Ged ouda here!"'

I should be sorry if after our long training in ordinary decent courtesy at home and in school they should all decide that a hard-boiled, roughshod snappiness is the only way to get on in the world. The rudeness incidental to the process of growing up and getting away from one's family is bad enough, though apparently necessary and to be borne by parents like any other passing affliction. It is a part of the children's development of a personality, and they cannot always stop to be fair to such elderly persons as may be obliged to suggest limits to their flights. One cannot, however, even with good boarding schools taking the chief onus of their manners, adopt with one's own children the policy of a friend of mine, who says frankly that while they are between thirteen and eighteen or so she wants to see as little as possible of the children of her friends. 'They are delightful before and after,' she says, 'but impossible at that age — so critical, disagreeable, and self-centred.'

One can only hope that if they go out into a world which, even though afflicted by hard times and violent competition, is

superficially a little less gruff and disagreeable than it was in their parents' early days of struggle, they may arrive the sooner at an adult philosophy of conduct that does not involve even the simulation of bad temper as a means of dealing with other human beings.

ELIZA WYNKOOP

OUR TOWN MEETING

THANKFUL we are, up here in the hills, that our town, with its two thousand voters, is still small enough to stage a real New England town meeting. To be sure, all the two thousand can't begin to get into the 'opera house,' but enough are on hand when the Moderator's gavel calls the meeting to order to fill every seat and to crowd all standing room. We are having an important session this year.

It is an interesting lot of people that fills the little hall: farmers with their boots on (and mud on the boots), tradesmen, gentlemen of leisure, college professors, artisans; Irish and French Canadians and Italians, maybe a Pole or two, but mostly Anglo-Saxons of the old stock of New England.

The Moderator, an admirable official who, outside of town meeting, is professor of English in our college, bangs down his gavel promptly at 2 P.M., and the meeting starts off with Article 1 on the warrant. Up in the front seats are a group of 'leading citizens' who introduce most of the business and argue on the motions — Selectmen, members of the Finance and School Committees, and officials of the college. Our Selectmen have a spokesman of force and suavity, and our Finance Committee a representative full of ginger. Debate never lags when either of these gentlemen has the floor.

That brilliant Frenchman who has sketched the American scene in *America Comes of Age* tells us that without the Irish our atmosphere 'might have been too heavy to breathe.' For all the closed windows (it is February and a snowstorm threatens outside), the atmosphere of town meeting in our opera house is never too heavy to breathe. Among our citizens of Irish blood are several who can rock the gallery with laughter. Eloquence comes natural to them, and to-day the Moderator has now and then to stop its flow.

'Mr. Moderator, I object. Mr. O'Shaughnessy ain't speakin' to the motion.'

'Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I request that you confine your remarks to the motion before the house.'

'Well, Mr. Moderator' (in as finished and musical a brogue as ever came over the radio), 'may n't I have time to round out me speech?'

'Better square it off, John,' retorts the Moderator, and Mr. O'Shaughnessy subsides amid gales of merriment.

Then there is Yankee wit to match the Hibernian. 'Now, Mr. Moderator, as I was a-sayin', they don't hev to hev any sewer at all up to Doctor Brook. Next winter, when the snow comes agin, them smells won't bother 'em — look, it 's rainin' naow.'

Mr. Mooney of the Doctor Brook section, who happens also to be a town sewer commissioner, vigorously demurs to this line of argument, and a general and somewhat heated discussion ensues, finally terminated by a vote to let the Doctor Brook matter lie over until next year.

So article after article comes up, with a chance for every citizen present to take a hand. 'To see if the town' will add some two hundred acres to the Town Forest (favorable action is modestly urged by one of the owners of the land). Voted 'No,' for this is economy year. 'To see if the town' will allow its cemetery commissioners to buy, with the commission's own reserve funds, an attractive property next to Cedar Grove. Voted 'Yes,' for this won't add a penny to the taxes. Somebody thinks of the New England villager who explained to a visitor that the new cemetery would 'look better when there's more in it,' but this does n't get to the floor.

Finally, with most of the appropriations out of the way, discussion returns to Article 21, 'to see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money to be used for repairs to the high-school building.' And here the trouble begins, and lasts until supper time, for the Finance Committee recommends the sum of $2500, while the School Committee asks for $125,000!

It seems that our old high-school building

is deficient in fire escapes, and that its third floor in particular is a dangerous place for the scholars. Somebody gets up to state that there is n't nearly enough fire insurance on the high-school building, anyway, whereat an irate mother jumps up and asks, 'How about fire insurance on the children?'

Finally, the elaborate plans for alterations are snowed under, and a committee is appointed to see how the really essential work can be accomplished at a minimum cost, and report later on. Good practical people, these New Englanders!

Twilight is gathering when the session has ended, and people file out on the street to pile into their waiting cars. Now the tellers will get to work, counting the 1600-odd ballots that have been cast at the polls on the opera-house ground floor, and by ten o'clock we shall know all about the elections — who has won the contests for Town Clerk, for Selectman, and for the School Committee. Telephones will buzz all over town, and tomorrow a new year of town government will be begun.

It was well that our Moderator, in opening this year's meeting, called attention to the historic significance of the institution. Long ago the foundations of our town government were laid at a meeting of 'proprietors' held in the blockhouse of our local fort, put up as a refuge from the enemy in the French and Indian Wars; and ever since the citizens of our hill town have practised here those principles of self-government in the home, in the church, and in the town which have 'made' not only New England, but those great communities across the breadth of the continent whose spiritual traditions trace back to our old colonies by the Atlantic.

TALCOTT MINER BANKS

SQUARE-RIGGER RELICS IN AMERICAN SPEECH

FOR several years I have been collecting antiques along an entirely new line. The items are all nautical, but, unlike contemporary relics roped in by our American Wings, mine are far from being museum pieces. On the contrary, they are performing active service at the present time. Their antiquity varies. Some date from Elizabeth's admirals. Others echo back to the whalers and clippers of our own Sea King era. But their vitality is a constant. Lifted from their decks to be appropriated by landlubbers, they snugged down to unaccustomed weather, and have outridden the storms of competition. The best substitutes that mass production has offered fail to impair their distribution. They are still in popular demand and going strong.

To date, the collection numbers seventy-two items, all of which were picked up as dropped by their users. In no instance were these antiques engaged in their seafaring business. They were serving solely as figures of speech in chance conversation, and were obviously rated as up-to-date. Here is a sample exhibit, presented, as the movie producers say, in animated motion: —

On our way down town a pessimistic friend confides his belief that the world has 'lost its bearings,' and must 'take a new departure' or find itself on its 'beam ends.' We admit that the going is 'rough' and wonder if America is wise to fight war-debt cancellations to the 'bitter end.' At the office we 'overhaul' our schedule to get 'abreast' of our correspondence, and decide to 'back water' with the 'crank' in Chicago. He may be only a 'figurehead,' but why keep at 'loggerheads' with him? So we give him some more 'leeway' and let the matter 'ride.'

'Fagged out' by trying to straighten out a 'hitch' in what seemed 'plain sailing,' we go home and turn the 'gadget' on the radio. The announcer orders us to 'stand by.' We obey, and 'get a new slant' on a 'slush fund' unearthed by the latest investigating committee. 'Is anybody "on the square?"' we demand indignantly of the wife. She admits being 'taken aback' by the disclosures. '"Mark" my words,' we oraclize, 'they have only begun to "open things up."' With that we 'turn in.' Next morning the newspaper tells us that Investigator Seaworthy is being 'boomed' for president.

The above exhibit contains twenty-six phrases lifted bodily from the fo'c'sles of the forties. Unchanged in sheer or rig, after

nearly a century they are as negotiable as nickels in a subway booth. But in addition to staging this phenomenon, which it seems to me is significant in itself, the metaphors have an intrinsic interest. Many of them require no explanation. 'Lost its bearings' and 'to take a new departure' tell their own story, but 'bitter end' has been befogged. In spite of the 'bitter,' the phrase has nothing to do with the dregs in a medicine glass. It was the name given to the length of anchor cable left inboard before it was made fast to the bitts. Along with the hook, it was the ship's 'back against the wall' in the face of weather and tide.

'Crank,' which is becoming rather obsolete, is a sea term applied to a craft that was unstable because of its build, or its poorly stowed ballast or cargo, or both. You can take your choice according to your experience. 'At loggerheads' descends straight from New England's whaling fleets. The loggerhead was a bitt in the stern of a whaleboat to which the harpoon line could be made fast after the whale had been struck. It acted like the brake on a fishing reel. So to be at loggerheads is to be engaged in a tug of war with a whale. 'Let it ride' has been worn smooth by popular employment, and perhaps logically. When a ship has fallen back to the scope of her anchor cable, the mate sings out, 'Let her ride!' He means that no further manœuvring is necessary and Jack can turn in.

As for 'fagged out,' how many shoppers use that phrase daily? In square-rigger lingo, when a rope's end strands got untwisted, the rope was unfit for service. It was fagged out, and rewinding and knotting the strands was a one-man job requiring skill and patience. 'Slant' is an unexpected gift of favorable wind in the doldrums. To get a slant on a proposition is sometimes the same to a tired business man. 'Slush fund' is another gem in my collection. In the 1812 navy, 'slush' was the grease drippings saved up by the ship's cook and deposited in the slush bucket. By analogy sailors called odd change collected for a specific purpose the 'slush fund.' The grease was used to oil the masts and rigging; the fund to provide entertainment and extras. No further comment is needed.

Space will not permit me to plot the meaning of the rest of the exhibit, but 'boomed' is too precious an item to neglect. There seems to be no record of who first used it in its present meaning, but I have added it to my collection as watchmate to 'slush fund.' In the windjamming days, as now, speed was all-important. To get it, the skippers ran out spars to right and left of the regular yards and bent sail to them. The sails were pronounced 'stunsels,' and the operation was known as 'booming' her. Its purpose and process were so similar to American standard practice in several lines that, like 'slush fund,' the fate of the phrase was inevitable. It was negotiable loot, waiting for an imaginative landsman to lift it into the language and make it immortal.

The aptness of these seafaring phrases accounts, of course, for their original splicing into alien lines. Besides, the times were ripe for their recognition. But this does not explain their vitality. The ships and seamen that fathered them have been *spurlos versenkt* for seven decades, but the relics continue to be prosperous and busy. No other lode has yielded such metal. The farm, the power plants, the motor age, and the airplane have struck off some dependable coins, but none of their issues compete with the popularity of the square-rigger doubloons.

Why do they persist so valiantly? Can it be that they are outcroppings from America's subconscious memory of that astounding half century when the infant Columbia, snatching the world's sea trade from under the nose of Britannia, was hailed as the Gem of the Ocean? I am afraid that James Truslow Adams would not agree to that diagnosis, for neither he nor his fellow reckoners have plotted that landfall on their charts of our national voyage. Yet the symptoms seem to indicate that when America talks at ease she turns her face, like Xenophon's Ten Thousand, to the open sea. It is here that the significance of these relics may lurk. Anyway, I am willing to donate the use of my collection to the next navigator who logs the course of our Ship of State. It may help to clarify his reckoning.

NATHANIEL S. OLDS

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

For many years **Alfreda Withington** ('The Mountain Doctor') practised medicine in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. When America entered the World War, she enlisted in the Red Cross and was sent to France, where she had charge of a hospital in the war zone. After the Armistice she remained abroad another year as Medical Director for the Rockefeller Commission in the Department of the Marne, and returned home only to embark upon the new adventures which she relates here. **John T. Flynn** ('Why Corporations Leave Home') is the author of numerous books and magazine articles on business problems. **Lord David Cecil** ('Sir Walter Scott') is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, where he lectures on English literature. In 1930 he published a life of Cowper, entitled *The Stricken Deer*. He is a member of a family which has served the Crown in the highest offices of state since the days of Lord Burleigh. His grandfather, the Marquis of Salisbury, was Prime Minister to Queen Victoria, his father has been a member of the Cabinet, and his uncle, Lord Robert Cecil, has been intimately identified with the League of Nations since its inception. Δ Though his name bears witness to his Irish ancestry, **Morley Callaghan** ('A Sick Call') was born in Toronto and is several generations removed from Old Erin. He is a member of the Canadian bar, but is best known as a writer, having issued two novels, *Strange Fugitive* and *It's Never Over*, and a volume of short stories, *A Native Argosy*. **A. Edward Newton** ('The Course of Empire') is the man inside the famous checked suit that bobs back and forth across the Atlantic and turns up conspicuously wherever men gather to admire or acquire rare books. Δ Living in far-away Tahiti, **James Norman Hall** ('At Forty-five' and 'The Return to Flanders') occasionally sends us selections of prose and verse which demonstrate that one may dwell on the fringe of civilization yet hold his spirit to the main current of the classical tradition in English letters. Δ As a school-teacher, **Alice Day Pratt** ('I Take to the Woods') is a living textbook of geography, for she has taught all over the map, in sections as widely separated as North Carolina and South Dakota, Arkansas and Oregon. **Bernard Iddings Bell** ('Universities and Religious Indifference') is Professor of Religion at Columbia University and Warden of St. Stephen's College.

Having served through the war as a captain in the British Army, **Owen Tweedy** ('Want a Lift?') has since spent most of his time traveling extensively in the Near East. The present paper reflects conditions as he found them upon his recent return to England. **Virginia Hersch** ('Landscape with Figures') has published two historical novels and has a third in preparation, to be brought out in the spring by Houghton Mifflin. **William Orton** ('The Rebound from Prosperity') is Professor of Economics at Smith College. Δ Closely associated with the *Atlantic Monthly* through more than a quarter of a century, **M. A. DeWolfe Howe** ('The Leader') is the author of a score of volumes in both prose and verse. **Farnsworth Crowder** ('Nimrods and Stuffed Animals') writes: 'As one who has held jobs on newspapers, in mills, factories, and offices, with a detective agency and a theatrical company; who now teaches school, cultivates a one-acre "ranch" in California, and has a son of his own to worry about, I have a ready sympathy for Brinsley Norton's philosophy of the full life and the wide-open eye.' Δ The experiences of 'A Plantation Boyhood' started **Archibald Rutledge** along the path of the amateur naturalist, stimulating interests which are reflected in all his books, and which, in 1930, won for him the John Burroughs Medal for 'the best nature writing of the year.' Δ Scientific research has been a lifelong hobby with **George W. Gray** ('Roof of the World'), whose literary education and journalistic training prepared him to make the mysteries of the laboratory intelligible to laymen. **James E. Baum** ('Experience') has ranged the wilds of three continents as a big-game hunter and collector of specimens for

the Field Museum in Chicago. Δ Formerly Assistant Professor of Economics at McGill University, **B. K. Sandwell** ('The Declining Disrepute of Murder') has devoted himself to writing and lecturing since he retired from academic work in 1925.

* * *

THE PASSIONATE BROKER TO HIS LOVE

In the brave days of twenty-nine,
Ere stocks had lost their bone and sinew,
I daily begged you to be mine,
And offered golden gauds to win you.

A duplex on Park Avenue,
A Rolls, some pearls, a salmon river,
Carte blanche with Chanel and Patou —
You spurned them all without a quiver.

But now that times have sterner grown,
My plea is sterner, more heroic:
Come, love me for myself alone,
Come, live with me and be a stoic.

You'll dress in simple gingham frocks,
You'll walk, or at the best you'll bike it,
You'll cook my food and darn my socks,
You'll live on beans, my love, and like it.

WILLIAM HUSE, JR.
Pasadena, California

What became of Toll.

Dear Atlantic, —

It seems rather difficult for us who are resident in Sweden to realize that Paul Toll can be of any interest at all. He was, to be sure, a director of Kreuger & Toll, but he took no active part in this company's business. He knew nothing whatever about finance, and the only reason why he was included among the Kreuger & Toll directorate was that he was Kreuger's old partner. His main occupation is in connection with the building industry, and he runs Kreuger & Toll Bygnadsaktiebolag (Kreuger & Toll Building Company), which since the crisis has changed its name to Toll's Bygnadsaktiebolag.

T. G. BARMAN
Stockholm, Sweden

A movement gains momentum.

Dear Atlantic, —

May I be enrolled in Dr. Wingate M. Johnson's Away-from-Nature Movement? Nature is a cheat. When we plant gardens, the color scheme will not flower at the right time, and every summer there is a new kind of predatory insect.

If we step outside the garden, what do we find? Caverns underground with waterfalls in the darkness crashing from the roof; the smiling sea which is nothing but salt water; landslides grinding down the mountain, shearing the forest to the bone. Nature is horrible, pagan, indifferent, unkind. I don't like it. There is too much of it.

Your author quotes Mr. John Powys on 'The Meaning of Culture': 'Cultured people are thrilled through and through by the shadow of a few waving grass-blades,' etc. It is true that Wordsworth walked the hills and came home and wrote poetry, and that Emerson walked the woods and came home and did likewise, but I think it was the walking that did it. The muscular rhythm quickens the pulse of the brain.

Myself, I amble humbly on the lower slopes of culture; but take someone higher up. Take Dr. Johnson — the original, I mean. He was well educated. He wrote letters in Latin about his diseases. Did he thrill to grass-blades? He did not. Hear him boom, 'No wise man will go to live in the country. . . . The town is my element; there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell, and there are my amusements.' 'Yet, sir,' said Boswell, 'there are many people who are content to live in the country.'

Phillips Brooks was a cultured man. He accepted the country, but he did not endorse it. He said, 'The Bible shows how the world progresses, for it begins with a garden but ends with a Holy City.'

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Atlantic, —

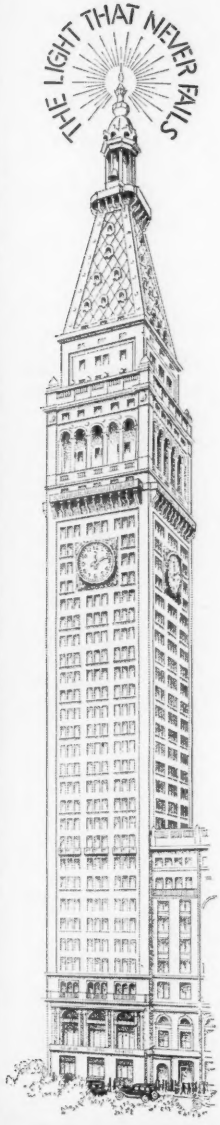
You have brightened the entire month of July for me by your publication of Dr. Wingate M. Johnson's 'An Away-from-Nature Movement.' August will be more tolerable — I shall not need to watch the growing duckweed, finger on pulse, and blush because I find no quickened throb. When October comes, I can sit unashamed 'by the fire with a good book' and let my more self-consciously cultivated friends catch cold. Nor shall they make me feel myself lacking in sensitiveness of soul when they come home to tea.

Birds — I wish he had said more about birds — nasty, insistent little creatures, untidy in their habits. How do my friends find elevation of spirit by leaving home in the chill of early dawn — camera, spyglass, and folding stool in hand — to pry into the domestic intimacies of the birds? Is it because, in addition to being Cultured, in addition to being Lovers of Nature, they are the world's third worst bane — Early Risers?

Yours, moving swiftly and happily away from Nature,

MRS. ALFRED H. TERRY
Fairfield, Connecticut

Get Readjusted



THE MEN who made the United States the richest country in the world did not go about wringing their hands and quaking in their boots. They worked—whether the going was easy or whether it was hard.

For nearly three years too many men, who themselves have had plenty to eat and to drink, good beds to sleep in and comfortable homes, have spent hours and hours predicting hard luck and disaster.

Last spring such men were saying that the United States appeared to be headed for bankruptcy. Since then the Government has begun to cut its expenses and increase its income. It is resolutely facing its difficulties. There is no reason for anyone to fear that the nation may fail in its obligations, or collapse.

The man who is saturated with gloom spreads it. When he loses his sane, clear-eyed viewpoint he may seek sympathy, but what he really needs is to be shaken out of an unhealthy frame of mind.

And the man who hoards not only robs his family but fails to do his share in promoting normal business and employment of workers. He aggravates the condition which he deplores.

Some men need jobs—need them badly. They must be helped. But more men need to get readjusted to conditions as they exist. These men may need to readjust their mode of living or their way of thinking.

Worries fester and grow in the dark. They shrivel and vanish in the light. There are times in every man's life—whether he be strong or weak, brave or cowardly—when he needs the counsel of someone who is unafraid. And there are many who know that our country has battled through difficult periods and has always emerged stronger than before.

Get readjusted.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The psychology of advertising.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Batten's article in the July number, 'An Advertising Man Looks at Advertising,' strikes a true note. As one of another profession, but an interested observer of various forms of advertising, I have been led to wonder at its methods of approach.

Advertising is both an art and a science; therefore its effect can be annulled by poor taste or false psychology on the part of those who formulate it. To imply that prospective buyers have disagreeable habits and offensive personalities is certainly the wrong kind of approach; and the appeal to fear, as Mr. Batten indicates, is most deplorable.

Intelligent readers don't like the implication that they are minors or morons. The frantic efforts of these advertisers to outdo their rivals have been so apparent as to be ridiculous.

Very truly yours,

ALLEN JACOBS
Duxbury, Massachusetts

Shakespeare's hare.

Dear Atlantic, —

In his remarks on rabbits in the July *Atlantic*, Mr. Sandwell says: 'So long as the readers and writers of poetry were to any extent familiar with farm life, the rabbit was excluded from all possible hope of sympathetic treatment in verse.' Since he stretches the term 'rabbit' to include the hare, let me do the same and call his attention to what Shakespeare, brought up in a country town and generally considered robust, says of the hare in his *Venus and Adonis*, at line 697: —

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.'

JOHN RICHARDS
Concord, New Hampshire

The rabbit and the pendulum.

Dear Atlantic, —

Is it not possible to stop the similizers from comparing the ups and downs of the markets with the swing of a pendulum, as if the pendulum needed restraint from swinging too far? Why disturb the rest of Seth Thomas and Galileo in that way? Mr. Royle does it again in the Financial Counselor, and he is only the latest of many. The pendulum will not swing at all until it is pushed to one side and released. Then what I believe the clockmakers call the stirrup gives a new impulse at the top of each swing.

This is just as bad as a Plague of Rabbits posed as pacifists, just as false. Rabbits have been known to bite the hand of man, and Mr. Sandwell also errs if he supposes that rabbits do not fight. Anyone who has seen two buck rabbits fighting would contradict that flatly. Theirs is a grand fight, full of action, kicking, and fur.

What Mr. Royle and Mr. Sandwell wrote is choicely good, but similes, like pendulums, will swing too far when pushed.

GEORGE F. LONGSDORF
Oakland, California

Bill Adams bumps into Fame.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was just down to the store to get the day's mail. Dutch Flat is full of summer vacation people — a mob of them. There must be sixty here, and that's a big crowd. Being a grouchy old stick, I become annoyed by the dust of their goings and comings.

This evening, however, as I had just come from the store and was passing a large car, a small boy, looking from the car's open door, accosted me. He is the child of some stranger; I had never set eyes on him before, and had no notion who he might be. And here's what he said to me: —

'Say, Bill, did you write that story, "Aye, Aye, Mister Mate"?' And he pronounced it correctly, not with the 'Eh, Eh' of the landsman.

I said, 'I did.'

Said he then, 'Do you write them all the time?'

To which I replied, 'Heaven help me, no! Just once in a while.'

He eyed me all up and down, child fashion, and nodded his head.

Now when a little lad such as that addresses a full-grown man in a manner so straightforward and comradely, well, God bless my soul, it's a fine world, is n't it?

How I wish that a tall clipper were pulling to sea from the Golden Gate this morning with me as her mate and with half-a-dozen striplings in her half deck! For if there is anything on earth to give a man satisfaction it is having young lads to order, to teach, and to lead. It's a fine thing to have the confidence of youth, is it not?

Fair winds and a fat pay day!

BILL ADAMS
Dutch Flat, California

The benefits of

NEIGHBORHOOD GOSSIP

Neighborhood gossip, we believe, has been slandered unduly. For after all, there are two kinds of gossip: that which tears down reputations, and that which builds them up.

Fels-Naptha has always been a beneficiary of this latter variety of gossip. Over the back fence, around the sewing circle, over the bridge table, women have said nice things about it—how beautifully it washes clothes, how it offers *extra* help. The reason is this: Fels-Naptha is more than "just soap." It is unusually good golden soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. Working busily together, these two helpers wash clothes quickly and easily. No hard rubbing is needed. Your things take on that sweet, fresh smell found only in the cleanest clothes.

Fels-Naptha, you'll find, is an earnest, energetic worker under all conditions. It gives you a lovely wash in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And because Fels-Naptha is so bland and gentle, it is very friendly to hands. It contains soothing glycerine—and glycerine, you know, is an important ingredient in many hand-lotions.

Today, add a carton of Fels-Naptha to your grocery order—have your laundress try it. When you've seen the ease and thoroughness with which it washes clothes, we believe that you, too, will find yourself gossiping about Fels-Naptha's *extra* help.

Have you a Chipper? We'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon now, with only two cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

© 1932, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q. A. 2-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose two cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address completely

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Boner.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have been informed that the editor of *Ballyhoo* is the same identical person as the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Please let me know if this is true.

I have tried to discover the name of your editor by looking through a current issue of the *Atlantic*, but could not find his name listed.

WILLIAM ALDEN
Decatur, Georgia

The farmers' dilemma.

Dear Atlantic, —

I read with interest Jared van Wagenen's article, 'A Farmer Counts His Blessings,' in the July *Atlantic*. Mr. van Wagenen is one of the Empire State's agricultural leaders, whose knowledge of rural New York is extensive and accurate. However, the statement in the last paragraph of his article, to the effect that the Eastern farmer does not expect any legislation to help him, is, I am sure, not in line with the facts.

Dr. G. F. Warren of Cornell University, whose reputation as an economist is not confined to the Empire State, has shown again and again that the farmer's only hope is the restoration of the price level that existed about 1926. The method to be used is that of revaluation, the way in which France averted bankruptcy some six years ago. Of course Dr. Warren proposes to follow up revaluation with stabilization of the dollar, by means of commodity index numbers. This material has been presented on many occasions in *Farm Economics*, published by the Department of Rural Economics at Cornell University, 10,000 copies of this publication being sent to farmers and other interested people each issue. It has become, without question, the gospel of most rural leaders in New York, many of whom would like to see Dr. Warren in charge of the monetary system of the country.

For Mr. van Wagenen calmly to suggest that agriculture can survive, on other than a peasant basis, by meekly taking what may come is strange indeed. With the rise of new and younger farm leaders, agriculture will undoubtedly wage a much more aggressive and forceful fight to obtain her share of the wealth of the world.

Before I close I should like to point out the fallacy of the cry for tax reduction. Important as this is, a very small rise in the price level would enable us to pay our taxes easily. My neighbor, Gilbert Prole, one of New York's first master farmers, raised 12,000 bushels of potatoes last year. If the price he obtained had been raised two cents a bushel, the entire tax levy against his farm would have been taken care of. Fluctuations of ten cents a bushel are normal, so a two-cent rise is really very slight.

T. A. BUHL
Stafford, New York

Time on shipboard.

Not everyone who carries a watch can tell time aboard ship. For the benefit of the landsmen who have attempted to take Captain George H. Grant to task for his chronology in the story, 'In Line of Duty,' we have asked him to supply the following information.

Dear Atlantic, —

Here is the schedule: —

Midnight	8 bells
0.30 A.M.	1 bell
1.00 A.M.	2 bells
1.30 A.M.	3 bells
2.00 A.M.	4 bells
2.30 A.M.	5 bells
3.00 A.M.	6 bells
3.30 A.M.	7 bells
3.45 A.M.	1 bell (watches called)
4.00 A.M.	8 bells
4.30 A.M.	1 bell
5.00 A.M.	2 bells
5.30 A.M.	3 bells
6.00 A.M.	4 bells
6.30 A.M.	5 bells
7.00 A.M.	6 bells
7.20 A.M.	7 bells (watches called)
7.45 A.M.	1 bell (watches called)
8.00 A.M.	8 bells

You will notice that at 7.20 A.M. 7 bells are struck. This is to give the men going on watch at 8 bells time to get their breakfast. In the forenoon watch (8 A.M. to noon) 7 bells are struck at 11.20 A.M. for the men going on watch to get their dinner. In the afternoon watch the bells are struck in their regular rotation, for the men get their supper in the dog watches.

Dog Watches

4.00 P.M.	8 bells
4.30 P.M.	1 bell
5.00 P.M.	2 bells
5.30 P.M.	3 bells
6.00 P.M.	4 bells (watches changed)
6.30 P.M.	1 bell
7.00 P.M.	2 bells
7.30 P.M.	3 bells
7.45 P.M.	1 bell (watches called)
8.00 P.M.	8 bells

At 6 P.M. the watches are changed, so that each watch has eight hours in (off watch) on alternate nights.

GEORGE H. GRANT
Belmont, Massachusetts